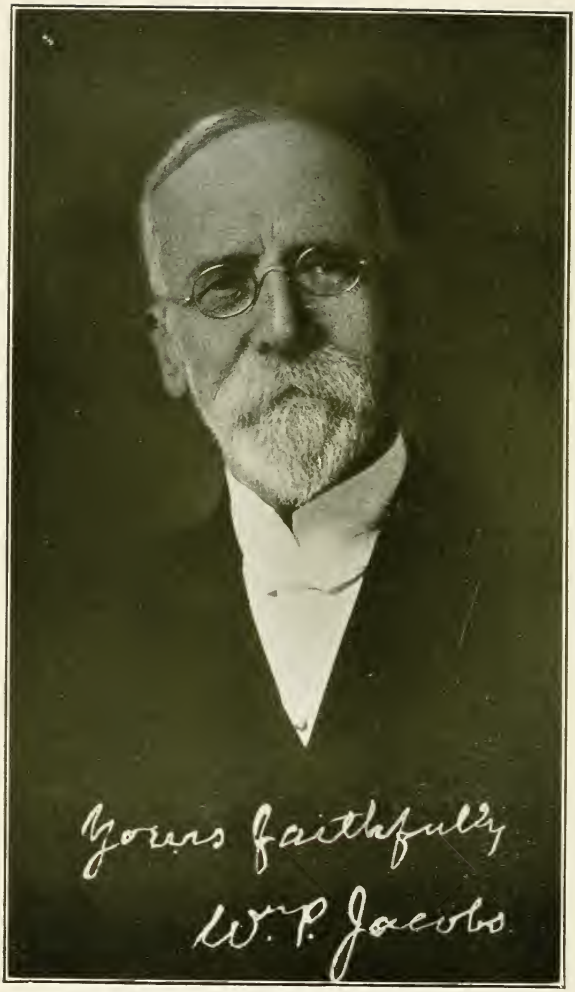
W. P. Jacobs

Columbia University
in the City of New York

THE LIBRARIES

William Plumer Jacobs


Yours faithfully
W. P. Jacobs

The Life of William Plumer Jacobs

By

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Preface

THE value of a human life to his fellows and, therefore, of any biography to a library consists not in the name of the subject, nor in that of the town in which he lived. Neither do the names of his loved ones nor their number avail, nor his length of years with their praises and honours, to make the record of his days valuable. But if to these things which he holds in common with other men be added some new quality of struggle, some new fineness of sentiment, some new cleverness of thought; or if perchance there was discovered in his career an old truth, and one almost forgotten, to be set aglow with a marvellous light, then, ere he has walked to the end of his lonely path—for it is always lonely—men are following in the glow of his torch and when his career is done the very glory of God is seen to illumine his footway. That is why the details of a man's life are usually uninteresting and the one thing he thought or felt or did fascinates. The details of Robert Fulton's days or the grandparents of Abraham Lincoln are only so much chaff swept aside by the wind of human thought seeking the kernel of their life-discoveries. So it is ever.

A man must be just like his fellows to be of any value to them.

A man must be entirely unlike his fellows to be of any value to them.

Like in dream and struggle and hope; unlike in that one difference the possession of which so differentiates him from others as to win from them the term "Great."

As if once to each generation, that none may be without witness, such men come, learn and teach their lesson, and go. The world, their friends and relatives later—for they usually learn it last—note that something unusual is happening, and after the inevitable period of ridicule and mockery and opposition, with their weapons of misrepresentation and evil speaking and jealousy, they render their words of generous praise.

It was so with this man as with all the other Great.

Now that it is all over, the secret of his life stands revealed. It is an old secret and very wonderful. From the beginning of time that which felt its power has glowed with a brightness so strangely beautiful that even a Moses must turn aside to see. For the life of this man can be summed up, with all the Apostles among the Dead, in the single word—God. With it was coupled unselfishness, and dreams, and common sense. When he was gone it was seen that a romantic halo had gathered about Riverside and the Enoree and the Orphanage and over the whole little town of Clinton as if the pillars of fire and cloud that had led him so long would remain yet a little while over the spot he loved so well.

But, after all, these—his orphans and college and village and river, his honours and his family—all these were but incidental to the great purpose of his life

which was to show that the Power is conscious of us and that we may be conscious of Him.

This is the Great Discovery—it is the biggest fact in our Universe.

It is worth writing a book to illustrate it again.

T. J.

Oglethorpe University,
Atlanta, Georgia.

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I

AT SIXTEEN

Ah, Lord, how little do we men, below,
Yet understand from whence Thy footsteps tread!
Of all the millioned words that men have said
What one reveals the whither Thou dost go?

WE lift the veil of the past and there appears a little boy in a great city. He is five feet and three inches in height; he weighs ninety-three pounds, and is in the Fresh-Sophomore year at college. It is his sixteenth birthday and his brother Ripley has broken his spectacles of which misfortune he says, "I *must* have them to-morrow."

He is not a strong lad, complaining often of colds and sore-throat and of sharp touches of pain in his lungs; his breast hurts him so. His eyes also are constantly troubling him and as he peers through the glasses which he always wears going here and there about the city his friends liken him to a dreamer—which he is.

The city in which he lived is one of whose motherhood any youth might feel proud. It was of her that her own famous son Petigru had once said: "In the circle of vision from St. Michael's there has been as much high thought spoken, as much heroic action taken, and as much patient endurance borne as in any equal area of land on this continent." The oldest benevolent society in America was hers, St. Andrews.

In her halls the first drama was given in this country. The first cotton ever shipped from America was from her port. She claimed to have built the first long railroad in the world, and spoke of her library as the third oldest in America. Her name was Charleston and she ranked among the important cities of the United States.

And the boy upon whose soul the Great Sun was rising loved the city and thought of her as marvellous. He found in her the things wherein his heart delighted. There was the college which he was attending with its library upon whose shelves ten thousand volumes waited to welcome him. Many were the happy hours he spent there. A museum was hers also which he was constantly describing in his diary. It occupied the whole of the third floor and the collection of birds was his especial delight. In his Charleston lived Mr. Woodruff who loved phonography, "that noble study" which he also loved, and there was the orphan home of which he took note that provision was made for a college education for those who were far advanced and it was located in a building which he thought of as large and beautiful.

We can understand the temper of this boy of sixteen the better by noting one or two of those dominant traits which were to so surely determine his future. We view his soul in the mirror of his diary. He was at prayer-meeting and "They prayed for me!" Another night was rainy, preventing his attending his literary society, but "it was all for the best, for that night they had some uproarious mirth which would ill have suited me." Some of the young ladies in his father's seminary attended a dancing school in the

city, it being his task to escort them home often. Of this he writes—"I do most heartily wish that nobody had ever heard of dancing."

He gets his college report and notes that his average is eighty-nine, better than last year, and wonders whether he is still first in his class. Next term he will do better. Miserly of time he finds out how to save an hour by studying an hour immediately after breakfast, thus "saving myself from talking nonsense at college." He is often afraid for his religious life but promises

His own representation of an ante-bellum Boarding School, taught by the author of "Young Marooners," which he attended near Kingston, Georgia, when a boy, before entering Charleston College. From the first volume of his Diary.

himself to perish only on his knees. He notes that few in his classes like him because he is punctilious about studying his father's wishes and the rules of the college. Of him he says, "I have a good kind father, I love my father." One day that father gave him a desk that formerly belonged to his mother. "While you were here, Mother," he writes, "I did not love you as I ought but I love your memory and will ever love it." He was clean of mind and lip, esteeming profanity to be deprecated above all things. His pets were the Chrestomathic Society, the orphan house, the college

museum and library, a rare coin, the noble science of phonography and prayer-meeting. If he had possessed Aladdin's lamp he would have wanted to see Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

And he wanted everybody to love God.

There was something both strange and great about the tastes of this youth. He was fond of study, rising often at five in the morning to save an hour. He read Todd's Student's Manual, which pleased him well, and was particularly fond of astronomy. He loved libraries and printing as his fathers before him had done. "I studied very hard to-day," he writes in his diary, "and set the title page to 'Notes on the Bible.'" He liked to wander through the museum and interpret the stories of the wonders he saw there. He would often get his lessons early and go in at "Courtenay's" and "have a conversation with his books," adding in his journal, "Oh, I do love books!"

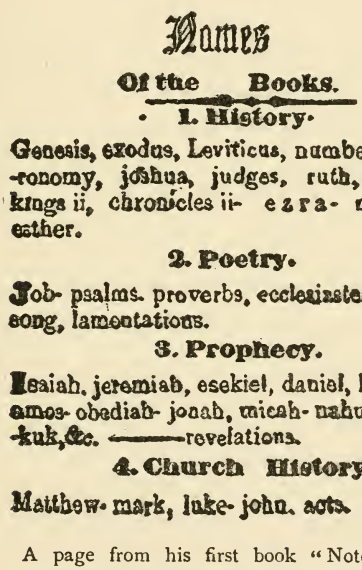
These were some of his tastes but his deepest taste was for God.

"Oh, let me always remember this night," he wrote on February 8, 1858. "To-night I applied for admission to the church and was received as a member. I applied the 26th of last October but I was received only as a seeker. Thank God I am enabled to receive Him to my heart. O that Pressley would find the way I have! Father joined just at my age."

All that he ever did thereafter was foreshadowed in that entry. For his soul had surrendered itself to a belief that utterly mastered him. "Let infidels say what they will about the Infinite Jehovah mixing in the affairs of puny mortals, yet I feel that the Lord of Hosts has often mingled in my affairs. He has brought

me through many difficulties and dangers safe in body and mind and has answered many of my prayers."

And to this boy of sixteen it was an inevitable sequence that his spirit should find no rest save in the service of the Power. Little by little the idea of the ministry takes hold upon him. He called it a delight-



Names

Of the Books.

1. History.

Genesis, exodus, Leviticus, numbers, deute-ronomy, joshua, judges, ruth, samuel i ii kings ii, chronicles ii- ezra- nehemiah- esther.

2. Poetry.

Job- psalms. proverbs, ecclesiastes, solomon song, lamentations.

3. Prophecy.

Isaiah, jeremiah, esekiel, daniel, hosea- joel amos- obediah- jonah, micah- nahum- habba-kuk, &c. ——revelations.

4. Church History.

Matthew- mark, luke- john. acts.

A page from his first book "Notes on the Bible," which he wrote, printed and published when about sixteen years of age.

ful occupation and longed to breast the waters of its flood. In February it was a thought, in November it was a determination.

He seemed himself to know that this year of 1858 was to be a memorable year of his life. In it he heard the famous Everett in his masterly oration on Washington and wrote it down as the second great day of the

year. Shortly afterwards he heard Mr. Thornwell lecture before the Y. M. C. A. and thought himself unfit to describe his ability. In September, while the yellow fever was raging in the city, he caught sight of the Great Comet of Donati, discarding his spectacles for his father's spy-glass to view it better and noting its immensity with astonishment at the handiwork of his maker.

But above all other things, it was in this year that he reached out his arms to God.

Not content with surrendering his present, he would surrender his future. He was ready to go to the uttermost parts of the earth fulfilling his dream. He would give both soul and body. "Ordain me," he prayed, "to go and preach the holy and eternal gospel to Thy dying heathen. I am willing, Lord, if Thou art!"

And so this unusual lad came to the close of his unusual year, yearning to taste of the sweet waters of life and the bitter. We see him a deeply religious youth, weak in throat and lungs and eyes, fond of libraries, a lover of books and printing and languages, disliking noise and dancing schools, preferring to dust his father's books, constantly calling himself lazy and sinful but rising at five in the morning to read and pray and study, lonely among his fellow students, already bothered about theology, a lover of Latin and Greek and German and the "noble science of Phonography," fond of stars and ancient coins, ever meditative over the brevity of this life and wondering over that which was to come, critically observant of his personal habits, and, though conscious of his weakness, unafraid because of a superb faith in God.

Such was the lad who wrote on the first day of that

eventful year, "A journal is a picture of the mind," and on the last—"And now on this the last day of this year let me pause and cast a scrutinizing glance over all my past life. Have I lived a Christian year? Have I drawn one year nearer to God? As this year has come to an end so also will my life finally draw to a close."

Then he placed the first tiny volume of his diary carefully away until the coming of that day, writing on its fly-leaf the unknown name of its author,—Wm. P. Jacobs.

II

CHOOSING THE GOAL

I love
Birds and stars and trees,
Flowers, books and bees,
Ants and embryology,
Poems, anthropology,
The gold of Hermes' rod,
These: all of whom are God.

THERE has been nothing more astonishing in all history than the discovery that each of us was once one cell. Embryologists tell us that the most powerful microscope and the acutest intellect are alike unable to distinguish between the first one-roomed house in which lion or oak or fish or man first lived. Yet in that original germ, given the proper environment, lies latent the power, the spirit, the principle that will eventually distinguish a leopard from a lichen. What this marvellous thing is we do not and probably never shall know, nor may any eye see those invisible processes which work out their inevitable destinies. Yet all these wonderful determinations are there, and to be unfolded need only time and life. Perhaps this is what he subtly saw who wrote: "The spirit of a youth who means to be of note, begins betimes."

And so it happens that, guided by a long series of inheritances that have concentrated the attainments of his forefathers within it, the cell begins its high task of expressing itself. It builds for itself leaves or fins

or claws or fingers. As it lives within, so it lives without. All that is seen is the expression of all that is unseen.

And, since everything in this world is like everything else, we may see herein the story of each human life. No eye sees, no ear hears, no hand touches that unknown *Within*, the strange process of whose laws works unceasingly to express themselves in word and deed, in books and buildings, in property and institutions. Men, like germs, look very much alike as they go about their respective affairs, but when time shall have been given for their natures to build a body about them we see that one has become a lion, one a reptile, one a pig and one a man.

Now as we study the life of Wm. P. Jacobs and see it taking its own distinctive shape we mark certain divergencies between this youth and others.

The greatest thing about this boy was that he wanted to give himself away. He believed a thing that could only be proven in that way. He believed that if a man would not seek great things for himself but for God he could tap the fathomless reservoir of power and with it build orphanages or colleges or churches or cotton mills or character; but of the five only character mattered.

To do this he knew it would be necessary to develop every trait of greatness and this must be done by meeting all that life held for all in a godlike way. This would call for tears and disappointment and every troublous thing that the life of mankind offered. But it would bring one great compensating joy—he could burn and hence be a flame that would show how life could be made beautiful and wonderful with the light of God.

And that was what he wanted to be and do more than anything else in the world, to be a friend of God, and do the works of God. As soon as he saw it he went out, sold all that he had and bought it. It brought a joy beside which the comforts and pleasures of ordinary life seemed misery.

Thus early his life may be summed up in one sentence. It gave him more pleasure to get a letter from God than to deposit the check pinned to it.

And when we first begin to read his mind he is gathering up evidence to prove that God really wrote the letter.

So in the late days of his sixteenth year he took his motto and chose his ideal in these memorable words:

"Those words are still sounding in my ears—'Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not.' It has always been one of my dreams to be distinguished; I have always been seeking great things for myself, to be honoured, loved and respected of all has been my greatest ambition, and is it wrong to wish, to strive for these? Are these great things? Will striving for them be seeking great things for myself? The answer, I fear, is 'Yes!' though I would not have it so. 'Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not,' and the divine command must be obeyed. I will not seek great things for myself. I will seek them for God. I will strive to lay all my laurels at Jesus' feet and say to Him, 'Lord, they are Thine.' I will not be an indifferent preacher, a medium man. I will strive and try not to gain great things for myself but to gain them for God."

It is characteristic of all great souls that with a consuming desire they long to drink of the cup whereof

Jesus drank and be baptized with His baptism. In its increasing frequency, if it can be made to increase, is to be found the universal solvent of all human problems. The text of all such lives is that first text which our boy of sixteen heard once and whose thought he followed with an utter abandon of servitude—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!"

This is the mantle which he wore, his raiment white and glistening. Like the ancient mantle of Elijah, it falls to the ground waiting for some Elisha to reach for it. And, as then, so now the Great Law holds that when Jehovah would take His prophet up to heaven by a whirlwind he is ready to give this richest gift to any man who wishes it and is able to see its former wearer when he is taken away. And, as was Elisha, so are we wise enough to know that this gift is his spirit which ever remains when the bodies and words of prophets are gone, visible only to those who have eyes to see. For the most marvellous as well as the most important thing about any great life is the spirit in which its work is done, comprising as it does his sweetest goal. He may build orphanages or colleges or churches; these are but accidents. The man who sees them does not see the man's work, much less the man. The spirit of his life, invisible, intangible, inaudible, determines these forms of its expression. It tells the quality of his purpose, the depth of his power, the fineness of his principles. In what spirit did he welcome labour; in what spirit did he take defeat; in what spirit did he face the storm; in what spirit did he endure reverses; in what spirit did he give; in what spirit did he take; in what spirit did he think of enemy or friend, of profit or loss; of comfort or pain?

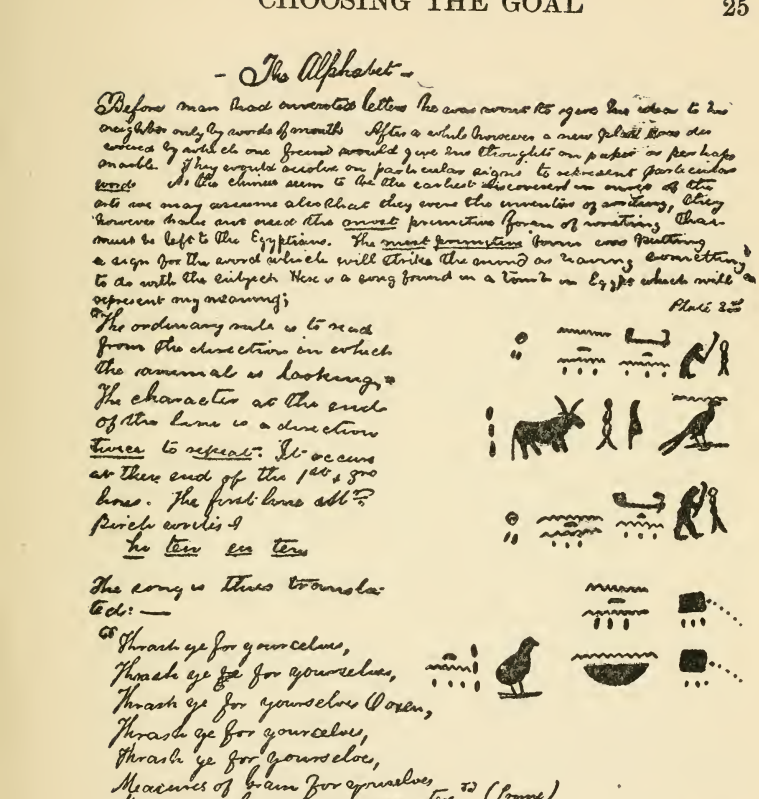
There are but two questions that need be asked to reveal the character of a man: How did he look on gold, and how did he look on God? And those two are one question.

It is as if a man who had found the way to true happiness walked up and down the highways of life urging all to come with him. The multitude note the peace of his brow, the joy of his eyes, the certainty of his step. They watch the wonders he performs and are astonished at the greatness of the works that bear witness to the truth of his message. They themselves would like to be able to do these great things, wear these beautiful laurels and bear these high honours, a few would even be willing to sacrifice their comfort and pleasures for them but they are equally estopped from following him who feared the selfishness of the honour and glory equally with the selfishness of ease and profit. Only here and there is there a man who can even *see* the kingdom of heaven in which he lived or recognize this altruism and self-denial as the very chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, things desirable in themselves and means whereby God speaks to man.

It was this life and this path that our boy of sixteen chose as his. He asked a hard thing.

> "Love took up the harp of life and struck on all the chords with might,
> Struck the chord of self which trembling passed in music out of sight."

So his goal stood revealed for he was plainly drunk with devotion to God. He would perfect himself in six languages, English, Latin, Greek, French, German and the "mellifluous Hebrew," because he might need



– The Alphabet –

Before man had invented letters he was wont to give his idea to his neighbor only by words of mouth. After a while however a new plan was devised by which one friend could give his thoughts on paper or perhaps on cable. They would resolve on peculiar signs to represent peculiar words. As the chinese seem to be the earliest discoverers in many of the arts we may assume also that they were the inventors of writing, they however make use of the most primitive form of writing, that honor is left to the Egyptians. The most primitive form was painting a sign for the word which will strike the mind as having connection to do with the subject. Here is a song found in a tomb in Egypt which will represent my meaning;

Plate 2nd

The ordinary rule is to read from the direction in which the animal is looking. The character at the end of the line is a direction finger to repeat. It occurs at the end of the 1st & 3rd lines. The first line abbreviated reads

The ten en ten

The song is thus translated: —

Thrash ye for yourselves,
Thrash ye for for yourselves,
Thrash ye for yourselves Oxen,
Thrash ye for yourselves,
Thrash ye for yourselves,
Measures of grain for yourselves,
Measures of grain for your masters. (Rome)

But now in regards to our subject. I would point out the adaptation of the signs used for the words, "thrash ye" "Oxen" "measures of grain." It is not altogether Hieroglyphical for the signs used for "yourselves" "your masters" &c seem to be spelled as in truth they are. It was the custom of the Egyptians to use symbols, (thus an owl for wisdom; a sword for sharpness, an ant for diligence, a lion for strength &c) in their writings. The North American Indians however used in their writing these symbols entirely; as is shown in the following letter.

A page from a little book on "The Alphabet" which he wrote when about seventeen years old.

them in serving God. He wanted a good library to serve God. He took exercise that he might keep well for God. He would try to live by fixed principles, for a man without them or who did not adhere to them could not be a credit to his God. He planned to be good for God. Everything was for God and he wanted God so!

"I do wish I was a better boy," he exclaimed. "I wish that God was my God, that Jesus was my Saviour and that I was His son, that I dwelt in the bosom of Him whose 'love sticketh closer than a brother.' O God, be my God!"

And this beautiful picture of his college life early revealed him standing an astonished gazer on the marvels of life and Providence. The world was very wonderful. It seemed so wonderful to him to live! What a glorious thing it would be if he could become a graduate of Columbia Seminary!

Here is a youth who wanted a shorthand book so badly in his sixteenth year that in his poverty he could only exclaim, "I wish I had a dollar," writing: "Last night was so beautiful a night that even now I seem to see it as I did when I and Johnny Caldwell were walking up to the college together. Orion flamed over our heads in deadly combat with the Bull; while Sirius gleamed near us with unwonted luster. Luna, bright and full as the day when the evening stars sang together, shone over the eastern horizon driving before her the double winged Saturn with his seven moons. Here and there a fleecy cloud floating slowly along resembled a distant milky way, while all around was as quiet as the day when Adam and Eve, the father and mother of all living, sat alone in Paradise. O! it was

a lovely sight, a sight worthy of its Creator and to me only needed the moonlit field and the glassy lake to hold me in quiet rapture."

He was doing, therefore, an exceedingly dangerous thing, this admirer of God, for he was ready fatuously to follow Him. Something was sure to happen when this boy got out in the world, either a catastrophe or a glory. He was going to risk his life on so foolish a thing as faith and so tenuous a path as prayer. Could it end in anything but disillusionment?

And how seriously he took life, even each minute of it. He cannot quite consent to his love of chess, the time consumer. "O fures," he exclaimed, "latrones, O tyrannos crudelissimos quorum consilio mihi umquam periit hora" which illustrates equally his fear of losing an hour and his love of Latin. Time seemed to him to go so fast. It would be such a short while before college days would be over and then life itself was but a bit longer. Like all great minds he had become burdened by the consciousness of the brevity of life.

Hence his craving for usefulness. He looked forward with delight to serving others. "I long to preach!" he writes. "I love, too, to hear Father's sermons, and I only wish that he had a country parsonage and church. I do hope that if God shall make of me a minister that He will place me to work in some quiet country place. Surely then my lines would have fallen to me in pleasant places. I do most ardently desire to become a minister and to labour to do God's service, but O Lord, Thou knowest me that I am the most unworthy of all Thy servants."

He determined, "God willing, the chief end and aim of my life should be, to be of service and glory to my

Maker, to love Him and do His bidding, to be a man, free, active, unselfish as a generous youth; bold, zealous, honest, unflinching as a man. I will be a servant and adorer of my Maker; always relying on Him to the utmost."

These were the main elements in the spirit of Wm. P. Jacobs, rising Junior of Charleston College, in the year 1859.

It had been a year replete with interest and toil. Since his last birthday he had grown three inches taller and gained twelve pounds in weight, and felt confident of his improvement also along other lines. The summer he had spent on Edisto Island with friends of his father's so pleasantly that ever afterwards he was to call it "my beloved Edisto." In November he received through Mr. Woodruff, his brother in the bonds of phonography, an offer from Dr. Gibbes of the *Carolinian* of fifty dollars for three weeks' reporting of the sessions of the Senate in Columbia, which he accepted. Once there, he visited the theological seminary. He was glad he went for there he met four students, "Buist, Banks, Law and George Petrie, whom I have not seen for four years. Tom (Law) explained everything about the seminary." Later he had a long, friendly letter from Tom Law. They were to be in the seminary together and he hopes that they are to be good friends all through life.

This was the year also of his father's remarriage. One evening his father called him into his room and said, "Willie, how would you like a mother?" He was dumfounded. The spirit in which he met her was characteristic:

"Father arrived in Charleston to-day," he wrote in

his diary, "with Mother, and a very nice mother she is. I am sure I will love her, yes, for I love her now with all my heart. She looks just like Father's proper wife. Oh, may she love me as truly as I do now love her. As soon as she had taken possession of her room, Father called me in and said, 'Willie, is this Mother or Miss Carrie Lee?' What could I answer but 'Mother'? Yes, she shall love me and I her. I have to go to college to-morrow although I think that I ought not to. Why? Because I don't want to. Our lesson too is all about stars and constellations, when a far brighter star has just entered my hemisphere and it requires all my observation."

He loved his father, whose life-story was so like and yet so unlike his own. He notes that he seemed to have inherited his father's tastes more than had any other of the children. "Father has expressed his desire," he adds, "that I shall become his representative. God grant that I may be a worthy representative and help me to do my best!"

Always, God!

And in this year, very early in it, there occurs a sentence written parenthetically in his diary that is full of beautiful prophecy. "Remember," he writes, "I am a lover of children!"

He loved so many things, this youth of seventeen, books, singing, sermons, museums, phonography, stars, travel, chess, father, Bible, life, churches, colleges, God —and little children.

III

VOICES FROM THE DEEP

To know my Lord doth love me,
'Tis all my heart would know;
For He is Heaven above me,
And He is Earth below.

THE faces of children are generally associated with the future but their finest associations lie with the past.

The stranger who meets your little boy sees nothing in his face but a fair promise of coming days. It is the friend who really interprets.

Your friend sees him and says at once, "He is like his father."

Your wife's friend sees him and exclaims, "How like he is to his mother!"

Your father's boyhood companion happens by and notes the resemblance to his grandfather.

And some day an aged relative comes, one who had known his great-grandfather, and it seems to him that the features of the ancient dead have reappeared.

Now the interesting part about these resemblances is that they are all there!

If we are "a part of all the men whom we have met," how much more are we a part of all the ancestors who have begotten us.

So it comes to pass that there are ancient voices crying to us out of the depths of our souls, and a thing

that a man did three generations ago may rule our mood of to-morrow.

As the spirit unfolds these sub-spirits appear, these older memories. They mingle with the environment of to-day, its admonitions, its teachings, its influences. They wax or wane in power as the years pass. Eventually, modified by circumstances, they are more or less fused into a dominant passion, the fixed ideal of a life, and are in turn transmitted to generations to come.

Scientists, and all who read their works, recognize the term "Sport." A sport is a variation in the line of descent. Like begets unlike by seeming chance. New and dissimilar characteristics appear. A new combination of elements has taken place. Hence a Shakespeare.

From the depths of his soul three spirits were constantly calling upon Wm. P. Jacobs to follow them—the spirits of the Creator, the Preserver and the Saviour. The last was the first to develop and showed itself in his desire to be a Christian and a minister. The second followed quickly, expressing itself in the recording care of the historian whose diary would gather up each little daily happening and preserve each passing memento and whose library would be full of well-kept records and bound volumes of reports. The third was the last and perhaps the deepest passionate cry. It bade him create; at first as an author and later as a founder of churches, colleges, and orphanages.

One of these voices was well known in his family history; the voice of the minister. His father was a minister and in the line of his paternal ancestry there had been no man who was not preacher, teacher or printer back to that dim figure of whom his father had told him, who left England with the Puritans and be-

came professor in the University of Leyden, changing his English James to the Latin Jacobus.

Doubtless also from his father came much of that

The Philidorian.

No. I. JULY, 1859. Vol. I.

OUR SALUTATORY.

In casting forth a new sheet into the already well-filled world of periodicals, the Editors have in view the propagation of Chess, *as well as the pleasure and profit of their patrons*, of whom they solicit, simply, *the observance of the Golden Rule*. They would endeavour, faithfully, to discharge their allotted tasks; and in order to do so, satisfactorily, they need, and consequently request, *original* contributions to their Editorial drawers. The services of Mr. W. P. J——, in the *literary*, and of Mr. O. A. M——, in the *scientific* department have been engaged; to whom all communications must be addressed. To all unacquainted with the celebrated game, a series of Chess articles is promised, giving elementary and advanced instruction, suitable alike to amateur and beginner, and to ALL, they would say—*calculate upon the great improvement of our page!*

First page of Vol. I, No. 1, of his first magazine venture.

fine precision and care with which he kept preserving the record. But that voice of the Creator which kept expressing itself in the cry for authorship, increas-

ing ever in volume and intensity, the desire to be a poet, a maker, a doer of the things of which his muse dreamed, whence, from what depth of His invisible unknown came *that* voice?

And here we must remember a thing that may seem to be very far away but is really very near. The order is yearning—prayer—answer. And he who gives one, gives all.

During the years 1860 and 1861 he was distinctly a reporter and author. As the former he witnessed the ill fated Democratic Convention in Charleston in the spring of 1860 and reported the Legislature in Columbia and Charleston in the fall of 1860, the Secession Convention in the last month of the same year and the first General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Augusta the following year. As an author he was the writer of a number of fugitive poems for the *News and Courier* and the *Field and Fireside*, of more serious articles for the *Southern Presbyterian* and the *Courier*, and of a number of booklets. His plans for future literary works were nothing short of astonishing.

In all this he was ever mindful of two things: the tick of the clock and the throne of God.

"I am nearly nineteen," he writes. "Ten years will make it twenty-nine, thirty-nine, forty-nine, fifty-nine. Say I do arrive at fifty-nine, which is far more than I ever will do. I must die then. Let me work then—the night is near at hand. Day is added unto day! year to year! But death cometh."

Therein we hear the voice of the November winds whom the dead leaves follow one by one. It is Youth facing Death—astounded.

Then the line-bred spirit of the minister answers from the Innermost and he exclaims, "I love to confide, to trust in God! I love everything—life seems so fresh. God grant that my life may be devoted to Him."

If we follow the story of his life during these two years we find them full of interesting happenings which toss him here and there in the world as if to teach him of what sort of stuff life is composed.

The opening days of '60 found him busy at his books working hard in the prospect of soon becoming a Senior. This was to be a year which he later called "The bright year of my life." He is living with his father in Charleston and does not know that their family life is soon to end. He is even more a devotee of phonography which has become a support as well as a delight and is even in correspondence with Benn Pitman, who publishes a note from him in his *Phonographic Magazine.* He is trying to learn to sing, hoping some day to be a "tenor vocalist." He is beginning to write for the papers and planning to spend his vacation on his "beloved Edisto." He is often thinking, earnestly thinking of the future and asking strange questions of his soul.

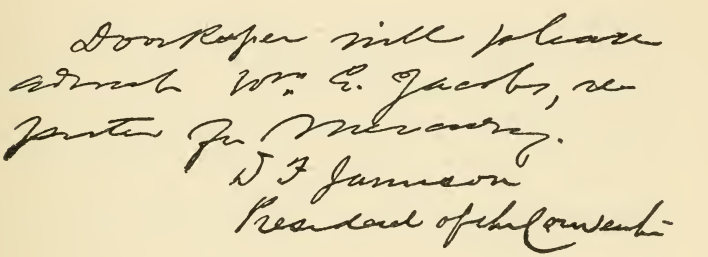
Then suddenly Fate opens a crack in the door through which he is to pass.

The Democratic Convention met in Charleston to nominate a President of the United States. Its failure to do so unitedly was about to precipitate the War between the States.

One Monday, realizing that a historic scene was to be observed in the Convention hall he obtained his ticket and hurried to the galleries in "time to hear several

speeches and to see Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Arkansas and Georgia withdraw from the Convention" amid tremendous applause. Of this scene our prescient young reporter writes:

"In future days I can say how that I pressed in among others to this Democratic Convention. I saw the grave and reverend heads of the people, political



Ticket of Admission to the Charleston Convention of 1861.

fathers, in grave convention assembled, to deliberate on the tottering affairs of the nation. I partook of the terrible contentions and confusions which universally prevailed—I saw this great Republic tottering to its foundation stone."

This was in April and early May. When July came we find the ministerial spirit strengthening its voice. He is planning to go out as a missionary under the auspices of the Sunday School Union, and strange feelings and fears are in his heart. He doubts his fitness for the work but will pray for aid and enlightenment. Perhaps God will help him in time of need.

And thereafter came a wonderful vacation month on Edisto, saddened only by his knowledge that his father, having received a call to the Fairview Church near

Marion, Alabama, and having accepted it, would no longer be near him to watch over his studies.

"When I return to Charleston," he writes, "I will have no home. I must board as a stranger in an old familiar place. How sad! I will be passing away—but a little while and I shall know it no more. But this earth is nothing more than a short abiding place. We must die to make way for others, but there is room enough for all in heaven. Father goes to Fairview to-day. 'Parting, oh, parting, parting is pain.' God bless thee, my father! Thou hast always trusted in Him. He will aid thee now. Thou hast taught me where to gain consolation. Thou hast always loved and aided me. Oh! how can I repay thee for all thy kindness? I will not try. I would rather be in thy debt. Gratitude, oh! how sweet to be grateful to thee. God bless thee, my father, God bless thee."

Thereafter events moved rapidly. His last term at college begins and this boy, of whom his father once said that he could not do wrong except by accident, buckles down to hard work, saying: "What is life worth but to serve?"

And then a curious little incident occurs. Distressed at the necessity of being supported by a father who has many other responsibilities and limited means, we find him in prayer for work which he calls help. "Oh, God, give me something to do!" he cries. "Show me where I may find work. Answer me for Jesus' sake."

And then the days pass. Perhaps he forgot the prayer of September 29th. He even writes, "All my brightest anticipations have been dashed. I had expected to report the present session of the Legislature,

but I have tried in vain ; and the Synod, but that too is dashed."

But one morning, November 29th, he was astonished by hearing his name called and a "Telegraphic Despatch" was handed to him. It was from Columbia and read, "Come up immediately and report for me!"

We shall remember this happening. It is typical of them both.

The Legislature, which met in Columbia, soon adjourned, on account of a severe smallpox epidemic, to Charleston, where, on the twentieth of December, it passed the fateful Ordinance of Secession, our reporter scattering the printed resolutions upon the eager crowds outside.

Describing the scene, he says, "The Resolution read :

"'An Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other states united with her under the compact entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America."

"'We, the people of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained—That the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified and also all Acts or parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States under the name of the "United States of America" is hereby dissolved.'

"At seven minutes after one the vote was taken on the Ordinance, 'As name by name fell upon the ear of

the silent Assembly, the brief sound was echoed back without one exception in that whole grave body—Aye!' Scarcely had the President announced the vote unanimous before the people assembled without sent up one universal shout of triumph and men and children ran from street to street heralding the glad tidings. All the stores were closed, bands of soldiers were immediately parading and crowds were gathered everywhere to hear and tell the news. The *Mercury* extras were seized with an eagerness unparallelled in the annals of the Charleston Press. At 6:30 the Convention again met and proceeded in a body to the Secession (Institute) Hall to ratify the Ordinance. At the foot of the stairs they were joined by the Senate and House of Representatives and the three bodies took their seats, from which six months before their representatives had seceded. An old gray-headed man was brought forward to supplicate the throne of grace and Dr. Bachman poured out his whole soul in it. The President then read the Ordinance and when he had finished it, the whole audience rose and gave tremendous applause. One by one the delegates went up and signed the Ordinance and when the last was added President Jamison said, 'I do, therefore, declare South Carolina to be a separate and independent commonwealth.' Every man, woman and child leaped up, hats flew high in air, and cheer after cheer echoed and reëchoed from floor to roof, from side to side, until exhausted it fell down in one long, loud cadence of rejoicing. It was the noblest moment of my life. Even now, while I write, my blood thrills with excitement at the thought. The same scene was enacted in the street. General Martin, by the light of a street lamp,

read the ordinance to the crowd where it was met with similar enthusiasm. Thus ended the glorious 20th of December."

With such exciting scenes he closed "The brightest year of my life," amid uncertainty and doubt and loneliness and labour, with the vast war cloud blackening overhead. And he feared as he entered into the cloud. Had he known how to discern the signs of the time he would have heard the rumbling of the deep forces which were moving to change the whole scenery of the stage and set his life amid the poverty and despair from which its finest message was to come. He would have seen the messengers of God hurrying hither and thither sprinkling the ashes of woe everywhere with that completeness in which was largely to lie the meaning of his whole career. He would have felt the whirr of martial wings rushing to ruin the achievements of the mind and hand of the Old South leaving a pathway among them open only to him who could walk by faith.

The dark chapter in his nation's novel was about to be written and he was to be a letter in it.

A letter raised and illumined in gold.

IV

HOMEWARD FROM HOME

The waiting soul is sick for work to be;
The eye looks, languid, at slow-passing days;
The heart beats wearily each systole,
And frets at opportunity's delayed pace.
Yet fill, O Soul, with hope Thy faithless gloom,
For to Thee, hoping not, Thine hour shall come.

"BURY me on my face," said Diogenes. Being asked "Why?" he replied: "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down!"

And so it was in 1861.

With the war enthusiasm at fever heat it was but natural that the Senior class at Charleston College should present a petition to their faculty setting forth the impossibility of their doing justice to their work on account of the intensity of the patriotic fires in their souls and asking for immediate possession of their diplomas. This they did, every member of their class signing it.

Scarcely had it been done before the war began, the fateful adventure of the *Star of the West* precipitating it on the ninth of January.

Then followed a rapid breakup of ties and relationships. No further serious work was done at college until examinations came in early March. He attended the last meeting of the Chrestomathic Society that he

loved so well, sad at the thought that his school days were over. For the last time as a student he went through museum and library and heard Dr. Smythe preach in the dear old Second Presbyterian Church. Then he writes the names of his classmates tenderly in his diary and ends his college life.

Shortly thereafter he left Charleston for his father's pastorate at Fairview, where he arrived on his nineteenth birthday.

Here he spent an uneventful summer reading and writing and thinking and planning. It was a summer of constant wrestling with resolutions and frequent complainings at his inability to keep them. He finds time, however, to study farming at this country manse and describes his present earthly horizon thus:

"I purpose raising a fine supply of blackberries and seeing if I cannot in some manner improve the breed. I pray God above all other earthly comforts to grant me a sweet wife, an affectionate charge and a good chance at gardening. With these I think that I could lead a peaceful and contented life and rest in God for all things else."

And here also, ever observant of the heavens, he enjoyed, unconsciously, an experience rarely given to mortals. With characteristic interest and care he tells the story of it in his journal:

"About a week ago when I happened to arrive home at midnight, I noticed in the east a streak of light beginning in the horizon and well defined almost to the zenith. What was it? Was it the zodiacal light or was it in reality the ring around the earth which was lately spoken of as discovered by the United States Expedition in Japan? Again another visitor has ap-

peared in our skies—a large comet. Of this little visitant I may speak again, as I have not yet seen it."

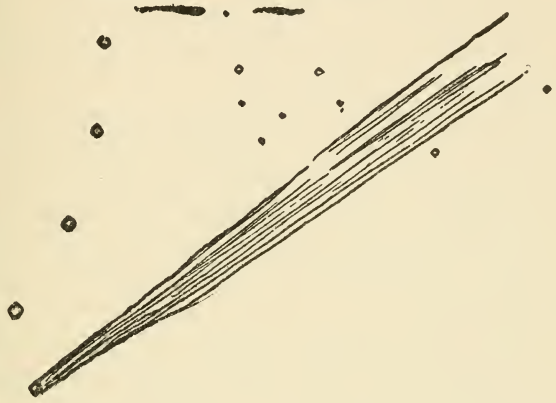
"The great comet is now visible just under the constellation of the Great Bear. What thoughts does that bright streak of light bring over me—thoughts of the immensity of space, strange thoughts on the inhabitants of those other worlds—remembrances of the fact that it is not only on earth that there is life and motion—startling thoughts of the unsearchable greatness of God and of our ineffable littleness, and of Christ's great condescension. The nucleus of this comet is very bright, brighter than a star of the first magnitude, silvery light. Its tail is as straight as an arrow and gradually growing wider and less bright in its extent of twenty or thirty degrees. What comet is it? About this time in 1858 I saw a comet, brighter indeed than this but not so long. What mysterious travellers are these? How naturally superstitious thoughts cluster around them.

"The comet is waning in the distance. It seems that the appearance which I mentioned the other night as having been the zodiacal light was in reality this comet. It was then, according to Dr. Gibbes, eighty degrees in length; its head was in the horizon."

"The comet of 1861," says Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, "passed at 273,000 miles from us on January 30th and it is almost certain, according to the most trustworthy calculations and observations of M. Liais, that the earth and the moon passed through its tail at six o'clock that morning (Paris time). In fact neither the earth nor moon perceived it, only a slight Aurora Borealis was seen as if the tail itself were simply an aurora. The encounter

SUNDAY, July 7th, 1861.

Another Week.



Thus appears the great comet which is now visible, just under the constellation of the great Bear; four stars of the dipper may be seen in the picture. What thoughts does that bright streak of light bring over me — thoughts of the immensity of space — strange thoughts on the inhabitants of those other

Page from Diary, July 7, 1861, illustrating comet through whose tail the world passed without knowing it.

was only really known and calculated after the passage."

This experience of passing through a comet's tail without knowing it was one that he never forgot. On the last Christmas that he spent on earth he told it to his grandchildren in Atlanta.

It was on the eighth of August that he received a letter from Dr. Smythe testifying that "Wm. P. Jacobs is a most acceptable member of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston and believed to be a most worthy and divinely directed candidate for the sacred office of the ministry," of which he said, "How very little does he know about me!"

And while complaining to himself of his laziness he planned to write three books; one was to be a versification of the historical Scriptures, a second consisted of a series of articles on the Evidences of Christianity as evident in the sciences, and the third was to be a book on authorship.

Slowly the long vacation passed as he tried a plan found in the *Spectator* that he should set down everything of consequence done during a day for later examination. The following was "Trial week" and afterwards "Perseverance week" then "Study and Prayer week," and "Useful week" and "Sermon week" (he only wrote two pages of it), and "——— week." Afterwards the comet and preparations to enter Columbia Seminary.

Yet during this vacation time many things were happening in his soul. His interest in literature grew, expressing itself in poems, stories and articles for magazines and newspapers. He busied himself translating the Shorter Catechism into Greek, German and Latin.

In his first month of solitude he heard the news of firing on Fort Sumter and the beginning of the war. He read many books of travel and wanted to follow Stephen's footsteps in Egypt and stand on the summit of Cheops' great pyramid some day. He heard his father preach the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Marion Female Seminary with delight, and of himself says, "I am now throwing away the best moments of my life, when my eyes are not weak and I am not feeble." In the middle of August his father received a call to Laurensville, S. C., the county seat of Laurens County, nine miles from a little place called Clinton, and decided to accept it. This was the first tiny thread that Providence had prepared wherewith to guide him to his destiny.

At length September came and one daybreak he reached Columbia, in company with George Petrie, recently a classmate of Sidney Lanier's and Ed Green's at Oglethorpe University, and rode with him up to the seminary. A few other brethren came in during the day, among them "my good old friend, Tom Law." "It is the habit here," he writes, "to call all the students 'Brother.' Of course I find this rather difficult but not altogether impossible. Those I love most I find it hardest to 'Brother.'"

This was on the seventeenth of September. On Tuesday morning following the students were examined on Personal Piety. "Little enough could I give to satisfy them," he thought, "but still my name was enrolled."

So he entered upon his theological career, with Brother Todd, from Laurensville, telling him that he could find any number of places near there wherein to

show forth the talent that was in him; with Brother H—— offended because he would not listen to long yarns on the Sabbath but insisted on reading the New Testament to all who would tell them; complaining ever that his spirituality was weak and planning to write a book on some consoling topic of religion to leave for his posterity. Of this last he writes a hope which was a prophecy. "I want it to be small," he says, "and yet my whole life to be spent in elaborating it so that every word will be worth printing and every sentence a gem, and yet I wish it so fixed that if I die next month (year) it will be ready for publication. I want to leave something to posterity, so that even in my death I may be useful to my fellow men. I hope that this will not turn out to be a mere idle chimera of my imagination."

On the thirtieth of October he made his first appearance before the faculty as a public speaker only to be criticized unmercifully. His matter was poor, his manner bad, his pronunciation unsatisfactory, his position wretched. He received no syllable of praise. Only George Petrie said that he liked his speech. There seemed to be very little hope for him as a preacher.

But he would try to do better next time.

In November he passed the terrible ordeal of Presbytery after Dr. Howe had proposed his name. His college examination was the thing he most feared. Dr. Leland gave him the first five verses of Luke's gospel to read and the first paragraph of I Cicero against Cataline. After this followed such searching questions as "What is Natural Philosophy?" "What is Astronomy?" "Is Chemistry a useful Science?" "What is a Satellite?" "What is the Solar System?"

On motion of Dr. Howe the examination was "Sustained."

The same month he finished reading through the New Testament in the original Greek for the first time in his life.

In this month also he preached his first sermon. This is his story of it:

"At the request of Brother Otts I went up to Tekoa, a mission station on the Charlotte road, to preach. Just after breakfast I hurried over to the depot and got on some cars which were about to leave. I soon found, however, that I had not got on the passenger train but on one carrying up soldiers. I knew, however, when I reached Tekoa, by Killian's mill-pond, and, though the cars were at full speed, I had no intention of going up to Charlotte, so off I jumped, 'flying squirrel fashion,' and down I came full length. I jumped up, however, and found that my neck was not broken and went over to the church. I conducted the Sunday School and got on very successfully until the very close, when the choir leader, who was singing 'Old Hundred,' gave out and I was obliged to sing alone the last two lines, though I had never sung a line unaided before in my life. I believe I changed the tune completely before I got to the end. I was very cold in the pulpit—chilled, chattering, and, though my sermon was written, I managed to get considerably wound up on 'Jesus wept, and the Jews said, "Behold how he loved him!"' After service, however, I felt very cold and exhausted and walked over to Mr. Killian's, and he gave me a glass of blackberry wine, which relieved me. I thank God that He enabled me to do as well as I did. There were two or three out of the twenty present who seemed to listen

with a great deal of attention. I managed to get home—Tutus Mente et corpore."

With the closing month of the year came the meeting of the first General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church which convened in Augusta, Ga., on December third. He was engaged to report the Assembly for the *Southern Presbyterian*, by Dr. Adger, who offered him fifty dollars for his services in that capacity. Nor did Dr. Adger leave him unaided. "Dr. Adger," he writes, "is making Dr. Palmer, the Moderator, act parliamentarily and yet very much not so. He made a little speech the other day in which he suggested that it would be of much service to the reporter if he would call out the name of each member as he rose. Dr. Palmer, though he has no right to know that there is a reporter in the house, has, on one or two occasions, turned to me and said, 'That is Dr. ———, Mr. Jacobs.' I ought to feel flattered. Judge S—— said to me yesterday, 'The gentleman who spoke last was Judge S——,—it is well to know these little things.' I assured him that I knew his title and would give it to him. Mr. R—— said to me, 'Take a good look at me, Mr. R——, I intend to make a speech some day and I want you to know me. You'll remember it?' 'Yes, sir, a little better than you think. There is a great deal of human nature in men!'"

This first meeting of his Assembly made a deep impression on him who was thus flung into the very midst of things at the very outset of his ministerial career. It gave him great pleasure to meet many friends of his father and he was thus early made to feel at home in his father's house. He noted carefully the leaders of

the Assembly,—"Dr. Palmer," he wrote, "is beautiful, Dr. Thornwell is strong, Dr. Palmer is polished, Dr. Thornwell wonderfully earnest, Dr. Palmer is refined in thought, Dr. Thornwell is broad, deep, clear." He was interested when a Mr. Frierson, of Tennessee, asked for some of his photographic reports, making him write in it,—"Wm. P. Jacobs to the Tennessee Historical Society," and saying that it would some day be of great value to them, and he was saddened by reports of the great fire which swept through Charleston lowering the venerable head of the old Circular Church, the proud Cathedral and Institute Hall, mother of Secession. "And thus," he tells his diary, "have I again arrived at the termination of another year—a year fraught to me with even richer experiences than the last—a year wonderful in changes to myself and our family. This year has closed forever to me my college life and has made me an artium baccalaureus. In this year I have gained rich experience in life—have passed through one of the most eventful periods in the history of the country. I have seen stars fall one by one from the flag of the once glorious United States. A new nation has arisen upon the earth, the Confederate States of America, and I am a citizen of it—proud indeed of the honour. A bloody year to our land has this been. The first echo of the mighty struggle was sounded in my ears on the 8th of January. News of thrilling interest has continually flown on lightning wings along the wire—at Sumter, at Bethel, Springfield, Belmont, Port Royal, Manassas, Leesburg and Drainsville the hosts of contending nations have met and fought and bled, and Southern arms have won the field by God's strong aid.

"But not less important to *me* also has been this year. I have stood since the first day of January last on the ever sounding banks of the Atlantic and watched its proud waters lash a new Republic's shores. I have sped over the wide prairies of Alabama and floated adown its majestic river. I have stood too in sight of the wondrous mountains at Lithonia and have gazed adown the ever rolling waters of the Savannah.

"But in another aspect my life has been marked by this year. In it I have begun my lifelong studies—things new and strange—and have met minds of other men and learned to know them. Happy the thought that I have made some friends this year.

"I have been received as a candidate for the gospel ministry and have preached my first sermon—besides doing other first things; not least important, I have written my first book and had it printed. I have done much in the publishing line and I have attended and reported the first Presbyterian General Assembly.

"Many other things could I mention which God has done for me, but are not these enough? And now the year is gone. Have I profited from my year's experience? To me a solemn question is this.

"A year is gone—a year nearer to that bourn from whence no traveller returns. Oh, Lord, so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. Farewell to 1861."

In this résumé of the year we see revealed the manner of youth he was—a youth who watched life, noting all its changes and counting them wonderful; a historian feeling himself unknown and alone though he was a part of all the vast drama whose story and staging he witnessed; a traveller, watching hill and valley

and longing to see the lands beyond the mountains, the cities beyond the seas; a student who loved study for what it brought him of the Father's wisdom-treasures; a printer whose first tiny "Book of Reptiles" set and printed by himself as a youth of fifteen, containing seven hundred and twenty-eight words on twelve $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inch pages, has expanded and grown into poems and stories and ambitious book-hopes; a time-keeper, numbering his days that he might apply his heart unto wisdom, and a patriot.

We expand that word into a paragraph. Far back in December, 1858, his father being a slaveholder, when a student of sixteen he writes in his diary,—"I have come to the conclusion that slavery at best is a diabolical practice."

Almost a year later, three days after he had entered a telegraph office for the first time in his life, he describes a violent debate in the Senate of South Carolina, which he was reporting, on the subject of Harper's Ferry, and adds: "I was awfully a Secessionist but now I am a strong Unionist. I would not see one quill plucked from the wing of that proud bird which is emblazoned over our Senate hall."

But when his state seceded and battle came with the customary stories of horrible atrocities, his heart and prayers followed his new flag. The reader must have already noted that Love was the charmed word of his vocabulary and he loved South Carolina.

V

THE WAY TO BETHANY

Speak of the woods that darken, here, my way,
  Thou dear old memoried road to Enoree.
Interpret to my heart the wondrous play
  Of wisdom on the path One builds for me.
Tell of the bridging of a thousand streams,
  The passing of the mountains, undelayed;
Of bird-thronged meadows, spread for him who dreams,
  The River, waiting, when the end is made,
And then, beyond the Mill, the Bridge, and then
  The Land to which He calls—
Whither, O builder of the Ways of Men,
  Whither—beyond the Falls?

IT is an exceedingly difficult thing to see God but it can be done.

Heraclitus used to say that "knowledge of divine things was for the most part lost to us by incredulity." It is this difficulty of seeing them that renders us incredulous of their existence.

As life runs on, for a long time we seem to have around us only the homely, familiar sights that, in our ignorance, we are pleased to call common, till the change comes and, suddenly, the inexpressible glory of what God has been doing is upon us.

There is something very strange about life. We learn after the event. It is from change that wisdom comes.

So to-day we can look back to that Sabbath morning in May, 1862, on a young, inexperienced and unknown

minister riding on a borrowed horse to fill an ordinary appointment at an ordinary country church and see around his head something of a halo, as if the old red and muddy road led upward somewhere to an ineffable glory.

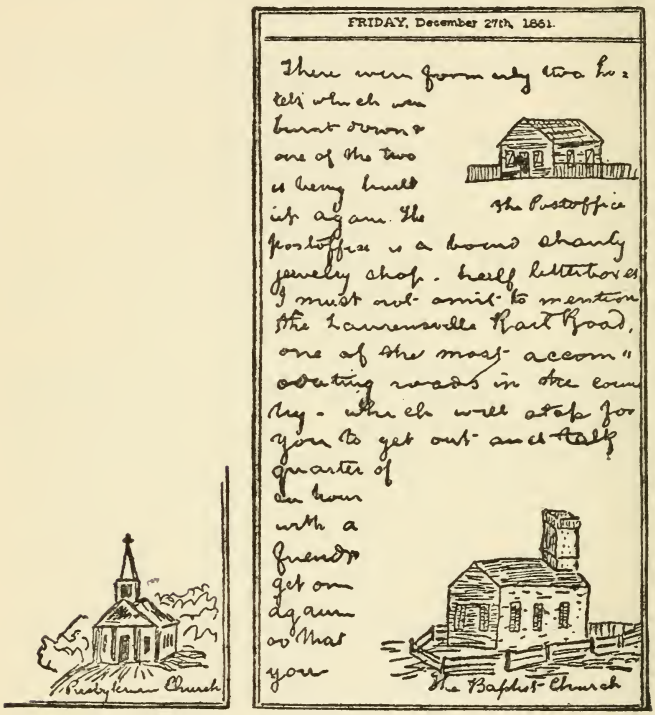
For is there anything more fascinating than watching what happens to a man who truly gives himself to God?

Powers invisible, inaudible, intangible begin at once their work of transforming the common into the romantic, the sinful into the holy. They light the wayside bushes with the flames of God. One by one all things swing into a line of progress towards something that Some One sees Somewhere. Nothing is ever again unimportant. An accent may decide a destiny.

And so it was with the young man who was going to preach the second sermon of his life at Bethany that day. Some one had once suggested his father's name for the headship of the Laurensville Female Seminary, to which position he had been later elected. Upon his acceptance, as his custom was, he began preaching in weak and vacant churches thereabout. Among these was Bethany. When one day his son from the seminary came home on a visit, never having preached but once before in his life, he pitched him out in this water to swim by himself. All this was simple enough, common enough, humble enough, and it was done so quietly that the youth could suspect nothing ulterior in it. Indeed when he wrote of it in his diary this is all he saw:

"Early this morning, being Sunday, at Father's request, I got Brother Riley's horse to fulfill Father's appointment at Bethany, ten and one half miles distant.

The day being very cloudy, I found the ride there very pleasant though quite fatiguing. After riding five miles I stopped to inquire the way and was told by an



Public buildings of Laurens as he found them in 1861, on his first visit.

old lady that Bethany was yet ten miles off. That I knew could not be so, and was gratified, a mile farther on, to find it but five miles off. Inquiring my way as I went, thinking over my sermon, communing with

God and my own soul, wondering at the vicissitudes of life, watching the pretty birds that kept continually flitting about me,—the sparrows and partridges and plenty of similar game, I passed the time pleasantly enough until I reached the church. There I became acquainted with the elders, and Elder Byrd bade me take my own way. One old gentleman, an elder from Duncan's Creek, suggested that as it was raining I should be short. I must confess that I trembled a little as I ascended the pulpit stairs and that on several occasions my wits forsook me and fled. Once or twice I felt my courage oozing out at the tips of my fingers. The congregation was very large considering the weather and I got considerably warmed up on the subject—'Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burning?' When I concluded old Mr. Saxon cordially invited me to dine with him and I accepted his invitation. On reaching his house, young Mrs. Saxon extended the welcome and I did justice to her good dinner. I had occasion to speak about their souls' condition to two negroes, one of whom seemed deeply touched by the morning's discourse,—the other was a member of the church. As it had now cleared off, I bade Mr. and Mrs. Saxon good-bye and thanked them for their kindness. My ride home was not so pleasant, as I was continually in danger of losing the way, and both I and my horse were nearly exhausted. Nevertheless, I had many pleasant thoughts. Thus was preached my second sermon. May God give me grace to preach with power and with *the spirit.* I reached home in the evening, almost tired down, and found pleasant company awaiting me there."

And so, unknowing and unknown, he passed along the wonderful way by which he was being introduced to his whole future life. From those strange homes on the right hand and on the left were to come experiences rich and good and from one of them, the one at the end of a long road winding off to the right as he went, was to come half of his life. A little river was to the left of him as he neared the church, a river that he was to frequent often as the shadows of even fell about him, and over the valleys to the right lay a little town that he was to love as his own soul.

These things he did not see as he rode alone on his way to Bethany, yet all his yearnings and prayers and hopes were in them. For these he had pleaded in far-away Charleston and of them he had dreamed on his beloved Edisto. He had been impatient for them at Marion and despaired of their ever coming at Columbia. For these he was come into the world—for Bethany and Duncan's Creek and Shady Grove and Gilder's Creek and Clinton and Rockbridge. He and they were to go down life's pathway together watching the wonderful things that God and years and the souls of men and women work out between them.

Any one who has seen an artist lay the background of his painting upon which all the future outlines are to grow, or watched a sun rise slowly out of the night, can understand that ride to Bethany.

For the broad outlines of his life were laid down that day.

Here was a student of Latin and Greek and Hebrew and metaphysics and history and astronomy and all the rest of God's wonderful world, and yet such a student as had once decided that he would dash all these de-

lightful studies aside if that would make him a better guardian of the souls of men, a city boy who loved libraries and museums.

And here was the muddy road leading to the four bare walls of a country church.

And therein was his prayer answered.

Over this road he was to ride to all that the world held for him of happiness and service.

Soon he was preaching at Smyrna and leading the prayer-meeting at Laurens and filling Brother Riley's appointment at Shady Grove. What if the elder from Duncan's Creek should suggest that he cut his sermon short on account of the rain, and the old lady at Shady Grove exclaim, "Pshaw, he's nothing but a boy!" the great thing was being accomplished, he was giving himself away.

And the gift was being accepted!

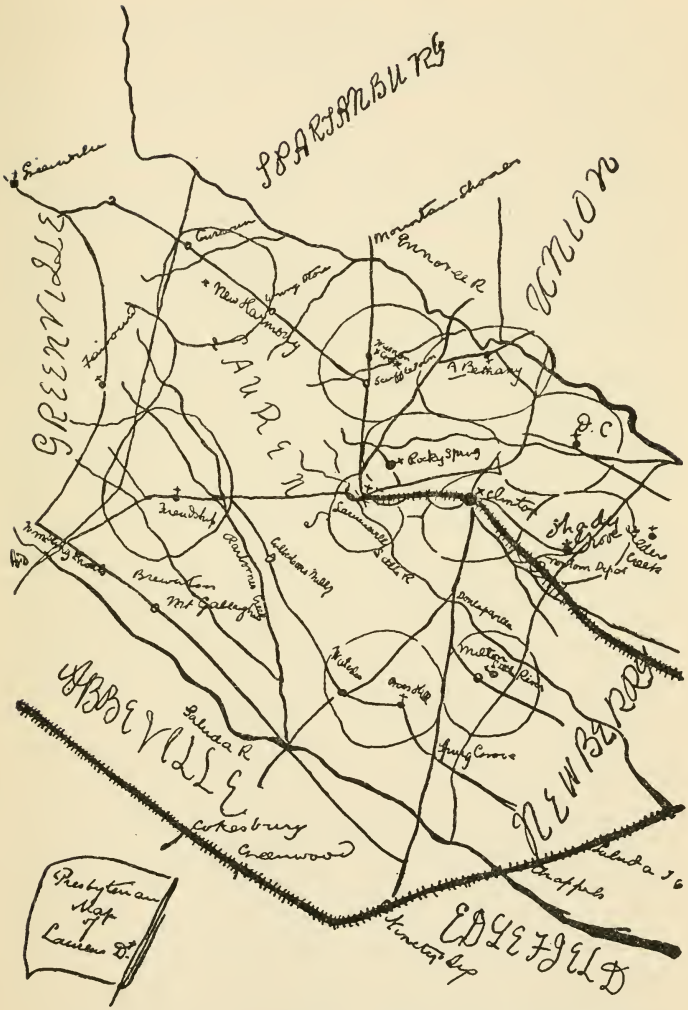
And in order that the record might be all the clearer his city life of academic and literary flavour with its ante-war luxury was to contrast with the desolation of a country community overwhelmed by the vast catastrophe of fratricidal strife. He who had worshipped in the beautiful old churches of Charleston was being led to Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek. He whose life had been spent in alcoves of libraries and museums, who thought in terms of cathedrals and colleges, was within two months to preach his first sermon in Clinton.

For Brother Holmes, having heard how acceptably he had filled the pulpit at Shady Grove and having himself been called away, had secured his promise to preach at Clinton on July 13, 1862. This is how he tells the story of it:

"About eight o'clock Mr. Holmes sent a vehicle over

for me. I mounted and was soon on the way to Clinton. On the way, I resolved not to preach the sermon I had prepared but to preach the very first one I ever wrote on—'Jesus wept, etc.' On reaching the door I found the congregation already assembled, and after various introductions I succeeded in beseeching a Mr. Rose to raise the tunes for me. He at last complied and did finely. I preached with earnestness and I trust that I succeeded in overcoming the feeling of 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built,' which often afflicts the minister. I lost sight of self and caught sight of Christ. Invariably will the minister find this to be the case—first, lose yourself; second, find Christ. Both are coördinates, one of the other. The negroes were very earnest and attentive, and many of the whites, nay, most of the whites, were also. I trust some good was accomplished and I hope no evil. I took dinner at Mr. Phinney's, and a good dinner it was.

"I started home immediately after dinner and feeling sleepy I gave the reins to the boy. After a short doze I raised myself with the sensation that we were at a halt. Sure enough, we were at a standstill, the boy was asleep, the reins in the bottom of the buggy and the horse quietly grazing by the roadside. 'Why, Billie,' said I, 'this will never do!' He started up suddenly and soon we were again on the way. I watched him closely for a while but as he seemed to be wide awake, I again began to doze. Suddenly I felt a severe jar—the buggy was down in a gully, we were nearly upset, the boy had been nearly pitched out and both traces had been unloosened and the horse was about to walk off—the negro had gone to sleep again. After that I kept my eyes open and we reached home in safety.



Presbyterian map of Laurens County, taken from his Diary, showing conditions as they were on July 13, 1862, when he preached his first sermon in Clinton.

"I met Mr. Adams again and he says I must come down to Shady Grove next Sunday."

Now is not all this ordinary enough to be God Himself?

What a wonderful thing is this Providence that closes our eyes to the future and opens them to the past!

He had visited the scene, the very church wherein his life was to be, and his eyes were veiled—as are ours.

But we see already the broad outlines of certain figures wherewith his Great Desire was being answered.

One of these was poverty. The stage was being stripped of its costly scenery. Museums, libraries, colleges, orphanages were being removed and only the bare floor and walls were remaining. Evidently here was a play that was to deal in the elementals. Life was to be its theme without veneer or varnish. Souls, his among them, and God were to come upon that stage when these extraneous things had disappeared. The greatest calamity in all its history had fallen upon the theater in which he was to play his part, nor was its real work yet finished. Ashes were there and mourning and blackness of every shade.

This was the gift that was being returned to the boy who had given himself.

And with it came all the marvel of the ordinary which is utterly fathomless in mystery. There was nothing uniquely attractive about the land in search of which he had left his beautiful Ur of the Chaldees. There he would find no purpled mountains nor silver sands upon any seaside. Only the country was there as God made it and a few disfigurations made by man. Laurens County, Clinton, the countryside and its churches were utterly ordinary, with nothing in fauna

or flora to distinguish them from other common countries; lacking any of those special natural beauties of ocean or lake or mountain range, with only here and there a muddy stream to remind him of more beautiful landscapes.

These were the two colours that the Great Artist had already placed on the canvas of his life.

But thereby was his prayer answered for therein was his soul to be satisfied.

As his country, his town, his churches were utterly ordinary, so also were they utterly typical, and in that lay the artist's meaning.

No man could ever say of him, "See how he was favoured by environment and witness the great forces lying latent waiting for him to use them." He was to have no tools, no means, nothing but the common possessions of the humblest believer in the Power.

Without glory, without reputation, without friendships, without health, without wealth he was going into a land crushed, desolated, impoverished, discouraged, decimated and at its very best poor and ordinary.

So that if, in all the years to come, there should be shown by him any unusual thing, any remarkable evidence of special power no man could ever question his testimony—and God's.

And this is their testimony; that they gave themselves to one another.

VI

PUTTING ON THE ARMOUR

Like him of trembling heart who fain would try
To tread the waters of a stormy sea,
Amazed that waves a willing path could be
For those who hear the whisper: It is I.

ON many a desperate sea the mariner of old used to cry to Neptune, "O God, Thou mayest save me if Thou wilt, and if Thou wilt Thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no I will steer my rudder true!"

This is the high resolve in the lives of the truly great. It came to fuller expression in his life during the remaining years at the seminary.

Again it was a handicap that made it possible for him to finish his course there. He suffered from amaurosis of the eyes and was thereby eliminated from the army, those so suffering being accounted unfit for military service. An idea of the pressure being brought on all citizens to take up arms at this period of the war may be obtained from the attitude of Dr. James Henley Thornwell, the great leader of Presbyterian thought of his day. Of him he tells us that on the 28th day of the preceding February Dr. Thornwell had delivered one of the most stirring patriotic addresses he had ever heard. "He tried to rouse the people up to a patriotic spirit and make them feel the greatness of the crisis that had fallen upon them. He bade them remember Thermopylæ, Marathon and Salamis and gave a soul-stirring description of heroic Greece. He most terribly

rebuked the 'mean, despicable, contemptible wretches, who could make their country's loss their own gain,'—and bade every man to take his gun, and if he had no gun, his pistol, and if he hadn't that, his hatchet, his hoe, 'anything that will kill,' and go and defend their wives, their daughters and their sisters."

And so as the autumn of '62 came and the hour for leaving his father's home in Laurens drew near he writes:

"I have gotten into a stern fit of the blues at the prospect of my early departure for the seminary under such circumstances. How can I leave Father or Mother or good, dear Aunt Becky? How can I say good-bye even to Lula or dear little Mamie? The little moist drops will wash the corners of my eyes and if I try to whistle, my whistle sticks to neither treble nor bass but flutters mournfully about. Even my hands thrust themselves nervously into my pockets. I had a mournfully prospective dream last night which appeased my anxiety to return no little. How changed will be everything there! How very changed! How very, very changed! The bare thought is sufficient to sadden. The lively, merry Cozby and Banks and Otts are gone. Witty Brother Cleveland, with his songs and tales, gone Green, McKinnon, Law, gone, gone, all gone. Only one or two left and they doubtfully left—all the rest gone, gone forever. I'll shut the page. I do not like sad pictures or sorrowing scenes. I do not like to dwell on that which only grieves me but I cannot bear the thought of eight solitary months. God grant that I may be happily disappointed in my unpleasant forebodings."

This frame of mind was doubtless accentuated by

the bitter news received on August 2d of the death of Dr. Thornwell. His death had come suddenly, of "typhoid pneumonia," at Charlotte, N. C., on the preceding day. The young man considered the older the greatest man in the Southern Confederacy. "Good-bye, Brother Jacobs," he had said as they parted at the close of the spring term of the seminary. "May God bless you and take care of you." "I will prize those words," wrote the young minister, "as the blessing of the greatest man I ever knew." One of the first pleasures of his life upon his return to Columbia was "hearing Dr. Palmer deliver his eulogy on the life and labours of Dr. Thornwell, in the Presbyterian Church, to a house that it would not be very hyperbolic to style—jammed, jammed. For two hours and a half he spoke of the glorious man and the audience hung on his impassioned words with breathless attention. His own frame quivered with emotion and the heart chords of his audience thrilled to his masterly touch. Not a word was lost of that grand eulogy of one great man upon another and while he spoke I felt continually—*how awful is the loss!* In glowing words he led the youthful Thornwell from his native Chesterfield and set him amid judges and chancellors in a president's chair. He drew an outline of his character—his filling-in showed the hand of a master artist. His simple style of reading, as any other man would read, was completely lost sight of in the grandeur of his periods and the overwhelming majesty of his expression. Deep, silent, grand flowed on the monarch river—and men *felt* while he spoke. And when he spoke of the death of the immortal man, of his comparative silence, of his stupor and the few words that escaped his lips, we *wept*. He told how in

his last moments smiles of unspeakable beauty played around and over his countenance, and only single ejaculation of 'wonderful, amazing, expanse, expanse, expanse' told of the glorious foretaste of immortality he was enjoying. And his closing words led us up through the shining gates of heaven and showed us the seraphic Thornwell in immortal converse with Beza and Calvin and Luther, with thousands and thousands that sit about the throne, so that even a gladdening smile came over every countenance, the murmurs of discontent were hushed and for a moment we were persuaded to rejoice that our Thornwell is in heaven."

When he arrived at the seminary that fall he had found only one other student besides himself: "Brother Porter." "Brothers Hunnicutt and Boggs" came a little later. The autumn was largely to him hard study interspersed with victories, outrages, prisoners, sermons on the "Invincibility of the South" and the "Army of Beelzebub," with such other war news and propaganda. "I have all my expenses provided until January!" he happily exclaims, yet one day in weakness and sickness he faints in his room at the seminary.

Pittacus said once that the half is ever greater than the whole. He found it so that year. "I do not enjoy pleasure half as much as labour," he writes, and here and there through his journal there appears the sentence that seems to have been more than any other his life motto, "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not!"

He was so thankful for the little he had. "I have a fire to sit by," he writes, "and books to read, and I know where my food is coming from for three months. For all this I thank God!"

In February of '63 his beloved brother, Pressley, of whom, as a little boy, he had written in his diary, "Oh, that Pressley would find Him!" came home on sick furlough. Some one had indeed remembered those earnest lines in the tiny book and answered the prayer they expressed. Before the following summer had passed we find him writing sadly:

"Oh, my God! that Thou shouldst cause me to write what this day must be recorded. My brother, my only brother, has been snatched away by death. God of Mercy, how can I endure Thy chastenings! Lord, Thy stroke has fallen upon me like the strokes that Thou alone canst give. He fell at Gettysburg the 2d of July. He fell fighting gallantly with his face to the foe. I cannot realize it, I cannot believe it. I thought he would be spared to see me again, and I longed to embrace in my arms one who had been so lately made to me a double brother—a natural and a spiritual. The stroke is heavier than I can bear. What a bereaving year has this been to me—one brother dead, another worse than dead. Of the four, I alone am left. Oh! Pressley, Pressley, would to God I could have died for thee, my brother. Why hast thou too departed and left me alone to weep? Dead! Dead! Oh, my God, Thou art terrible in Thy chastisements. I cannot write. All I can do is to cry, My God! My God!"

On March fifteenth of 1863 he came to his twenty-first birthday. It was to him, who so often thought of time, an ominous and awful hour. A new chapter, a new book begins in that hour. Its caption is "Manhood Begun" and its text, "Fear not, I am with thee. . . . Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not. . . . Jesus Christ and Him cru-

cified." In the solemnity of that hour and thought he takes up the full burden of manhood, saying:

"I give myself wholly to God,
I give myself wholly to the ministry,
I utterly repudiate self, sin, Satan,
I live for the good of the world,
I live for God's cause on earth,
I live for the world to come.

"I will call nothing mine but God, no man Master but God, no place home but Heaven, remembering that all is momentary that delights us, all is momentary that afflicts. All that is not eternal is nothing.

"Oh, God, it is indeed a solemn thing to take up the duties of life. Grant, great God, that this worm that pleads with Thee may become great in Thee. Let me know Thee and Thee only, and as this Sabbath day on which I attain to manhood is holy to Thee, oh, let my whole life be one continual Sabbath to Thee. Let me live Thee, let me breathe Thee, and not have a single thought that is not in accordance with Thy will, from now henceforward, forever. Bless me with humility, purity and truth. Let me become a perfect man, a perfect Christian, a perfect preacher. In every joy or sorrow, in sickness or health, life or death, oh, Lord, do Thou rule. Open Thy word to my mind and heart. Let King Jesus rule within me. Let the Holy Spirit bless me and guide me into all truth and comfort. Do Thou dispose my whole earthly career just as Thou wilt and enable me in everything to say, 'Thy will be done.' Oh, Father, hear me and answer Thy servant's supplication. Seal Thy answer upon my heart unto sanctification by the Spirit, having purified me by the blood

of Jesus, and to Thee, oh, Father, Son and Spirit, three in one, be praise forever. Amen."

In this spirit he became a man. His environment and heredity, reacting upon his education and they together upon his inmost soul, had produced this net result that he considered himself a tool. His conception of a tool demanded use. He wanted to wear out but never rust. He was ready now for his life's toil.

And so one Tuesday in April '64 the Board of Trustees of Columbia Seminary met and resolved to dispense with the usual examinations of his class, that is Brother J. S. Arbuthnot and himself, stating that their diplomas would be forwarded later. In the meantime he had visited his dear old Charleston once more to be licensed in the lecture room of the Central Church where Presbytery was meeting, and visiting incidentally the old college scenes and viewing the defenses of the city. He had later been called to preach at Gilder's Creek, which, with Shady Grove, constituted his first regular charge. Soon a letter from his father hints that Clinton will try to obtain his services, and one day while he was preaching at Shady Grove two gentlemen from that village, Messrs. Phinney and McClintock, appeared, and the call came later. Brother Holmes advised him to accept. He ended 1863 by his father's fireside in Laurens and early in 1864 agreed to preach twice a month at Clinton and once each at Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek.

He left the war-stricken school of the Prophets with its handful of students with sadness and regret.

"I am no longer a boy but a man," he thought; "with my untried armour I go forth to battle. How shall I endure the conflict?"

VII

IN THE UPPER ROOM

How like to him, forth summoned as he bent
Beneath his fig tree, musing on his deed,
To marvel when he learned whereto would lead
The path that followed where His Master went.

THERE is nothing more astonishing to those who study the lives of great men than their apparent consciousness of something unusual about their talents and careers. "I know that I shall be a great poet" said Sidney Lanier in an hour of disappointment and obscurity.

So, here and there in the life of our hero we catch glimpses of this same consciousness, evidenced in plan and confession as if he knew himself to be a great soul whose life rather than whose words were important to the world.

When the little upper room at Mr. Phinney's, where he first lodged in Clinton, had been occupied and the books all unpacked and shelved and arranged; when he had taken charge of his parish and was about to begin his first visits to his people, he sets before himself his task, resolving "to try to fit myself for a perfect fulfillment of all the arduous duties of life no matter where I am called."

As we look back on the life of this man in whose career so many wonderful things happened, our eyes catch the gleam of this fine hour, white as no fuller on

earth could whiten it. The soul of this boy of twenty-two years, in his tiny, desolate village of five years' growth, over whose pathway the gray ashes of war were sifting, is yet aglow with God.

"I am here," he writes, "here seated in my same old study chair, with my table beside me and books and maps about me. I am waiting for the Spirit of God, waiting for Him to fill my heart with faith and hope and love. It is the fifth of May, a day full of heart burnings and strong resolves, a day of earnest cries to God, a day of the past, the present and the future. Eternity is flitting before me, heaven and hell are spread out at my feet. I am waiting, waiting! Oh, God, let me be working. Why do I tarry? Thou art waiting, waiting for me to come and invoke Thy protecting care. Lord God, I come here, here on this bright sunlit morn, I come, throw myself upon my knees and pray. . . . I am now ready to work."

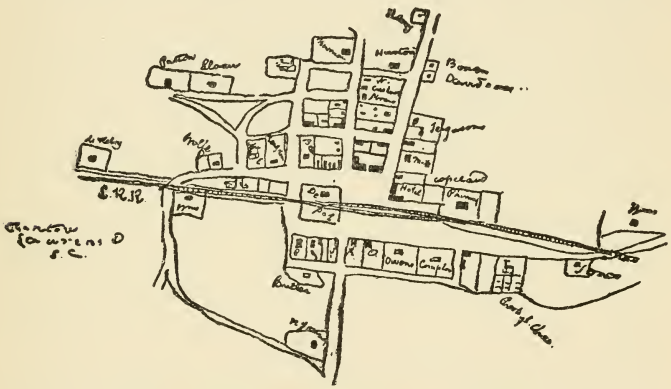
There is something awful about this, his utter confidence, his absolute faith, his childlike trust, contrasted with the abysmal night of war and discouragement about him, for there was not in his surroundings a single element of the good cheer customarily so considered in the thoughts of men. Everything with which he had to deal was little, cheap, common, so measured. He had to do with persons and places and churches of no importance to society or state. Yet he faced his surroundings as if wonder were in his eyes at the glory of their every feature.

This was his great wisdom, for it was even so.

He began his work in Clinton on May 5, 1864, and on May 22d had organized a Sunday School with eighty scholars, twenty-seven of whom were in his Bible

Class. He was ordained on May 20th, Rev. Zelotes L. Holmes, whose missionary efforts had organized the church, charging the pastor, and J. R. Riley, the young pastor at Laurens, his county-seat, "spake well and feelingly about paying the preacher."

By Monday morning following he was on his way to Columbia to buy some books for his Sunday School



Clinton, as he drew it in December, 1864.

library. On Tuesday, August 12th, he started a weekly prayer-meeting but had to do all the praying himself at first. His first Presbytery met at Cross Hill where he was entertained by Mrs. Nance. It was November before he had married his first couple, Dr. Craig and Miss Lizzie Owens; his first fee was fifty dollars (in Confederate money) and he remarked ruefully, "I have no wife to give it to." The same month he ordained his first elder, Dr. William H. Henry, over the Clinton Church and succeeded in borrowing a melodeon from Mr. Rush Blakely for use in the church. By that time he had triumphantly

placed the *Southern Presbyterian* in thirty homes and had well begun his lifelong task of boosting Clinton, toiling for his institutions and preaching the Gospel.

To this last he had set his whole soul with a devotion that burned away all dross.

"I feel almost as though I had done nothing," he mourned. "While I have received but seven, my neighbours at Hurricane seem to be having a large revival. Surely my sins are ruining these churches and yet I am puffed up in my own conceit. I feel that the Lord is getting ready to humble me. I have been striking ten, eleven, twelve, and the next strike must be *One!* I feel almost ready to give up. I am foolish, lazy, ignorant, conceited, proud. Oh, God, give me light. Help me or I fail. Why have I undertaken this work? I cannot go forward. I dare not go backward. Lord, save or I perish." This was in August, 1864.

In this thunder-cloud lurked the lightning that struck swiftly and suddenly the following month. Then "The Lord has certainly been with me," he exults, "and that in a marvellous manner. We have just held our protracted meeting at Clinton and forty souls have been added to the church. Besides this, there are yet between twenty and thirty inquiring the way of salvation, some of whom I doubt not will be added to us. Oh! how grateful I am to the prayer-hearing God. See how He answers prayer: I prayed before the meeting just this way and in these words, 'O Lord, add three souls to my church,—Father, be merciful and give me ten. No, Lord, Thou art able to do a great thing as easily as a small. I pray for forty. Oh, God, in Thy great mercy add forty souls to this church'—

and the Lord answered my prayer to the letter. The first day three were added, the second day I had ten, and before the meeting closed we received precisely *forty*, not one less or more. Is not this a remarkable answer to prayer? Surely I need never doubt again?"

Does one open his eyes in astonishment at this strange coincidence? Is there wisdom in it and reward? And is it a tiny drop of liquid gold smelted from the fire of soul struggles and agonized prayer? Has the tiniest hint of a halo begun to form about the head of this devoted boy? Is a word about to be spoken through him—an old, old word?

When he had written the story of this wonderful thing in his diary he added: "Oh, I want so much to be a true, noble-minded Christian; I am a theoretical Christian, I want to be practical. My love and faith are worse than weak—and yet I do love and do believe."

Many a person before and since has faced the forks of that road but how few have turned to the right!

Having put first things first he then turned to take an inventory of the town into which he had come. He names its assets over one by one:

"Stores—Dry Goods—Phinney and West, Hayne Williams, Huett.
Groceries—Copeland and Bearden, Wm. Rose.
Assorted—Craig and Tobin, Mess. Bailey.
Buggy Factory—W. D. Johnson.
Wagon Factory—Robert Huett.
Harness Factory—Richard Huett.
Blacksmithing—Johnson, Huett, Young.
Carpenter Shops—W. B. Bowen, Geo. Davidson.
Gin-Maker and Tinner—Geo. Davidson.

Steam Saw-Grist and Flour Mill—Joseph Crews.
Shoe-Shop—D. T. Compton, Geo. Simpson.
(Colored) Nelson Hood.
Schools—Male School, Rev. Theo. Hunter.
Female School, Mrs. R. Dunlap.
Churches—Presbyterian and Methodist.
Hotel—Joel T. Foster.
Masonic Lodge, No. 44.
Physicians—Dr. Lon Harris, Dr. Wm. H. Henry,
Dr. Richard Dunlap.
Millinery—Mrs. Burgers, Mrs. Huett.
Tailoring—Wm. Butler.

Not to mention a railroad which, unfortunately, is not in running operation."

All these were in little wooden shanties, the only brick building being a barroom.

So he set about with his plans for the community. There was a little school called the Clinton Male Academy. This he proposed at once to improve and endow. For the church he desired to introduce the taking up of collections and otherwise improving her benevolences, and for the negroes, who were soon to begin an unaccustomed freedom, he was already planning—a church.

This was the mind of the little minister in the upper room at the Phinneys' as he began his service. With such a soul he stood ready to meet the other players whom the author would send upon the stage. He was to pass through the long gamut of siren voices and for more than forty days be tempted of evil. From the paths of men he was to choose his own, oftentimes in darkness but rarely in doubt. Already the things he thought and felt and did made him a solitary figure seeking something few wanted in a way none under-

stood. All things that he passed on his way he valued in terms of that something on a scale that was accepted only here and there where a kindred soul counted his gold as gold and his dross as dross. He is already launched upon a unique life. Only time and the elements are needed to mould him into that strong and beautiful figure which he was to be.

And as we see him there upon his knees in the upper room, so quiet, so lonely, the face of a little boy in a great city seems looking down on him in wondrous joy, a little boy who loved phonography and rare coins and colleges and museums and libraries, a little boy whose lips used so often to repeat: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!"

VIII

"MY MARY"

Was thy wondrous beauty lent me
As a thing complete, to charm?
Or was mystic meaning sent me
In the glory of thine arm?
Was a mightier music meant me
In the rapture of thine arm?

ON the road from Laurens to Bethany, in the northeastern part of the county, stands the old farmhouse in which she was born. It is a typical southern "Gret House," with its central hall and rooms on either side. To the left as you enter is the living-room, whose big open fireplace added comfort to so many years; to the right, the parlour where the family portraits hung, their thoughtful eyes following you around the room. In the rear of the former was the dining-room with a kitchen attached. Upstairs, bedrooms.

From the front piazza a long straight road, bordered by orchards on either side, led the eye to the Bethany road. There a little girl could sit and watch the occasional traveller going lonely on his way. The front yard was full of shrubbery, crepe myrtle, weigela, and the sweet breathed syringa, with violets and blue iris here and there.

A fence guarded the yard on all sides and by its posts

in front of the house the bee-gums with their myriad virgin bands whirred all summer long about their sun-lit task of gathering sweet nectar from the flowers. Further to the right a great spreading scuppernong vine, that had long since covered its trellis, bore its luscious burden not far from a giant oak beneath whose shade the teams were often hitched or the riding horses mounted. The garden lay to the rear and a half dozen barns and outhouses by the lot for the stock. As one looked eastward it could be seen that the house was on the crest of a high hill from which a steep path led down to a spring which gushed out from beneath great rocks and ran singing away to the sea.

And so they named their homestead "Coldwater."

Here, in the days "before the war," there lived a country physician and planter, Dr. James H. Dillard, whose fathers had received their land grant direct from the King of England, and to him and his good wife there was born on October 7, 1843, a little girl whom they named Mary Jane.

Then the years passed as the physician went about his task of healing the sick and directed, with the aid of his wife, the affairs of the plantation. Winter and summer came with Santa Claus and school and vacation; spring and autumn with seed-time and harvest, until the little girl had become a young woman, her school-days at the Laurensville Female Seminary behind her and the high dreams of womanhood in her soul.

Then one summer day the crops were laid by and all the countryside, saddened by the gloom of a failing cause but happy in their season of social intercourse, was attending the "Big Meeting" at Rocky Springs Church, where the beloved Rev. Zelotes Lee Holmes

(the same whose missionary effort had gathered the little band who organized the Clinton Church), was preaching, aided by a little minister who had but lately come to the community.

On that day, while he was in the very pulpit itself, this boy with the Great Message saw a woman's face, and loved her.

And when the sermon was done he searched her out from the crowd because he had seen his joy in her eyes.

And when shortly thereafter he had gone back to the lonely "Upper Room" and had time to think he wrote it all out in his diary. He noted that she was beautiful—and a member of the Presbyterian Church; that she was a teacher in school—and an elder's daughter; that her excellent education expressed itself in perfect English—and in true Christianity; that her voice was surprisingly sweet—and she could raise tunes in church; that she was a fine housekeeper and acquainted with all details of domestic economy (all this he had found out by a visit to her home)—and a member of the Bible Class; that she played the piano—and visited the sick; that she was innocent and of good family,—and tried to curb her temper.

This was in August, 1864. Afterwards it was a swiftly accelerating pursuit. Visits to "Coldwater" alternated regularly with "big meetings" at Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek. The great revival at Clinton followed shortly, drawing the whole countryside to it. He saw Mary there. But shortly thereafter when he went to her he found that she had been thrown from a buggy the day before and her shoulder injured. Twice thereafter he was foiled in his attempt to see her. It was a long ride and there might be little

hope. "What shall I do?" he exclaimed. "Shall I give up? No, never!"

For the days were long and the battle fair. So the road to "Coldwater" often felt the hurried hoofs of his horse. Hope and despair rode with him alternately. The great wonderful thing called Love had overwhelmed him. There had once been a little girl on Edisto Island whom he had liked very much and another in Laurens. Indeed, "My journal makes entirely too many revelations," he complains. "It is a regular history of all my love scrapes. Suppose Mary says 'No' when I ask her? I have had chicken love a-plenty in days agone but this is the first time in my life that I have ever fallen a victim to man-ly-love. What a strange emotion is this. . . . I never knew before what love was. Mary is everything that I could wish, in health, form, features, behaviour, name, family, domesticity,—there is absolutely nothing more that I could desire. In piety, education, manners, she satisfies me entirely. . . . If she gives me the word of welcome then, Mary Dillard, you will have one heart to love you better than you were ever loved before."

And God who, following His ancient custom, had created his hopes that they might be gratified, prospered his journey. After January the twenty-sixth, 1865, he could write happily, "My Mary."

For he knew the Giver. "God has blessed me," he exclaims, "more than I could have hoped; He has gratified my most earnest wishes. Indeed I feel that He has made the whole thing to come out just as it has. I trust Him, I love Him the more for it. And then Mary, she is so good, so everything that I want. My

greatest wonder is that she ever did say 'yes.' Oh, God, consummate this union and pour out Thy blessing upon it."

There you have the heart of the man. And here:—"To-night I am to be married. . . . God who has given me the gift will, I trust, make me worthy of her. I would have His love to be the chief link between us so that Heaven will be evermore desirable."

Who else would have thought of that, then?

"My thoughts are all of Mary," he writes. "No *earthly* object shall be superior, or is now, in my affections, to her. It may be that God shall allot to us a life of suffering and pain. If hers be the lot to suffer, God give me the power to be to her kind, sympathizing and affectionate. If mine, I know the tenderest care will be bestowed upon me."

On the 20th of April, 1865, the night on which official news of General Lee's surrender was received, they were married at Coldwater. As the division of their country ended they were united. It was almost welcome news to the war-stricken South that did not know how dark a night of Reconstruction they were entering—in April too, when the wood-thrush had but lately returned to his valley, flying over the great Southern Gulf to do it, when joy was athrob in the song of the polyglot mime of the tree top, and all Heaven breathed from the crimson azalea and the pink crab-apple bough. Down the long lane from the road to little Bethany the guests came, "Brothers Arbuthnot and Todd" of seminary memory and "Jim Sloan and John Dillard" (her brother)—these were his attendants, and her sister Sallie with Maggie Pitts and Lucy Byrd and Annie, these were hers. His father came from Laurens to

Mary Dillard Jacobs

perform the ceremony and thereafter Mary belonged to him and he to her.

So they go to rent a little home from Mr. Bell, consecrating it with holy prayer, deep faith, and high hope as the pillars of State fall about them and their tiny village trembled under the shock. But, after all, their search was for a city, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Many long years afterwards, when the little minister and his sweetheart lay side by side in the village graveyard and all the anxieties of earthly love were over, they found a faded package of old love-letters in the drawer of his desk in his office. The few letters that she had written him before their marriage were there and among them the very first in which she had dared to call him "Dear Willie" and sign herself, "Your Mary." "Again," she wrote him, "I find that I have undertaken the task of writing to one that is dearer than all others, yes, dearer than life itself, and yet I fear that you will doubt what I have just said,—no you will not doubt it, for you know that you have the undivided love of Mary and have promised to believe all that she says. . . . Can it be possible that I merit such love as is bestowed on me? A voice from within whispers 'unworthy,' but I trust, one of these days, to prove to you that I am worthy of it."

With such sweet and quiet dignity she took her place by his side.

IX

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH

A few more steps! Ah, this the wondrous stone
With which a thousand battles have been won;
The rounding of a hill, a corner turned,
And lo, the world is changed, the darkness gone!

EPICTETUS used to define difficulties as the things that show what men are. "Have this thought ever present with thee," he would say, "when thou losest any outward thing, what thou gainest in its stead; and if this be the more precious, say not, I have suffered loss."

It is a singular and meaningful fact that the spiritual experiences of all creators are the same. Those who build pass through the like vicissitudes. They have the same friends—courage, faith, hope; and the same enemies—fear, jealousy, dismay. This is the reason why a great good man is so rich a gift of God. His life is a parable, a deed-prophecy to all who would follow his example. The story of it speaks a word in season to him who is weary. Their victories shine like stars at the crossing of the ways. Their experiences induce faith in the theory that the sun will rise after the darkest night. The circumstances may be different, the figures larger or smaller but the battle is won along the same line and the soul-struggle of the stone mason is the same as that of him who builds with brick.

So it happens that in every good novel there is a dark chapter.

The story of Wm. P. Jacobs from the year 1865 to 1872 is the story of a man fighting for his life. It was a period of loss and the slow desolation of reconstruction, of delayed hopes and increasing difficulties. In that period he learned the meaning of patience and for years stood face to face with failure.

So a great door and effectual was opened to him—for there were many adversaries. It was the great period of his life and at the end of it he did the great deed of his life.

It is as if he had written on every page of his diary during those long bleak years the inscription he penned on another day. "A memorable day, a day of sorrow—of unutterable anguish—a day of agony—of work—of vows. Thank God for this day—thank God for this day—thank Him, thank Him!"

They rented the Bell house and before they had finished its repairing dedicated it to God. "I will try in every way," he planned, "to make my family a model for Christianity, morality, punctuality, regularity, industry. Mary is of the same opinion and of course it depends only upon us whether it shall be so or not. She is a jewel of a wife. I sit here and look at her sweet face and industrious fingers and thank God for such a treasure. The blessings of Heaven rest upon thee, Mary!"

But outside the day was dark. The state of the country was one of utter paralysis. The war had ceased, he had taken the oath and was striving to do his duty as a faithful citizen of the United States. In December, '65, they moved to another house, E. G.

Copeland's, "right under Mr. Phinney's nose." As the year closed he bravely hoped that Clinton was improving and listed her stores and shops.

Then came 1866. As it opened he laid his plans and two months later became an editor, founding the *True Witness* and setting up the first printing press in Clinton. In this, his brother Ripley came to help him. He still is working for the church benevolences, the male academy, the public library and the coloured church. He puts the "Ladies' Benevolent Society" on foot. He is offered an A. M. by Charleston College and thinks of going to get it. Clinton becomes an incorporated town once more, and he thinks the railroad is reviving. For six months it had been utterly dead. Negro riots have begun, the crops are poor and war has broken out in Europe. In the midst of this he writes: "God has blessed my family. On the 11th of April a dear little cherub was added to our fold. God bless our little Florence Lee. She is pretty and good." Towards the close of the year he and the mother and child made an overland trip to Washington, Georgia, to see his father who had accepted the presidency of the female seminary there. Upon his return he continued the protracted meeting begun before he left. "Forty more have professed conversion," he exulted, "and of these many gray-haired men. On Thursday night all the new converts sat down at the Lord's table. Heaven came down to earth and dwelt among us. . . . I failed to go to Synod this year. Cause, without the means. Thus has God brought me to the end of 1866."

The same dun landscape framed the story of the following year. In March he received his A. M. degree

from his Alma Mater. In April Presbytery met with him. In May the *True Witness* becomes the *Farm and Garden.* In June his garden was said to be the best in Clinton. He was sick almost all of August. In December came a death and a marriage. The marriage was performed by himself, being that of his sister-in-law, Sallie Dillard to Bob Richardson, "and dear mother, Mary's mother, whom I loved next to my own sainted mother, passed into Eternal Life."

When the New Year came it found the world still in turmoil. Indeed he was so distressed that he expressed the wish to leave America if possible. But he declined a call to Albany, Ga., saying that he could not leave his people, and in July he began the erection of the first two-storied house in Clinton.

Faith is most needed in the dark.

So 1869 came and we get a picture of him as he toils onward in the night:

"I write from home, my own home, the home of my dear wife and children—for God has blessed me with another child, little Eugene Ferdinand, now four months old.

"I write from home, for I have built a home, have dedicated it to God and I am in my study surrounded with books and papers. Ought I not to be contented and happy?

"My family is full—father and mother, son and daughter, Ripley and Minnie,—yes, little Sissie, now a young lady of nineteen, is with me, and will probably stay all the year. I have just brought her from Columbia (February 9th), where I spent an exceedingly pleasant day in Dr. Adger's house. I visited Dr. Plumer and Dr. Woodrow. I have also George May—

my little farmer, and Sallie Dillard, my little help and companion. God help me to be just to them.

"The *Farm and Garden* has entered upon its fourth volume—prosperously. I am becoming encouraged about it and am determined to give it as high a stand as I can.

"My churches—Clinton Church has recently been beautifully fitted up, new pews, curtains, lamps, carpet. It is as neat as a pin. I still preach at Bethany and Shady Grove, but my principal labour is in Clinton. Prayer-meeting every Thursday evening. Preaching every Sabbath night. Session meeting once a month. Preaching and Sabbath School and Bible Class every second and fourth Sabbath. I am about to begin to preach to the negroes once a month in the afternoon."

By December, 1869, he had resigned both Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek and was giving his whole time to Clinton. He thinks the town is improving and conditions getting better.

"I am gratified with the improved condition of our Sunday School. *It is the Church.* I accomplished as much by it as by the sanctuary. Lord Jesus, let Thy showers fall on it also.

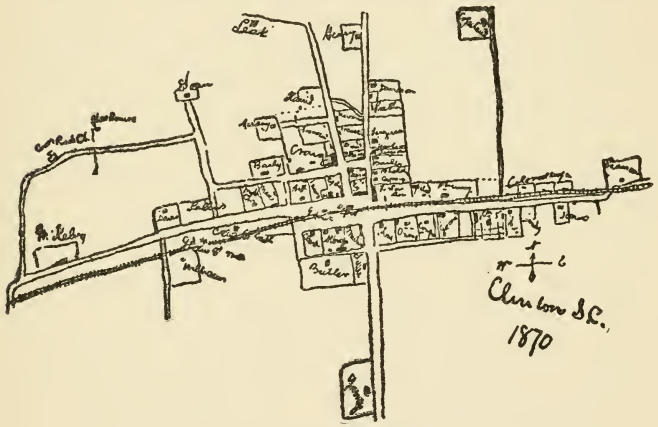
"I think our negro church will be built this fall. We have bought a lot just out of the town and hope to build this fall. When I get in it then my next effort shall be a church library; or at any rate a library association for Clinton. And after I get it under way I think we can build up the 'Clinton Presbyterian Academy.'"

Hope deferred had not made his heart sick.

But the darkness grew denser. "Poor little Clinton," he exclaimed, in 1870, "what is to be done for

her? We are distressed and harassed on every side. The present political disturbance is greatly against us. Can I do nothing for the advancement of Clinton? Every man must live for something. I have hardly any plan before me in life. Is not this the cause of my disquiet and unrest? Oh, my soul, what means this sadness?

"These are stormy days wherein we dwell. Last



The Clinton of 1870.

night after the sweet pleasure of the Holy Sabbath we were startled by rumours of an attack on Clinton by the negroes, two hundred of whom had gathered at the mill, entered Joe Crews' armoury and armed themselves. The whites assembled at West's store to the number of seventy-five, and having armed themselves awaited the attack. The poor women were scared half to death and many of them assembled at Mrs. Phinney's for protection. By God's good providence a collision has been thus far averted. But the races are in a highly

excited state and I fear that evil will yet result from it.

"August 21st. We have had a time of it. The whole cause of the fracas was the collision of a party of white and coloured men near Clinton on Saturday night. The negroes fired on the white men. Their fire was returned and four were wounded. The negroes quickly assembled at the mill with four days' rations. A difficulty had also occurred at Chappells. But Sheriff Paysinger with a company of one hundred men captured sixty negroes there without bloodshed. The whites immediately began to assemble at Clinton and by eleven o'clock yesterday over a thousand men had assembled on the public square, whereat the negroes became very much alarmed and agreed to go home and behave themselves. By night, however, a hundred negroes had again collected, the whites having dispersed, but they were notified by the guard of fifty whites who had been left in town that they would all be arrested unless they dispersed immediately, and they immediately began to scatter. So ends the affair, I trust. They have threatened to make a San Domingo of South Carolina, but no San Domingo here!"

In September Dr. Henry died. "Clinton has lost its best elder," he wrote, "and I my best friend."

And in October he exclaims in dismay, "Our railroad has stopped!"

Afterwards came the climax. At the election on October 19th the negroes were accused of cheating. Violence followed. The citizenship flew to arms. Strong men seized the guns of the negro militiamen. The office of the notorious Joe Crews was torn to

pieces. A reign of terror followed. The Radical probate judge was found dead at Milton's trestle, between Laurens and Clinton, and a coloured member of the House of Representatives at Martin's Depot. In the Rocky Spring neighbourhood two negroes were killed. "Oh, wretched country," he mourned, "how terrible is this condition, violence, anarchy, civil war! I know not what to think, much less to do. The end is not yet. I fear this is but the beginning. Our whole land is thoroughly demoralized! . . . This poor little town is growing gradually less and less. Oh, God send us help for Church and State!"

Then he starts a *Phonographic Magazine* to help his brother Ripley. He is called to Anderson but says: "I cannot leave Clinton."

But the sweet face of his Mary was near and little Florence was "singing all around the yard 'God save me'"—he could trust in God.

So when the first Sabbath of the year 1871 dawned it found him in his little pulpit preaching on the text "Brethren, stand fast!" The railroad was unconscious, being nothing more than a streak of abandoned rust, but he had received a letter from Joe Crews saying that as he was a young man he might live to see it built. He himself was "Whistling to keep up his courage" for he admits that he is badly discouraged and faces the possibilities of giving up. Early in '71 sixteen men were taken from jail and hanged in Union. "God help our poor land!" he exclaimed. In October President Grant proclaimed Laurens County to be in a state of insubordination and KuKluxism and threatened them with martial law. The great fear continually grew in his heart that he might be forced

to leave Clinton. The population of the tiny village steadily lessened and all things seemed hopeless.

Such was the great hour of his life, the hour than which none had a finer spiritual value. Step by step he was being brought to the supreme test as if Some One were trying to taste of his spirit to find out what quality He might expect of it in the long years to come.

His little town had a total white population of all sizes and sexes of one hundred and seventy-six. As he counted them all up in his note-book he remarked, "The town has been at a standstill with premonitory symptoms of galloping consumption." He knew himself to be "surrounded by an uncommonly demoralized state of affairs," so he called upon himself "to make this year one of unprecedented toil." He toiled ceaselessly, reaching constantly for a heavier hammer. His is a story of a man exceedingly anxious about the details of the progress of the Kingdom of God. In the midst of all his darkness he was called to Good Hope, Alabama, on a salary nearly double what he was getting.

That was the crisis.

Here was a young man, efficient, popular, laborious, a student and excellent preacher, being constantly "called" to "better" fields.

Here was a village, retrograding with no improvement to be seen anywhere as it passed through days of utter dullness. "Her streets are deserted," he wrote, "the stores have no customers, families speak of moving away. I feel convinced that all or nearly all of those I love the best will be gone by another year. Is it my duty to remain when in all probability it will be-

come impossible to support my family here another year? I leave this matter entirely to Thee, my Heavenly Father. My wish is to remain here. God has prospered my work. My church has been built up but now it all looks as if it were going to ruin."

And here was a church barely able to pay him his seven hundred dollars per year irregularly, though the minutes of his Presbytery showed that it stood fourth on the list as regards members received; ninth in total of communicants (omitting negro members; counting them—third); first in number of infants baptized; third in amount actually paid the pastor; and eighth in average per capita of money given. Seven years before it had been at the bottom of the list.

And there were his family—a wife and two little children to be considered, and in this very year he writes:

"March 8th: At four o'clock this afternoon another responsibility was placed upon my shoulders. A little boy, nameless, but not friendless, found his way through much tribulation into this wide strange world." Then he added, in verse:

"Rest, little one,
Upon thy mother's bosom, pure and white;
Clutch it with little nails that glisten bright;
It is thy throne.
No king in royal robe delighteth more,
Than thou dost in its boundless luscious store.

"God bless thee, child!
And may thy mother, who in pain did give
Thee life, aye, a full thousand fold receive,
Thou undefiled!
Full recompense of love for all her woe,
Which, little debtor, thou to her dost owe."

"Dear Lord, bless this little one and may he be a child after Thine own heart."

So he found his problem on his knees.

And it was as if Some One whispered in his heart, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!"

"I believe that God has a purpose in locating me in Clinton," he concluded, "and I am determined to work it out. This little church may yet be a center of Presbyterian influence. Oh, that I had strength for the work before me. I live for labour. It may be that an impetus may be given to things in this locality during the next year—this is a fine center for work. I am in hope that it will grow to be a considerable place yet. God grant it. If so, I will never expect to leave it, but to labour here till I die."

"They who sigh for a larger field of labour," he adds, "do not properly take care of the little field they already have. Make your field larger and more attractive, my dear sir, and study more, visit more, write more, pray more. You are in great want, but action, energy, faith, perseverance are the main things you need. I have declined the call to Good Hope Church. For thee, dear, dying Clinton, let me now labour with untiring exertion."

This is the flower in the crannied wall which if any man understands all in all he knows "what God and man is."

And he knew when he made that decision that it was the "moving choice of his life." All that came afterwards was but a commentary upon it. Each deed, each fight, each defeat, each victory, each thought, each feeling of his soul was but an illustration of it.

So day by day he planned and toiled. Here is the story of such a day:

He rose early, built fire, attended to horse and other stock. Read (Greek) Testament, Hebrews 8–9; Phonographic Bible, 1 Cor. 1–5; Hebrew, Esther 9; Syriac, John 9:1–10; Latin, first eclogue in Virgil, three pages in (German) "Maid of Orleans," wrote up session-book, note-book and journal. Read fifty pages in Osborne's "Palestine," visited Miss Sallie's school, hired freedmen for next year. After dinner: Read twenty-four pages *Phonographic Correspondent*, rode up to Geo. P. Copeland's and had a pleasant chat with Miss Mary and Louis Bell. Interviewed Brother McKittrick. After supper read the *Home Journal*, thirty pages of *Phonographic Correspondent*, two of Bacon's 'Essays in Phonography,' family worship; retired."

And in that hour of desolation and black hopelessness he did his great deed, sprung from his great thought, fired by his great feeling. It is embodied in the last couplet of a few lines of poetry he penned in that dull November:

"In Thee, oh, Lord, I trust,
My shield art Thou, my stay,
Man boasts;—his strength is dust,
But Thou art life alway.
In Thee, oh, Lord, I live,
I have no stay but Thee.
My solace in deep grief,
Thy hand, it raiseth me.
Oh, stay by me, my Lord,
Each hour my strength renew,
Defend me with Thy sword,
Me with thyself imbue.

Thank God, He knows my name,
Thank God, He hears my prayer,
Now let my tongue cry, shame!
Up, man! In God's strength, dare."

It did not matter to Him who waited for that resolution which of many tasks he should pursue. He had been tested. Things would now happen.

It is interesting to note the way they began. The month before he had written in his diary:

"New improvements—A fence around the Methodist Church, work on my house, new steps to Copeland's store and the lodge, a new kitchen at Charlie Franklin's.

"September 5th. The Laurens people say they are going to build a railroad from Laurensville to Augusta and throw away *ours* altogether. If so, good-bye Clinton. It is not altogether certain, however, that talking about a thing accomplishes it. I still live in hope, although Clinton is surely and rapidly wearing away. We need something to revive us and I do not know any help for it save the L. R. R."

This was in September. On November 26th he penned these memorable lines:

"I have a project in my head which, like many other projects, is, I fear, to be finally unsuccessful. I propose the establishment of an orphan asylum under the care of the South Carolina Synod, the same to be placed here and to be taken care of by the Presbyterians of South Carolina. If I were a man of faith and energy I could easily carry it into effect, but as I am only a little man, with hardly zeal enough for my daily avocations, were I to undertake it it would be a signal failure."

Three days later he had declined the call to Good Hope and taken up his task anew in Clinton.

And as he went on his way, the angels of God met him.

The turn of the year came. Eighteen hundred and seventy-two passed. His birthday dawned.

"March 15th. Thirty years old to-day," he writes. "Realize it, I cannot. How time flies and how little have I accomplished—nothing absolutely. I have made for myself no name—I have done still less for God—nothing as I ought. No, let me not talk in this strain. I can never become great. I have not the talent of a leader. I must abide here in faith and patience and fill the little place that God has bidden me occupy. The smallest screw is of vast consequence in a great and complicated piece of machinery. How do I know but that I am such a screw? I once thought that I would become great. Good-bye forever to such folly. I now trust that in quiet God may allow me to do in this retired place much towards building up this little village in grace and in the knowledge of God. In some mysterious way He brought me to Clinton, has bound me to it, and I will bide His time in patience. Was a little inconsequential village ever yet raised into notoriety and importance through the talents and labours of one man? Hic labour, hoc opus est—but is it not a noble thing to do? May not he say with just pride—'Exegi monumentum aere perennius,' who, by his own God-blessed efforts, builds up a church, establishes a fountain of Christian life, reclaims a village and raises it to a standard of liberal enlightenment. I cannot do much, but cannot I set others to work, not all in one day but gradually, until at last Clinton be-

comes a center of refinement and true life. Sursum corda! God help me."

There is something about leadership that requires an abandonment of self—a renunciation of ideas of greatness or any other form of personal advantage. The besetting sin of the mighty is to love glory. This man had once thought that he would become great and had now bidden good-bye to such folly. This renunciation was the finishing touch to his character. It was the final element needed.

He thereby became great.

This is a very paradox of God.

X

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS

So this I grave that they who read may know:
Wherein I struck for that whereof I dreamed,
Yet dreamed I not, nor struck, to all that seemed
This is the key: His will hath made it so!

THE inability of the human mind to think further is called infinity.

As we walk about the earth one thousand miles seems a long distance, and twenty-five thousand miles, the girdle of the earth, very far indeed. But two hundred and forty thousand miles, the distance to the moon, opens the door to space and ninety-three millions of miles, the distance to the sun, has already passed our real comprehension. Light, that travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, can bridge that immense gap in only eight minutes, yet the nearest of our stars, Alpha Centauri, is so far away that it takes between three and four years for its beams to reach us. This from our neighbour in space. For the others in our universe the Universal Wisdom alone knows how many centuries would be required.

And beyond our universe, what? Dim clusters of suns, such as M. 13 in Hercules, other universes lighting the byways of God in His infinity.

The tiny speck of dust that settles on your coat seems pitifully little by comparison. But it is not.

If for the telescope, the eye that sees afar, we sub-

stitute the microscope, the eye that sees near, we are astonished to find that we are not at one end but in the center of infinity, "whose center is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere." He who first turns his view on the infinitely little as he first upon the infinitely large, exclaims with Keats:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
> He stared on the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise
> Silent upon a peak in Darien."

For the astonishing fact is that nothing is little. A lens makes a planet of a grain of sand and a larger lens reveals an atom as a solar system its ions revolving around their central sun. That which lies within is as illimitable as that which lies beyond. If beyond the violet lie rays no eye may see, so lie others within the red. If the world is full of notes above the highest earthly treble, so is it with others below the lowest earthly bass. There is nothing little, not even the day of small things.

The young minister of Clinton had ceased his pursuit of Greatness and was content to paint the scene from his own doorway, to look into his own heart and write. Not that all trouble ceased. On the contrary the "KuKlux Persecution" continued, coming to a climax in the arrest and deportation to Columbia for trial of a dozen or more of his little flock. After so long a time they were released, but not without great disturbance of conditions in the village and many anxious months. He followed his prisoners to their jail, to comfort and

pray with them, and considered that day was breaking when they returned safely home.

But early in 1872 Dr. T. J. Boozer, a praying elder, moved to Clinton, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Jones and Miss Amanda Ferguson, indicating a turn in that distressing tide which had borne so many of his people westward. His heart beat faster at the thought of this and took courage to suggest that the time was ripe for the establishment of a "Male College, *i. e.*, High School" in Clinton.

Our Monthly, the successor to his little *Farm and Garden*, he now made more purely religious and soon he was trusting and thanking God that it had about two hundred and fifty subscribers. There was soon a report that the railroad might rise from the dead, and after a while the post-office was reopened so that Clinton could have her daily mail. This was in June, the month he resolved to visit every member of his congregation and "talk up" three great plans: first, the division of South Carolina Presbytery; second, the high school; and third, the orphan asylum. Good things kept happening. Mr. Green began running his mill again. His church could make an improved report. He gratefully recorded that "By the Minutes of Presbytery just published the Clinton Church stands fourth in number of members received last year, twelfth in total membership, sixth in number of children in Sunday School, second in funds given for education, first in number of children baptized, fourth (with township) in salary, ninth in total amount contributed, seventh in average per capita, and was the only one which filled up every blank in the statistical report. Pretty good for the church that eight years ago stood about at the

bottom of the list of the fifty-six churches in nearly everything."

Then the Clinton High School Association was organized with property to begin on worth a thousand dollars, and three hundred dollars subscribed to improve the building.

Nichols Holmes accepted the principalship of the high school. The village improved slowly and he notes the following list of families in his parish for the coming year's work:

"Presbyterian: Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jacobs, R. S. Phinney, S. L. West, A. M. Copeland, J. T. Foster, Dolly Williams, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Owens, R. R. Blakely, R. N. S. Young, Dr. Boozer, L. H. Little, E. T. Copeland, R. H. Williams, W. B. Bell, M. S. Bailey, J. S. Craig, P. Monjoy, N. Pyles, E. H. Bourne, C. E. Franklin, N. A. Green, G. R. Davidson, G. C. Young, T. D. Newman, T. Y. Harris, Dr. W. C. Irby.

"Methodist: Mrs. Butler, Sim Pearson, T. Sloan, W. A. McKelvy, A. Clark, C. M. Ferguson, W. J. Leak, N. S. Harris.

"Baptist: W. A. Rose, Mrs. Yarnett.

"Jew: A. Caspary.

"Total: Forty."

And in July, 1872, he writes this resolution in his diary: "If one dollar is offered me for the Home of the Fatherless this month or one child is tendered me I will take it as God's call to this work, and if I enter upon it then my lot is fixed for life in Clinton."

"I have almost come to the conclusion that it is my duty to go ahead in the matter of the 'orphan asylum,'" he added. "I wait for the first dollar to be given me towards it. It will require five thousand

dollars to buy a lot and build such a house as is needed. But my Father owns all the kingdoms of the earth and He is able to supply richly all the needs of His little ones. He is specially the helper of the fatherless."

"I have been reading Muller's 'Life of Trust,' but I cannot say that I agree altogether with him in some of his points. I do not believe that it is either lack of faith or a sin for believing Christians to own houses and stocks. What would become of the world if all of us were opposed to holding property? Who would have houses to rent to us if nobody owned any? But at the same time I accept two of his propositions: first, we are God's almoners; second, God answers the prayer of faith. I own a house, I receive a salary and it is right in me to do so, but my house and my salary are the Lord's. I use them in His service. I could not serve Him unless I did own them."

But the dollar was not given nor the child. So late in July he thinks it his duty to give up the orphanage until he is more ripened in Christian experience. He sees two great reasons against his attempting it: his exceeding littleness; and second, the great expense; and two for it: first, the great need; and second, God's willingness to help those who try to serve Him. He could not rid his mind and heart of these last two and kept thinking of getting a little ledger to present to the orphan asylum. Amid his prayers for a railroad and peace from the KuKlux persecutions he offers the petition constantly, "Oh, Lord, help me about the orphans and show me what to do!"

How slowly that prayer was answered by Him whose glory it is to conceal a thing so that man may glory in

finding it out! Everywhere he kept talking about it until his session took it up and Mr. Phinney, the good old beggar for the village, promised to try to get some money in New York to begin things with. If he got anything they were to break ground. If he failed, nothing more was to be said about it.

He failed; they did not break ground but more kept being said about it.

And after so long a time when the urge of God would not let him alone, he gave himself, which was all God had been waiting for. "Thou leadest me," he cried. "Oh, God, is it Thy will? Shall I write it? Then so be it. *Thy* home for the fatherless children *shall* be founded. Dear Lord, *use me.*"

And though it took a half century and another generation to tell which words of that prayer should be underscored, it is plain enough now.

So on October seventh he drew up the plan for the orphans' home, naming it the "Thornwell Orphanage," in memory of good old Dr. Thornwell. Then a meeting of his session was held, the little church court whose faith and judgment was not to be despised, and on the following day he wrote:

"Well! the thing is done. Last night the meeting came off at my house and it was unanimously agreed to go to work to build the orphans' home at Clinton, to be known as 'The Thornwell Orphanage.' Oh! my God, give me courage to face the thousand and one disappointments that I must meet in carrying out this resolve. Help me to work not for self but Thy honour and glory. Oh, my God, prosper this work. Grant that it may succeed and that there may arise light to us. Dear Lord, oh, please, for Jesus' sake, relieve the

disturbed state of our country and give us our railroad. Restore the peace and harmony of our church and help us to work with our whole heart for this blessed cause. Father! Father! Father! I have ventured my all—my present, my future, all reputation, all honour, all advancement. Lord, it is for Thy sake. Prosper me, my God, or if I go down, still prosper the work. Bless the work and bless my dear wife so that we may strive together for this holy purpose."

"And now for work—writing, printing, reading, speaking, courage, heart."

Do you not think that any kind of a God at all would have heard that prayer?

And though His answer came quickly no one knew what a wonderful answer it was. He often told the story of it, thus:

"Back in the seventy's of the last century, a little boy came to my door. He knocked. I opened and there he stood. It was cold. It was winter. The snow was on the ground. I did not know whose little boy this ten-year-old youngster was, but I saw that he looked as if a good fire and a good breakfast would do him no harm. 'Well, lad,' I asked, 'and what can I do for you?' His answer almost took away my breath: 'I wish you would give me a home, for I have none.' I stood and looked at him. Why, here was a wonderful thing—a little ten-year-old boy, in this generous, lovable, beautiful state of ours, and no home and that on Christmas morning! Can it be possible?

"Now, just then, the wind blew out of the north. The house I lived in faced the north. Whew! how cold it was! 'Do not stand here talking, little man,' I said; 'come in, come in.' And he came quickly

enough, I tell you! What became of that little boy does not matter to this story, but what he did to me was enough! I haven't gotten over that little boy yet and it was just thirty-six years ago last Christmas that he said, 'I want a home.'

"I thought about that little orphan boy (for orphan he was, without a father or mother in the whole wide world), and it is the fathers and mothers that make homes. For a whole year I thought about that boy and at last I said softly to myself, 'God helping me, it can be done.'

"But nearly another Christmas day came, and it had not been done—whatever it was that I had planned so eagerly. Talk, yes, I had talked about it; for who would not talk when there are little boys walking around on a cold Christmas morning, not only with no Santa Claus and no Christmas turkey, but not even a home! I know what it is, not to have a home on a Christmas morning, for a very little while. I remember when I was a ten-year-old boy, on a Christmas morn, our house was burned, with all my Christmas presents in it. And there I was. But I had a father and a mother, and it was not many hours before I had a home. But think how it felt while it lasted. So I could not help talking about it. Somebody ought to talk about it. Talk is very cheap. And with me it was talk and talk and that was all.

"At last another Christmas was coming and I still thought of that little boy. Now, boys are plentiful in this big world, and they get in the way sometimes.

"Once I saw a little chubby child get in the way of a car wheel and the wheel ran over him. Poor little lad! A man ran up and said: 'What boy is that?' And

somebody answered: 'Don't know.' And the man said: 'Sorry! Poor little fellow.' And he hurried on his way. This is the way of it. The world runs over little boys and is 'sorry,' and then the big world just goes on about its business. Boys are cheap and plentiful. What does it matter if one gets run over now and then?

"But the boy I am going to tell you about now ran over me. And this is the way of it:

"How cheery and bright the fire was! The weather was cold. It was in the early autumn, but the leaves were turning yellow and when night came there was a touch of frost in the air and the pine knots blazed on the hearth. It was a widow's home in the country, ten miles, at least, from any town, and I was there for just one delightful evening. I had noticed a bright little orphan lad, another ten-year-old lad, and I noticed him because his name and mine were the same and it was 'Willie.' I am proud of that name, for it has taught me to say I will, and to stand by it whenever the thing to do was right. 'Now, man,' I would say, 'be true to your name.'

"I had told the story of that little Christmas wanderer and had hinted something about a real home for such little fellows, not a great asylum, with great crowds of children in one big house, but cozy homes like Willie's, and with big wide playgrounds with no fences to keep the little fellows in, and nothing but love to tie them to books and duties. You see, dear old friend to whom I am telling this story, I was just prophesying of the Thornwell Orphanage.

"Little Willie drew nearer and nearer, so that he was now standing by me, and presently he laid his hand

on my knee. The little fingers were tightly shut over something and his eyes were earnestly looking into mine. I put my arm around him, and said to him: 'Well, my boy, what is that in your hand?' The hand came open at once and in it lay a bright silver half-dollar, the boy's treasure store. 'You are rich,' I said. 'What are you going to do with that?' 'I am going to give it to you to build that home for orphans.' I smiled. A half-dollar to build a home for orphans! 'Keep it, my lad, and spend it for Christmas; I do not want to take your money.' But no, he left it there and would not have it back.

"Have you ever read the story of Aladdin's lamp? Better still, have you ever read the story of the little boy's 'five barley loaves and a few fishes and how they fed five thousand?' That single half-dollar grew and multiplied. It built that home for orphans. It has brought hundreds of little orphan boys and girls into the path of duty, of usefulness and, I trust, of happiness. It has led hundreds and hundreds of them to lives of good and of service to their fellow man. Men have looked and wondered. Angels have looked down and smiled. As for me, that half-dollar bound me to a duty that has held me these five and thirty years. And as for little Willie, God bless him! He is not now a boy, for that was thirty-six years ago. He has reaped of the Lord's goodness. The Master has returned to him the half-dollar, I have no doubt, a thousandfold. I trust the dear Lord is still with him in his home and blessing him in his business and his store.

"The Lord of the Christmas times, who was cradled in Bethlehem, has blessed everybody that cared for His orphans. He blessed the little town of Clinton, that

gave place to the orphans, and He has made it a growing little city of happy homes and noble business men, a city whose business failures are very rare and drunkenness and rioting and orphan-making barrooms are unknown. He has blessed the men and women who toiled for it, and gave to it, and fathered it, and now that the great denomination, in which the little orphan who gave his first half-dollar is an elder, has taken its home under its care and is making it his own, He is blessing them, too. Other homes of the kind have sprung out of its roots and there are many of them now who care for the little boys and girls who say 'I want a home'; and many, very many, are the men and women (they were boys and girls once themselves), who say 'let me help.' God bless them, every one."

For almost a month that orphan's half-dollar was the one single reply to his cravings, his toil and his prayers. Then in November his own little girl, Florence, just six years old, brought her tiny hoard which she had been saving for a long while and bestowed it upon his dream.

With that he had his first little dollar.

There is nothing little, not even the day of small things. That very night five dollars came from Dr. Jas. McElroy in far-away Charleston and soon a woman in Monterey, Ill., had sent five dollars more. In the meantime the Synod of South Carolina had adopted some kind resolutions about it and many circulars were being scattered everywhere. These were great boosts and when his good friend Emma Copeland gave the orphanage three dollars he exclaimed, "We will build it yet!"

For having already learned something of the ways

of God he rightly heard in these first drops the sound of abundance of rain.

Soon he was telling the churches of his dream from their pulpits. In Laurens first, where they gave him twenty-seven dollars and promised more, and then in Friendship, where he had been supplying of late, whose gift was sixty-five dollars, and afterwards in others. Occasionally a gift would come from the outside also.

"Little by little the money is coming in," he notes. "In five years there will be money enough on hand for us to begin."

"Mrs. Riley's little boy, Bickett," he adds later, "gave me a gold dollar for the home."

"Per contra, ——— says, 'It is a scheme to get some folks into office'; ——— says, 'It is a chimera'; ——— says, 'Not one cent will he give.'"

Encouraged by the steady growth in friends, the "Board of Visitors" determined to purchase the Williams place as the site of the home, the prettiest spot in Clinton, over a hundred acres of woodland and meadow, facing the "Big Road" that led to town, high and well drained. It was to cost them $1,500, and they knew it would take much labour and many prayers before they would get it.

But every day now was bringing little gifts to the orphanage and day by day the happy goal drew nearer.

In the meantime he was busy about the work of the church. He lectured on phonography at the high school and later began a course in moral philosophy there also. This was his conception of the relationship of such work to his calling:

"I do a great deal of gratuitous labour here but I do it with an eye to my great work of elevating this people. My plan of an orphanage is not only for the good it will do the orphans but also to bring out and exercise the better qualities of the heart. The library and the school—I want to educate, one for adults, the other the youth. *Our Monthly* is to give the people of Clinton and all of Laurens a more earnest attachment to the institutions, especially the religious. From the pulpit I preach the Gospel, in the Sunday School I teach the Gospel, and so on and so on ——"

Such was "The Day of Small Things" for tiny Clinton in the year of our Lord 1872,—the great day of decisions.

Any one is grateful for big gifts, but only the truly wise are thankful for the small.

They alone know that there is nothing little, that the big is not the great.

The ninth anniversary of his coming to Clinton found him busy among these happy tasks for God.

"I believe I will set down here," he says, "just what has been accomplished that can never be undone, this too in the face of exceptional and disastrous difficulties, a tremendous war to start with, a complete financial collapse, a fearful political revolution, the KuKlux (so called) persecution still continuing, and the death of the railroad.

"1st. The church has risen in members from sixty (white and coloured) to one hundred and fifty (white and coloured).

"2d. Instead of eight there are seventy-six baptized infants on the roll.

"3d. Instead of $100 the salary is $800.

"4th. Instead of an annual contribution of nothing to benevolent causes it is now three and four dollars.

"5th. Where there was none, a Sabbath School of seventy-six scholars, twelve teachers and four officers kept up for nine years.

"6th. A library of eight hundred volumes.

"7th. A prayer-meeting originated and kept up for nine years.

"8th. Instead of services twice a month it is now twice every Sabbath.

"9th. Weekly contributions.

"10th. Great improvement in behaviour and congregational singing.

"11th. Great improvement in the church building and grounds.

"12th. The orphanage, projected.

"13th. Five praying elders where there were none.

"14th. Over a thousand sermons preached.

"Besides this:

1. *Our Monthly.*
2. The Library Society.
3. The Clinton High School.

"I do not set this down in the way of boasting, but to encourage myself to future duties. I feel sometimes very much discouraged, but I still will push on. God has enabled me to do this much to show that there is work even for the weak, feeble churches and that country pastors, whom He has called to obscure positions, and who should therefore stay there, may cause their light to shine. Is it not my duty to remain here despite all hindrances and discouragements, so as to prove to the world this very thing?

"Of late I have become negligent of my duty, but in closing up this book and in beginning another, I trust that I may begin a life of more energy and self-sacrifice, that the week may find me at work and each new week find the work pushed on.

"I trust that the mottoes at the beginning of this book have not been mere breath, that I have pushed on and worked for God.

"As I began, so I end—'Dirige vias meas, Domine Jesu.'"

XI

IN MY NAME

And though her faith in snow be bound,
Her feet with frost be shod,
The crocus rises from the ground
And leaves the rest to God.

THE joy of consummation is in direct proportion to the fear and toil and danger that went before.

He who has never trembled, utterly afraid, has never known the meaning of security. The only true faith is resolved doubt. Rest follows toil and toil only.

So it comes to pass that all great spiritual experiences are of mingled emotions. He who is on the way to the holy city of attainment passes through many valleys, shadowed dark as death.

It has passed into a proverb that to journey hopefully is better than to arrive, but hope is not the only beautiful companion of the successful traveller. Pain goes with him, that watchful reminder of ill, and faith, on whom so many bystanders look astonished. Regret comes, too, with her gentle wisdom, wrought out in an abandon of tears, and surprise leaps suddenly forth from some dark crevice with a light in her hand. These are the messengers of God, who will not show Himself because He is so plainly visible to any one who has eyes to see.

Yet he abides not in the companion more than in the goal. He is not the orphanage nor the fear that the orphanage will not be built (though he is both), so

much as he is the way. He is not the scenery of the play nor the language of its writing. He is the plot.

And therein lies the marvel of that wondrous thing we call Providence, which includes sorrow and its many surceases, joys flowing from hard won success, the great Sea of Loss and the tears that have filled it, and indeed all life with its infinite complexity of struggles, and among them prayer and its answer.

And all these are part of the plot, which must have darkness in it if it is to be full of light, which inevitably summons cold that the hearth may glow ruddily and heaps anxiety on difficulty for the sake of dispensing happiness—and developing souls—for that is the plot.

When we read, therefore, the story of this soul in its wonderful conflict for God, we hear that Voice which no man heareth oft nor oft aright. For the man who knows the face of Providence has seen God.

Just a tiny village, forgotten of progress, with its dead railroad and discouraged inhabitants; no money, no culture, no power, no hope, no other thing that men seek for as a prize to be grasped after. Was there ever a better spot to meet God than this wayside Bush of the Wilderness? Here in the chill of poverty and indifference a warm hearth would be instantly noted and welcomed. Here in the darkness, if anywhere, a light would have a meaning.

Thither the boy pastor had come with the torch of a passionate search in his hand. He was looking for God, who was Himself the Search; as also the light by which he was guided.

Now the one great and beautiful problem for mankind is to determine whether connection between man and God is possible and if so what the terms and con-

ditions are of such communication. To discover this is to discover everything, for it embraces all happiness here and all hope hereafter.

And one day the young minister became conscious of the Great Discovery—that the Power loves and hears. Stranger than any Columbus returning from a new world with his tale of the light on Guanahani; more wonderful than the Phœnician sailors rounding the Cape of Good Hope with the story of a sun that rose behind them; more wondrous than the wildest fancies of a Marco Polo, from far-off Cathay, is the evidence of this spiritual adventurer who believed and toiled on that spiritual ocean of which it may be truly said that—

> "While timid sailors reef and tack
> And hug the sheltering lea,
> The ships that bring a wide world back
> Put bravely out to sea."

For there is a sea upon whose waves no men may walk save only the blind. There this strange sweet law holds, that every spirit must walk by faith and not by sight; by courage and not by strength. They who sail the sea in boats view this spirit, walking at will upon the waves, nor do any storms affright nor billowy waves engulf. The Power that guides many have named but none have understood. By some it is called Courage, Vision, Faith, but these are only the robes it wears. It is really God, as all those know whom He has led.

For into the life of the crossroads town, with the dreary desolation of its poverty and the wastes of its uninteresting monotony there came one who could *see.*

For that is a characteristic of him who walks by faith which is courage, love shot through with patience. Instantly life was no longer monotonous or poverty so uninteresting as to be ridiculous. The life of the village passed before eyes that understood and loved. Possibilities appeared. Hope smiled here and there among the people. From hearth to hearth a new word was passed and a new joy from heart to heart. A battle began in which those who took part on his side gloried and even the fearful looked on with amazement, for one had come to them who had loosed the sandals from his feet, realizing that the very dirt upon which he trod was holy. Little by little he won his way into their hearts, having unlocked their doors with the Golden Key of Faith; a trust reposed in them as well as in God. He did well to believe. Neither betrayed him.

So as we move with him here and there among his people, among the little children he loved so well that he never forgot to enter each kiss they gave him in his diary; among the cottages so humble and so few; among the difficulties and hardships of the poorest little parish he could hope for, it is as if we were studying a lesson of Jehovah's setting. It was the beautiful problem of a human destiny not only, but also an example the Teacher was giving whereby He might illustrate His dealing with man. Again—as Lief Ericsson had done it,—a continent was to be discovered, a light was to appear to a way-worn traveller again and—as in the past, so in the future, the waves of life's ocean were to dance joyfully in the hope of it.

For this little minister reached out his hand in the darkness and God took hold of it.

"God sent us fifteen dollars for the orphanage by last night's mail," he acknowledges. "Oh, how good He is thus to continually remember us. Oh, my Father, please send us something before the month ends—enough at least to run our account over the one hundred dollars that we desire to get every month." This was in June, 1873.

"I prayed to Him," he wrote later in July, "that as we only had $98.95 to report for June, please to send us $1.05 to make it up to a hundred, as we never wish to report less than $100. Saturday's mail brought us nothing, so we were sorely disappointed, but see God's goodness: Yesterday I went down to get the book to prepare the receipts for acknowledgment, when to my joy I found that Mr. Phinney had *entered* $85, and that Mr. Bell had received by last night's mail $46, thus running up our receipts for June to $230, thus making a larger acknowledgment than ever before. I will distrust the Lord no longer. We have not a cent down for July, but our receipts will overrun $100, for I am going to pray for that amount. I am going to pray more earnestly for the salvation of souls and He will grant me them also. I know it. I believe it. I am sure of it.

"Yesterday I drew from the bank all of our funds, with the intention of paying for the land on Monday. I prayed God to bring this business to a satisfactory termination. I prayed to God our receipts for July might overrun a hundred dollars. Up to last night the amount was $105.85. This is a full and complete answer to my prayer. Shall I ever doubt my God again!

"Right here I want to set down my gratitude to God for His goodness in sending us $50 from one

source. At the beginning of the month I had prayed earnestly for $100. We ran up easily to $50 and then came a dead halt for three weeks. I was greatly discouraged and ready to faint. I had put much stress upon my prayer and it seemed ready to fail. I went down to make up the entries for the month and by the very last mail and at the very last moment came this $50, and so the hundred and over was in hand. This is God's doings and it is marvellous in my eyes. Oh, my Father, I pray Thee greatly increase my faith that I may plead for much. I have asked for $200 during March.

" On page 129 of this journal is recorded my prayer for $200 for the orphanage during March and to-day, March 30th, the treasurer entered the two hundredth dollar upon his books. Lord, I do feel grateful for Thy answer to my prayer, and now this day because I feel it needful to the success of our cause, I plead for $300 during the month of April. My blessed Lord, I am unworthy, but oh, give it to us. And this shall satisfy my heart that we are right in endeavouring to build a house forty by sixty."—March, 1874.

To our mind there comes the memory of that first dollar he wanted to receive, saying that if it came he would count it an omen of God's purpose for him to go forward—the dollar he did not receive but only half of it and that from a little orphan boy. There is a harmony here that is beautiful and a problem utterly fascinating. Let us address ourselves to it, this strange and wonderful problem of communication between God and man.

There was once a man who spent part of his time in his summer home in the mountains of North Georgia.

Being a gentleman of culture and industry he was distressed by the lack of application on the part of many of the families who lived in this beautiful country of purpled peaks and fertile valleys. One day he asked a long-time resident of that community to find him a man to whom he would gladly lend, on the most favourable terms, the money necessary to buy a beautiful little farm, build an attractive home, get seeds and implements and thus provide all the necessaries of life for his family. He only required of him that he should be a man of intelligence, good character and industrious. After four years' search the friend reported that he could find many men of intelligence and good character but a man of patient industry also he could not find.

For one of the rarest things in the world is the combination. Of good sense there is plenty, and good character, but of these combined with unflagging toil there is a great dearth.

So hath God found it as He searches among men.

For if we then being evil know *how* to give good gifts unto our children, how much more shall our Father which is in Heaven know *how* to give good gifts to them that ask Him?

Now if the administration of the universe demands anything it demands care in the detail of prayer answering, for in answer to prayer may be read the character of God not only, but the character of those who are blessed. Only those prayers should be answered that teach something of the ideal that we should set for others and that we should worship in Jehovah. For God to answer a cry merely because it is strident and long continued would be for Him to set a premium oftentimes upon sloth and timidity. It would seem,

therefore, that answers to prayer should be seals of approval designed to aid and abet the development of certain desirable types of character on earth. They are in effect parables pointing out the way of life. Prayers, like planets, have their laws and their purposes.

So it comes to pass that all men and all institutions who are to be blessed by God must pass a character examination that is searching and exhaustive. Their faith must be measured, their courage must be proven, their patience must be tested. It must be found out whether they are grateful for little things and capable of using them before they are trusted with great things. They must be tried, tempted and taught until they are friends of wisdom and walk hand in hand with faith. They must pray for their first dollar looking for the hand of God in the giving of it, and receive their fifty cents instead, thus learning that the other half must be toiled for. For it is not in the amount but in the principle that God dwells. Oftentimes the greatest day is the day of small things.

We set side by side with these considerations the beautiful relationship that exists between the answer and its prayer, which is the urge of God. For He sets His Great Desire in the heart of man until it burns with an all-consuming fire and becomes a craving so intense as to command the obedience of the whole life and to dictate the policies of thought, and sentiment, and deed.

> "Your wants are the lashes he uses
> To drive every player to action,
> He leads you by what you desire
> And draws you by that which you crave for."

And then, in His own good time, having created the prayer He adds thereto its answer. Each has a purpose, which is the same purpose. With action and reaction they touch the spirit from which they sprang and to which they return that it may glorify God and enjoy Him forever, and this indeed is the chief end of man.

This is the lesson we learn as we watch the life of young William P. Jacobs as he goes from town to town begging for his orphans, laying the foundations for what he already called "the great work of my life." Scarcely has he started before he hears that the distinguished Dr. B—— is trying to throw cold water on the orphanage but comforts himself with the hope that God is on his side, which "is a great deal better than Dr. B——." Already in April '63 the orphanage funds have reached the glorious sum of $650. In July the Williams tract was purchased at $1,575, twelve hundred cash being paid on it with $375 borrowed. He used often to tell the story later of how the seller insisted on the deal being closed on a certain day; of how he rode nine miles to the neighbouring Laurens to draw his money from the bank and shortly afterwards the bank closed its doors. So did he think the Lord protected his little orphanage. Two weeks before they had resolved to build a house 40 x 60 and had chosen Mr. R. S. Phinney, the beloved bee-keeper, business man and beggar for all good causes, as superintendent of the construction work, an arrangement that was soon changed by awarding the contract for it to Mr. W. B. Bell. On January 6, '74, the site was staked off and a pair of oxen purchased to do the hauling. Then he exclaimed happily, "The great job is begun. Kit Young hauled the first load of rock!" Four days

The first building of the Thornwell Orphanage

later Stobo Simpson accepted the principalship of the high school, and shortly afterwards a batch of forty-one immigrants arrived at Clinton from whom a teamster and a mason were engaged to work on the orphanage. By late February Tim had hauled 125 great foundation rock but he thought, "Our oxen are so shabby that we will have to part with them." When the neighbours found their farms too wet for ploughing they turned a hand to help. By April the first a little shelter had been raised on the grounds for the workmen and he himself was the first to take refuge under it from a shower of rain. On the fifth the mason began work on the construction under a little blackjack tree near by. The following day ground was broken.

And on May 28th, the Great Day, the corner-stone was laid. It was the tenth anniversary of his ordination as pastor of the Clinton Church. They gave a public dinner on the grounds, collecting $325.60 at an expense of less than $75. See his joy over it.

"At last the corner-stone of the orphanage was laid. To-day, the 28th of May, saw a great day in our town. At an early time the town was filled with carriages, buggies and people. The good Templars were out in force. The Masonic fraternity, presided over by Colonel Ball, numbered over a hundred. The ceremonies occupied but a short time. Then the stone was put in place. Among other things it contained my photograph. Then came the dinner. It was much more successful than I had anticipated. The proceeds (gross) will amount to at least $300—about $30 more received from kind friends on the grounds.

"One thing only makes me sad and that is that this good cause had opponents and enemies that did all they

could, but how ineffectually, to injure our good name and our receipts. And members of my own church, one or two only, but among these some that I loved, were of this opposition. I feel sorry that one of my friends was in it, but on the other hand how many showed true colours to-day. God bless and reward them." He was saddened by the opposition to his work, yet as we read the story of it we are comforted by the thought—toiling at our own tasks.

Although busy with his orphan work he did not forget the high school. It also was having many difficulties, among others a rival school and much opposition and indifference. He thought long over its hardships, taking its obstacles as opportunities.

"I have at last set my heart on a plan," he resolved, "the complete fulfillment of which I desire to commemorate my twentieth anniversary at Clinton. It is nothing more nor less than the establishment of a male college at Clinton. The thing can be done, and although I state it in this cool way, as though it were a mere bagatelle, yet when Clinton College is a fixed fact, as it will be in ten years from now if God spares me and prospers me, this cool way of speaking will be justified. It will take a vast outlay of time and money but it can be done and, God willing, it shall be done. For the present I can only *digest* plans, for all my efforts at money raising must go to the orphanage. Nor do I expect to do much towards even broaching the subject of the college until the orphanage is built."

The same month of June '74 he wrote:

"I have hereby resolved to establish a college in the town of Clinton, as well as other institutions. I do it for the glory of God and to show that a poor country

pastor, living in the least of villages, can do, if he will, great things for God. For this cause I remain in Clinton and to this end will I labour, so help me God, and keep me steadfast to this purpose."

Through the whole long summer and fall he toiled incessantly. Little gifts came in one by one and his visits to the churches added regularly to them. One day he received a whole railroad bond valued at $500 and he exultantly set it aside to begin his endowment fund. The close of the year found him busy in his pastorate, praying for church, high school, orphanage, —and a railroad.

Then came 1875 and before the first month has half gone he has written happily, "Work on the railroad has begun!" and "Mr. Lowry has accepted the principalship of the high school." He notes ruefully that "Just $600 has been paid on my last year's salary," and sadly that he has received the sorrowful news of the death of his brother Ferdie, whom he has not seen since he was thirteen years old. Shortly afterwards his young printer, Willie Rook, left him to set, print, mail and edit *Our Monthly* by himself. In the same month he began preaching at Bethany to supplement the $600, and his father moved to Cokesbury to take charge of a school at that point. Also that same month of February saw the last stone laid in the walls of the "Home of Peace."

The roof was soon lifted and painting began in late April. He had more time now, for Ike Bourne had taken Willie Rook's place in the printing office. He even took a trip to Washington, seeing his father's people there and in Alexandria just opposite. Of his own little town he could only remark, "We show vis-

itors the orphanage, our cemetery and church, the steam mills, the high school and Mr. Phinney's bees."

By July they were endeavouring to secure a matron. Mrs. Thornwell was the first chosen, and then Mrs. McBride and then Mrs. Philson, all of whom declined. Having failed in every effort to secure another, the little lady of Coldwater offered herself and they gave up their home to live with their orphans.

On October 1, 1875, the dream came true. Oh, what a wonderful realization of how fond a hope! He found himself in his orphanage. On July 11, 1873, he had written, "This morning at seven o'clock God put into my care another son. Oh, may I be faithful as a parent." Now his little family of four had grown into fourteen, for ten little orphan children had been given him to care for. He names them over lovingly: Mattie Clark, Flora Pitts, Ella Entriken, Fannie and Annie Agnew, girls, with Walter Entriken, Jimmie and Dannie Boozer, Alfred and Johnnie Agnew, boys. And to their names he adds the prayer that God would take care of them.

"The orphanage is opened," he writes. "My study is beautifully arranged. Mary's sewing-room is near by. The house is pretty well furnished. Ten little orphan children are here. Several more have applied. A little money is needed for little things—a great deal for great things. As to the day of opening, my mind is all in a whirl about that, for I was very unwell. We had several hundred present, a good and successful dinner, an afternoon exercise, a dramatic exhibition at night. Sabbath, father preached a splendid morning sermon for me, and Brother James H. Thornwell a good night sermon. We had good audiences, a pleasant communion, a fine Sabbath school."

And in this great hour he laid his plans.

"I propose this, if the Lord will: First, to take twelve children—no more; second, to pay our debts; third, to make an effort to raise $25,000 endowment; fourth, after $10,000 is raised to take one child for each $1,000 contributed till we reach twenty-five children. After that I have no further plans."

Soon the joy of the first triumph gave way to that strange sense of responsibility which follows hard on the heels of glory, and a host of gloomy difficulties wherewith God labours to make men great.

"I am sadly discouraged," he confesses. "Lord, give me strength. One of my friends told me the other day that I am the hardest to discourage of anybody he knew. Alas, I am always discouraged. But I talk and act the other way. That is the only way to do anything. I am very weak, but it would not do to let others find it out."

And so it came to pass that in the ordinary course, not in romance; in opposition, not in praise; in toil, not in glory, this thing was begun which was to bring so much of romance, and praise, and glory. The qualities which worked their will under the hand of God are those qualities He invariably chooses to bless. Again in this forgotten village, as innumerably in the ages past and future, He would set His example forth that all men might learn how inevitably he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. In the spirit of all that makes man great he had made his prayer to Jehovah, who hath so ordered His universe that answers follow such prayers. And what is this spirit but the "Name" of Jesus?

XII

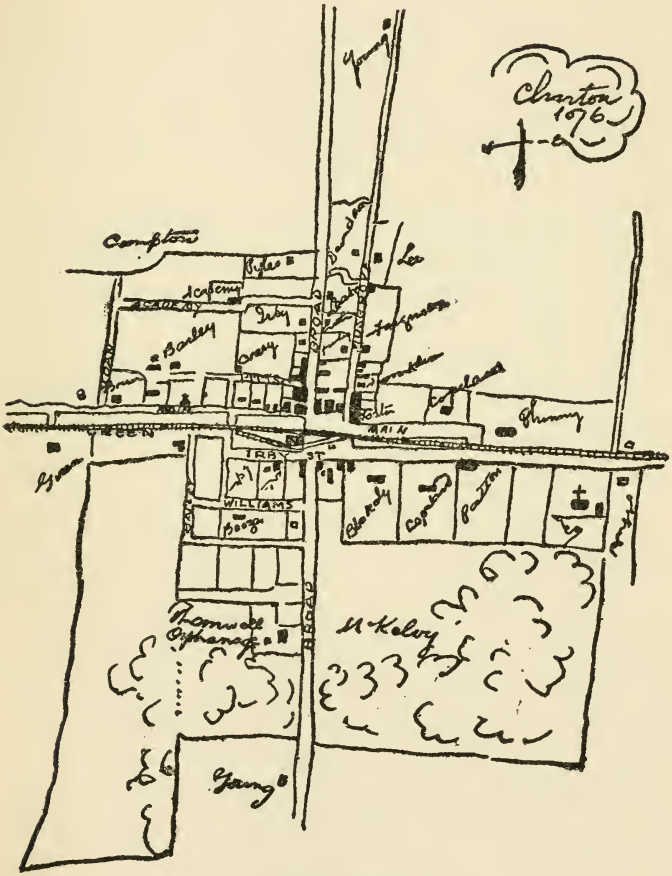
THE WORKING MODEL

How often, Lord, I cried to Thee for aid,
Who, knowingly, didst linger on Thy way,
Yet ever would Thy sun prolong his day,
Thy moon o'er shadowed Ajalon be stayed.

SOMEWHERE about the home or office of the dreamer that we name Inventor is the prototype of the thing he saw. It is called the Working Model. It is an illustration. Its value consists in its being an example, of an improved type of engine perhaps. It will not labour or toil; others greater and more powerful will follow to do that. It is of no importance as a worker, yet it is of more importance than all its children that shall come after it, for it first answered the great question—How?

Of a similar sort are all the truly great and it is essential that their experiences and the qualities of soul therefrom drawn shall measure the fundamentals of life. Fear must come into their hearts swiftly pursued by joy. Danger must affright if only that safety may follow. Anxiety and sorrow must be allowed to do their precious work, and the agony of him who chooses a beautiful ideal, a love for those who cannot understand, must perform its blessed ministry. So that when men look back on that life they may see there a working model by which their own struggle may be blessed if they also are willing to drink of the cup from

which he drank. For the laws of God are very sure and the name does not matter.



Clinton in 1876.

Therefore when, as 1876 began, the young pastor exclaimed, "Oh, if our orphanage were only free of

debt and endowed, what splendid opportunities of usefulness I would have," he must have been thinking of orphans in need of food, and clothing, and Jesus. But he was not thinking—for how could he know—of the working model by which other orphanages were to be founded nor of how much finer it ever is to struggle greatly than to rejoice in victory. Did his enemies outnumber him ten to one? So much greater by ten the glory.

It was far more important that the orphanage should be built as God was building it—in yearning, work, fear, need, prayer answer, joy,—than that it should be built at all.

Henry Drummond was almost right when he said that "this world is a workshop, but it is not a place where men make things but where things make men," if that marvellous interplay of soul and event and God may be called "things."

Every institution that is to make character must previously have its own character made. Those who are fit to teach must first be fitly taught. And the real teachers are not endowments, and ease, and praise, —but want, and work, and woe. Of them only are faith and strength and courage born, which, being the object of institutions, are far more important than they.

For his little orphans' home was still in danger, as he thought, though actually neither more nor less safe than thereafter. "If we can run things till Christmas we shall be tolerably safe," he had written, as they opened under "this heavy debt of a thousand dollars! Oh, my precious helper, come to me and lift this burden and it shall be my last debt!" That was in January.

It was the same in February: "Oh, the debt, this is a great matter to me. Thou canst lift this burden with a touch; my own precious Master, help me." And in June: "In one stroke, Lord, Thou canst do more than I in a lifetime," and for many months thereafter till one happy November (1878) he could exclaim for his personal affairs, "For the first time in fifteen years I am out of debt," and for the orphanage (December, 1878): "The orphanage has paid off its last dollar of indebtedness; no man has any paper against us, thank God!"

By that time he had learned its lesson of wisdom and when it was of no more value—it was paid.

It is during this period of his life that he worked out his own theory of prayer. It was like all real knowledge founded on induction. His view of prayer was pragmatic. Time and time again he was astonished by a curious fact. Things he worked for *and* prayed for came to pass. If he worked, prayer worked. For example early in January, 1876:

"Mr. T. C. Scott came in last night loaded down with provisions for the orphanage, as the result of his begging expedition. This success on his part is in direct answer to prayer, I do believe. I prayed the Lord to assist me in getting a faithful assistant—I also prayed Him to make the contributions with a special reference to the provision department, and telling Him that I would look upon this as a direct proof of His interposition to answer prayer. It looks as if God intended to answer prayer for my help."—January, 1876.

"God showed us a token of His goodness last night. There was no meat in the house for breakfast. I said —'There is a box of clothing at the depot, it may contain a little meat. Let us try it first.' I had just re-

ceived $2.75 for subscriptions for *Our Monthly* ten minutes before, all the money there was in the house. With this I paid the freight on the box, which was even $2.75, and on opening the box took out two hams! I had just prayed for help. Thank God!"—June, 1876.

"To God's glory I set it down. We owed Miss Emma W. a balance on her salary. I knew not where to go to get it. I had not one cent and yet little by little it came in, the last cent coming in just in time to foot the bill exactly and not one cent more or less. And this is direct answer to prayer. Oh, my holy Saviour, give me courage. Help me to work, help me to pray."—August, 1876.

And so he passed by induction from fact to theory:

"I have been reading very carefully Muller's 'Life of Trust.' It is a good and valuable book. But I think he pushed his theory too far. I do not believe that the Lord's mind is that everybody should trust solely to Him. Why has He given us faculties if we are not to use them in our work? The Lord has blessed those efforts that have been the result of prayer. He has blessed our prayerful labours. Thus He has taught us that praying and working go together. Muller's experience shows that the Lord can work without means. Mine will be to show that the Lord always blesses work and prayer if combined and proceeding on Scriptural principles. These principles, as far as I am able to decide them, are: First, untiring activity. This is not beyond but up to our ability; Second, fervent prayer,—this is not formal or at stated times, but constant; Third, scrupulous honesty, not such an honesty that makes a fair balance sheet but that kind which attempts to do for the cause far more than the cause does

for its promoter; Fourth, self-sacrifice; Fifth, humility. This is as hard as any part of it. Men love praise. It is very hard to consent to hide ourselves behind others; Sixth, close and devout attention to the work. I think the church and orphanage both often suffer because I neglect them.

"These are, as far as my experience has yet gone, the Scriptural principles on which the Lord's work ought to proceed. I am grateful to record, however, that there is a constant growth in my experience, and that it seems to me the Lord by His providence is constantly showing me the plain path to tread."

And in December, 1877:

"God wonderfully provides for us when we actually need it. We needed a pump but could spare very little money. Blatchley & Co. knocked off two-thirds the price. We needed badly a sewing-machine and Mrs. Blackwood of Greenville is going to send us one. We need a well very much. We need a cow. Lord, Thou knowest we need these things. Give them to us, if it be Thy will."

"Look back to December 22d and read the prayer there recorded. In answer God gives us a better well than we then hoped for and two cows."

And in May, 1878:

"We have come to the verge of need and there is nothing coming in. Lord send us this day our daily bread. I have written six letters asking aid but the dear Lord can send it before any human help can avail. . . .

"Oh, I thank Thee, blessed Father, that to strengthen my faith Thou hast done this very thing. Last night the bill of goods came in and we had nothing in the

treasury but by the same mail came thirty dollars from a most unexpected source, being more than the special sum needed, and as I believe in answer to an earnest prayer of mine yesterday, to this effect—'Lord, I have no reason to hope for a cent by this mail, as our supplies have been very few of late. I have written letters that will, by Thy aid, I trust, bring relief in a few days, but Thou canst gloriously strengthen my faith by sending in a supply for this evening's need before my letters could possibly be answered.' And He did it."

In the meantime his life went along its accustomed way of dream and deed, of plan and pursuance. He was so often disappointed that he despaired no more. His Library Society prospered—and was gone, and came to life again. Indeed, by June of '76 he had established three libraries in Clinton, the Library Society's of 150 volumes, the orphanage's of 200 volumes, and that of the Sunday School of 1,100 volumes, and he could say:

"I found no books here when I came and now this is getting to be a reading people," and characteristically he adds—"I am determined to go to work for the establishment in this town of a library. It must be, it shall be. I am determined to have a really first-class library, with a good brick building and reading rooms, librarian, etc. So help me God and keep me steadfast and ever in my senses, to keep and observe the same."

It is in this same year, 1876, that he thinks the high school "has entered proudly upon its fourth year," with fifty students. For Mr. W. S. Lee had taken charge—"A considerable acquisition, as Clinton people will soon see." He was constantly thinking of greater things for this high school.

"On my hands constantly—A church of 100 members, a Sunday School of 250, a prayer-meeting, *Our Monthly* printing office, this orphanage, and there is more still, but here are the grand things I will do—The Clinton Public Library, The Clinton College!

"I propose the following plan for the establishment of our college—that the orphanage, as soon as it escapes this grinding debt, call on the citizens to unite with us, that we furnish the lands and hold the titles and that we erect, with the aid of the town, a building to which our advanced pupils shall be admitted. But thousands of dollars must first be got to put the orphanage on a thoroughly substantial basis. I think a thousand dollars to free us from debt, one thousand, two hundred to run us a year and our invested fund of one thousand, five hundred is enough for our present establishment, but we do need one thousand for completion of our building and fencing. 'Unless the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it.'"

And in his church work he toiled incessantly, although his salary was so irregularly paid that he could often say, "Four hundred and forty dollars collected on salary this year and none promised for next." He directed his attentions towards getting his people to give to others, determining "that if they would not give to my support they should to everything else." Yet he loved his flock as a tender shepherd. Like a faded flower pressed between the pages of an old book are these words from his diary (July, 1876):

"My darling little Minnie West is dead. Oh, God, what can I say, I loved her so. Dear Saviour, take

good care of her and let me see her again some day. Precious, darling Minnie, how can I give you up!

"Tears come whenever I think of Minnie. I did love the little child so. Dear little thing! How sweetly she used to tell me she loved me. Oh, Minnie! Minnie! how can I give you up? God pity and help her poor parents.

"I must write through this page, for when I turn to it and see Minnie's name on it, it blinds me. Oh, God, how I did love that child! Had she been my own I could have loved her no better. Sweet blessed little one, the sunset land seems nearer now that you are there."

For the rest, his life went on its usual routine, one unceasing succession of needs, fears, prayers and answers. The Laurens railroad at last reached the center of town (December, 1875) and gave a free excursion to Newberry, and about one hundred and fifty delighted villagers improved the opportunity to see if it would really run. The first Christmas passed at the orphanage with no presents for the children except such as he gave them. Miss Emma Witherspoon, granddaughter of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, came to be the first teacher at the orphanage until August '76, when Miss Pattie Thornwell, daughter of the great and good man for whom the institution was named, succeeded her. In September he went to see the Centennial in Philadelphia, thinking he would write it up for *Our Monthly*, but declared he found it too big, and in the same month first mentions his deafness as a hindrance to his work.

In 1877, which came in with a notable snow-storm, he finished the attic of the orphanage, dividing it into

printing office and study, but he still needs "a piazza and kitchen and a helper for Mary." In the night of February 15th, at ten o'clock, "God gave me a fifth child, a little lad that I pray may grow up to be a good and useful boy and a model man. We will name him Thornwell, in that he is the first and only child born in the Thornwell Orphanage," and on December 1st he notes that "Father preached for me and baptized our little Thornwell" before a good congregation. For his father had come back to South Carolina, so that at the recent meeting of Presbytery at Anderson the rare spectacle was seen of a father and his two sons elected as officers, all ministers: Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D. D., Moderator; Rev. J. R. Jacobs, Temporary Clerk, and Rev. W. P. Jacobs, Stated Clerk.

The year 1878 came bringing two little boys to the orphanage, "Darby and Sam Fulton. I hope they will prove to be good little boys." Soon Mr. Scott, that blessed beggar, came in from one of his rounds bringing a cow with him. The kitchen is finished, and now for the piazza! On this last his heart is set and by June he has almost enough money for it. In August it is being built and a laundry is being planned as the next improvement. If God gave them to him because he prayed, saying, "I want it before the last of summer but I will wait on it for years," was it less wonderful than the bonds that would some day follow, or less beautiful to Him who understands? Indeed when the piazza and laundry have been built and he is dreaming and talking of a cotton factory for his town twenty years before it is a fact, he exclaims, "Blessed Master, what does it all amount to if souls are not saved?"

For it was on the church that had paid him $440 for one year's toil and promised nothing for the next that his great love centered.

"Blessed work to-day," he writes, "for which I thank the Lord. Six united with the church, among them my own child, Florence. Lord, make her truly Thine. Four of our orphans also joined, and Henry Vance. Thank God! To me a pleasant day. My soul was in it. Dear Lord, give me more. This is but a taste—Lord, send me souls."

And so he came to 1879, the year of his unmeasured sorrow. Already there were thirty in his orphan family entrusted to him by sweet providences for which he had prayed. It is on the last day of the year and he is writing to God:

"Two more hours and the year ends. Its 365 days have been cut off of my life. I am a year nearer eternity. To-night I feel that the love of Christ is a precious and glorious gift to me. I love Thee, oh, my Master. I wonder that Thou couldst accept such a poor gift as my wild heart, so often false to Thee and to itself, but this I know, the Lord died for me. It is a glorious thought. I know not how soon He may call me to leave everything behind, but this I know, that if He will only make sure to bestow on me eternal life and to see His blessed person, I would not hesitate to say with Paul, 'To depart and be with Christ is far better.' It is only when I am drawn by a fear lest I shall not have everlasting life, that death seems terrible. If I could but lay hold with irresistible faith on that glorious proposition that Christ hath brought immortality to light I would be content and would glorify God with thanksgiving. It is more than faith

I want. I crave to know. I am not satisfied with saying, 'I believe,' 'I am persuaded.' I want to say, 'I know'—to say it most intensely and profoundly—I know. Oh, my God, grant me this knowledge.

"And now, blessed Lord, I close the year and this book together. All its secrets that are unrecorded here, Thou knowest. It is my pain and my joy that Thou knowest. Blot out, O Lord, the errors and the shortcomings, and grant large success to all good labours. Oh, blessed Father, crown my life's work with success. This year crushes me with its failures. Oh, lift me up, Lord, lift my life higher, higher. I would be wholly consecrated to Thee, that I might show to this people a life hid with Christ in God. Lord, I leave it all, all with Thee. Where another twelve months will find me, I know not, but oh, let no times, no seasons, separate me from Thy cause. Grant to me to love Thee better, to work harder for Thee every year, and when my work for Thee in this life is done, as it is now done in this year, oh, give to me proof of my longing hope that I shall live forever and with Thee! No better thing than this can I conceive or crave. My soul cries out for it. I long, I pant, I thirst after it, yea more than hart for water brook."

XIII

THE ROD OF HERMES

Nor Time, that ever is, nor Space may rob
The wondrous hoardings of thy treasury.
Turn low the light, my heart—'tis She—now throb
In Memory.

THERE is an ancient story, told often to those in trouble, of a way whereby and a source wherefrom all bitter waters might be sweetened and all dross transmuted into gold. It has to do with the same marvellous process sketched in the old time riddle of Samson: "Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Passing along this strange path sorrow becomes joy, weakness grows into strength and courage springs from fear, as the traveller wins

"God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain."

For as is the soul so also becomes that which it touches. Strife comes and from it strength is drawn or weakness; danger comes, and from it courage or fear; difficulty comes, and from it achievement or failure. This clear and beautiful quality of spirit, touching anything, is able to transmute it into good. "This is the Rod of Hermes," said the ancient philosopher; "touch what you will with it and it becomes gold."

Nor was this power of soul very far removed from

that conviction that all things work together for good to those that love God. "Concerning the Gods," said Epictetus, "some say that the Godhead does not exist at all and others that though He exists He does not bestir Himself nor take forethought concerning things. A third part hold that He does take forethought but only for great and heavenly matters, and not for matters on earth. Others still maintain that He does bestir Himself for matters on earth but only for great and heavy concerns of transcendent importance. A fifth part, of whom were Socrates and Ulysses, cry: 'I move not without thy knowledge.'"

And it was well for this man who neared the shadows that he held such a magic wand so securely and knew its use so well. For the author had now come to his dark chapter.

There is a dark chapter in every life-story always exquisitely planned and placed as only the true artist can place it. Perfectly timed also it is to match the forward movement of the plot and the deeper its darkness the deeper its meaning. As the reader of the story looks back on it in later years he knows it to have been the great chapter from which every later victory drew its authority and without which each after-glory was empty of meaning. And when those come who study lives, endeavouring to find in them the sesame of that wisdom whereby the door to the great secret may be opened, they also look for that hour of a night so black that it may be felt and measure the soul of their hero by the spirit the Author gave him as he fought his way forward into the light.

One can picture the scene in the little village as the sun set. A new year is opening and the pastor, still

young, is planning high things for his church, though his last year's salary of $600 has not been paid; for his high school, with its romantic halo of a male college forming about its head, and for his orphans' home of which one lone building has been erected. He is going to study regularly and write a weekly sermon, and visit more often, and revive the library society, and extend the orphan work, and improve *Our Monthly* and complete the new Sunday School room. All these things he will do but the greatest he knows not.

And now we take his hand in ours and walk with him down that lonely path so rich in its wayside flowers of wisdom. This somber company whom he meets, Pain, Loss, Despair, Loneliness, Agony, and the sweet bands that Love had bound about his life. The great black hour has come! He sits down to write with a bursting, breaking heart. "Oh, my God, help me. Mary, darling Mary, my own sweet, precious wife, how can I bear this separation? Gone! so quick, so unexpected. I shall —— Well, heart, beat on, but every beat is a sledge-hammer striking pain. She died at 11:35 to-day; her last look was into my eyes and then her precious soul went out in glory. I know she is with my Saviour. She loved Him so. He would not forsake her in this hour. No! No! No! but oh, my Lord, what shall I do? Help me, oh, my God! I'm falling, falling, falling. Half the world is gone out to me. Wherever I look some token of my Mary's love strikes me. Oh, my God, forsake me not in this hour. The evil that I greatly feared is come upon me."

"It was love that cut short the expiring breath from her dear lips,—at the recognition of our tears about her bed. Oh, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, how can I give

thee up? Oh, my life, my love. I had thee fourteen years, and yet I would give everything for one short hour's converse with thee. Pity me, pity me, oh, my friends. Help me, oh, my God. She lies now in our reception room, so sweet and still in death. She will never speak to me any more."

"Four days have passed since she was buried—they have contained the bitterest experiences of my life. But to-day I feel that the agony of death is past. I have suffered that which none but God will know."

Thus there came a cloud that overshadowed him and he feared as he entered into the cloud.

But there came a voice out of the cloud:

"I walked down over the farm to-day but I could not think in any way but this:

"Oh, to be nearer, nearer,
Close to my Saviour's side,
Leaning my head on His bosom
Awaiting the ebb of the tide.

"I have never felt such a still and quiet rest on the Master before in all my life. I feel that what I have suffered, as it has brought to Mary eternal happiness, has wrought in me more faith and a deeper trustfulness in my dear Lord."

"The Board met last night and elected Miss Sallie Lee matron. I sincerely hope that she may accept. They passed some very kind and touching resolutions about Mary."

"Sometimes a wave of sorrow comes over me, striking me down to the earth, but I now have learned to think of Mary, not as dead but as living. I shall see her again in the presence of my Saviour and hers, and

in the better country. Until then, I will bide near Thee, O Lord."

And so a week passed while he dwelt with sorrow upon sorrow, with the wand in his hand.

"A week ago to-day! I find my exterior perfectly calm, but I have lost the zeal for the things of this world, that once so filled me. I long to be more useful in Christ's kingdom, to do more and better work for Him."

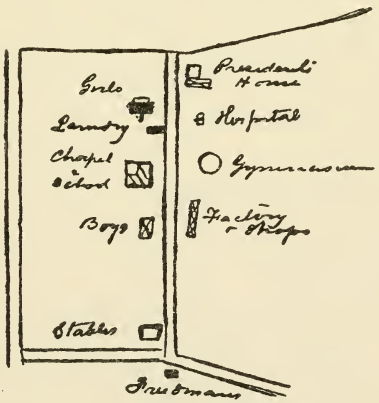
"Sweet, dear, precious wife, mine no longer. What would I not give for just a few short words from you. Her very last words to me were in answer to my question—'Mary, do you still put your trust in Jesus?'—'Yes, yes,' she said. 'He is all I have to trust in now.' Oh, sweet, blessed wife, sainted and safe. God keep thee. But my poor life, what shall I do?"

"Yesterday I began my work for the Master,—alas, that my zeal is born of sorrow. I find it my pleasure now, for the first time since I became a pastor, to *visit* my flock. Sometimes I have feared that God took my Mary away from me because I loved her better than I loved His Church. And, strange contradiction, in the next minute I fear that He took her because I did not sufficiently lighten her burdens. I pray God to sanctify this great sorrow to my soul. I cannot realize anything. I never could. Is Mary gone? I look for her sweet face to look in through the door. I think surely she will come in soon. Every night I dream of her. O God, help me."

"In my trouble, Florence, my precious little daughter, is a great comfort to me. She comes as near as a daughter could to taking her mother's place. I love her even as I love my own soul. . . . It is a sin, it

24 Yesterday morning, I was assisted & strengthened in my preaching. Still I was very weak from my severe cold. Today I have been enabled with much energy & need more time to read & study. I feel my need of a Savior's helping arm & will seek more earnestly his face.

Today, I send off a card thro' the Orphanage words, & am sorry to say something like this



In God's own good time, this may be. I will be patient & wait on the Lord until he bring the desires of my heart to pass.

A page from his Diary, March 24, 1879. Compare this drawing with the fulfillment of his prayer; over forty buildings occupied by nearly four hundred children and teachers.

is cowardice to long so to be in Heaven with Mary. Oh, my God, give me strength."

Now when the Author had seen the vast sorrow in which His hero mourned, He bethought Him of the finest touch of all that the story might be perfect and its tragedy add meaning to meaning. It was not enough that he should suffer as other men, but now, while his heart was sore and his soul in need of comfort, he must touch the hot iron of jealousy and feel the cold steel of enmity. So would his life ever speak a word in season to him who might later be weary.

"The breezes have blown gently for the orphanage for a long long time," he writes in that very month, "but now there comes a furious counterblast from the ——— charging us with all manner of deceit and fraud. It would trouble me sadly if it were true. Blessed Master, I lay this work at Thy feet. Destroy me or this work, if so be Thy will. It is Thine, I am Thine. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"I am sometimes as full of sorrow as I can hold when I think of my dear, precious, dead wife. Lord, help me to bear this."

"The papers, especially in ——— county, are after me and the orphanage because we have tried to get the people to contribute to its support. I am very uncertain as to the best course to pursue. I think I shall be compelled to reply, and yet of all things in the world, I most despise a newspaper controversy. The ——— accuses me of fraud, etc., the ——— of incompetency. I know not why the blessed Master has allowed this avalanche to descend upon me just at this particular time, when my heart is smarting under a heavy sorrow, but I know that He can make even the wrath of man

to praise Him. May He give me wisdom in this trying hour that I may not err. I shall, to the best of my ability, write out a short reply in as gentle a way as I can for the ——— paper. As to the ———, I know not what to do, for their attack is so evidently malicious and done behind my back, they not having sent me a copy of their paper."

And here we come across a strange fact and a strange law: All birth is in pain. Each new life, each new institution must win its way by struggle. It should not be otherwise. They who would teach must be taught, and this is the only school for character. What is better in life than the struggle? Who would wish to win a race by walking? So come these days of storm to cause great oaken hearts to grow; these hours of fire that the spirit may be tempered as steel, these precious moments of trial that glory may crown so fine a spiritual victory. And so in these sad weeks the Author gave him this to write about also that there might be nothing lacking to test the power of the rod:

"One of the greatest burdens I have to bear is the reviling of the orphanage and its work by brother ministers. I thank God that they speak falsely. His favour is better far than that of men. . . ."

"I have just received an insulting communication from Rev. ———, reiterating his charge that the orphanage is a humbug and a swindle. I am, of course, greatly pained by it but God has so greatly blessed my labours of late that it was needful that I should be taken down a bit, lest I should glory above measure. Just see what God has done for you during this past twelve months:

"1st. He has added thirty members to your church.

"2d. Among these your own son.

"3d. He has supported the orphanage, putting more funds in your hands than ever before for the care of the children.

"4th. He has given you $1,000 for Faith Cottage, and $500 additional for the endowment.

"5th. He has blessed and enlarged the Sabbath School, crowning your efforts to give it a home with great success.

"6th. He is now prospering the plans for the building of your Mission Chapel.

"7th. He has enabled you to buy a new press for *Our Monthly* and has enlarged its sphere of usefulness.

"8th. He has honoured you by your election to the position of reporter to the General Assembly.

"And now perhaps He would add to your blessings by giving you this thorn in your side; for it is written 'Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you!'"

"Heavenly Father, help me to be patient under this cursing of Shimei, and reckon it also to me for good."

And so she left him in the little village saying softly to himself, "It seems a long, long time, Mary, that I have to wait. There is a whole lifetime to come in first"—as one who reads a good novel and, wondering whether the dark chapter will ever end, counts the many pages of the story yet remaining.

She would not see the after days of honour and triumph, not even little Faith Cottage, whose corner-stone was so soon to be laid, nor would her human eyes view any of that rapid industrial development which would transform this crossroads village, without even a bank, into a thriving little city with every modern convenience. To her God gave the ineffable glory of

labouring and suffering and dying in the dark chapter, and of being loved forever for it.

For during all the years to come her spirit with his would walk arm in arm through the remaining pages of the book, whose every syllable she would light with the living sacrifice she had made. He would reach out his hands for her and, intangibly, he would feel her pressure. Calling her name, she, inaudibly, would answer. Countless times he would look for her and, invisibly, she would come. And when the long, long time had been spent and the whole lifetime had come in first, when the little pastor whose loves had made him great had gone to her, leaving sorrow and blackness in his turn upon the hearts of many who sorrowed, those who looked sadly through his secretest desk would find her hand still touching his, her voice speaking to him and her face smiling at him from a tiny package of faded love-letters written to him in the long, long ago. And one of them ended thus: "May God bless and keep you, darling husband, until you get home."

But he did not know that part of the plot as he sadly took up his burden again. His was that ancient darkness of eyes blinded by the sudden transition from brilliancy to blackness. Only he felt that the wand could transmute his dross into gold. And that which he would himself do he prayed also for others:

"My little Thornwell is two years old to-day," he wrote on February 15, 1879. "Poor little fellow, had it not been for him his mother would have been alive to-day. May he make noble use of a life purchased at such a price."

XIV

FOR THAT FUTURE

Till this I learned, that he who buildeth well
Is greater than the structure that he rears,
And wiser he who learns that Heaven hears
Than all the wordy wisdom's letters spell.

THERE is nothing quite so delicious in life as to watch God bring things to pass.

The blow has fallen—the disaster has come, the struggle is long, and hard, and, oh, so wearisome! The sources of aid have failed one by one, and one by one the bright hopes have faded, when—so swiftly, as quiet—a voice speaks out of the cloud.

There are no words wherewith to express that infinite longing for help which this man felt that the beautiful dream might come true. He was toiling and suffering and praying when the vicious attacks came to threaten all his hopes. The result of seven years of toil seemed jeopardized by them, and as these base charges circulated here and there in the papers and pulpits and pews they seemed to be swearing his very soul away with their false testimony. How could a just God permit such a thing!

Then one day a man heard of them and his face flushed with indignation that there should be found on earth any so vile as to attack even a little unknown minister, working for God and his orphans. It roused in him that fine counterblast of soul that would bring

aid to the lover of children. So he told another of it, a woman whom he knew to be good and generous, and one happy day in June there came singing through the mails a check for one thousand dollars for the little folks at Thornwell who had so loyal a champion. It was a new name and an unknown signature as of a gift out of the vast Beyond, which indeed it was, from Within the Shadow where stood one watching, caring for His own. Thus was it proven once more that while "the day is Thine, the night also is Thine."

The name signed to the check was that of Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, that blessed woman whose lovely benefactions, touched by the magic wand, were to make all that he hoped for possible.

Now began the beautiful years of expansion in which the prayers heard in secret were to be rewarded openly. Through the long night he had believed that the sun would rise, and lo,—the dawn!

But somehow, with the coming of the large sums, whose pennies have become dimes and whose dimes have grown into dollars, we feel just a little homesick for the old want and poverty, the counting of the coppers as if they were gold, the eager joy over the dimes, the mingled astonishment and happiness over a hundred dollar check. For there is something pathetic in the faith of poverty which the faith of wealth matches only with grandeur. Courage that does not deal in amounts shines best in the dark. Faith is beautiful in inverse proportion to figures involved, as in direct proportion it is sublime. The glory of this man had been that he had been given no talent at all to work with but had kept believing he had been given one, and out of that faith he had made ten other

talents. Ten times nothing had built an orphanage and was about to build a college. Sheer love of God had done the thing. An abandon of unselfishness had mothered it. Faith that is ever allowed to suffer and made to triumph, a confidence in the Father that was serene in the storm and undimmed in the night, a soul that was content but never satisfied, an ever growing group of men and women who kept feeling the warmth of his fire and drawing near thereunto with wonder and praise, buildings rising from the ground to witness that silent lips have moved in secret; these are but a few features of the delightful drama which the Playwright was staging in a spot so ideally commonplace that it would be universally meaningful.

"For there is a future," he knew, "after the door is opened into the black earth, and for that future I am living and working."

The story of his life in the years 1880 to 1884 is the record of a steadily unfolding work, progressing from darkness into light. The first day of each month he wrote out his plans in detail, adding his prayer for their accomplishment and later checked them off one by one as having been done. By July of 1879 he had moved his own little family into the attic of the first building of the orphanage and had hauled the first load of rock to begin the new boys' home, which was to be, and be called Faith Cottage. The same month he noted with joy that the five Presbyterian families connected with his church when he assumed the pastorate had increased to thirty. He is ever thinking of their welfare. In September they are occupying the new Sunday School room built in the shape of a T and he is thinking how nice it will be to erect a neat and pretty library room

for the young men of Clinton. As 1880 opens he is planning to buy a new Universal job press for his printing office. Soon his father was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church on James Island, and Miss Pattie Thornwell has collected enough money to paint the Sunday School room.

It was in such ordinary, insignificant things that he kept looking for God—and found Him.

As spring opens he writes that he wants to do "as laborious work this month for the dear Lord as is possible," as part of which he starts work for a chapel at Rockbridge, three miles west of Clinton. He is delightfully surprised a little later to learn that Dr. Woodrow has nominated him as Assembly Reporter and that he has been elected unanimously.

The corner-stone of the second building of the orphanage, Faith Cottage, was laid on July 28th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his church, whose membership had increased from exactly one hundred to exactly one hundred and fifty in the last ten years.

There is the same steady progress in little things that seem brilliant because of inner light in the following year, 1881. In January he sells his home and plans to build a new one nearer the orphanage. Faith Cottage is opened on February 21st, and he has dreamed a new academic building as absolutely necessary to the progress of his work by early in June. Yet his work is not confined to the orphanage, but on June 21st he resolves to build a Presbyterian college in Clinton, "If it takes always to do it." He notes the beautiful comet of 1881 in the northern skies, and on July 24th he and Mr. Bell are at Rockbridge. He is preaching his first sermon there and is gratified over

the accomplishment of this work which he had first planned ten years ago. It was this same year that saw both a Baptist and Methodist church organized in Clinton, of which he says: "It will be necessary for me to work harder than I ever did before to secure the foundations of my church. The movement to establish two new churches at Clinton unsettles the members. It almost creates a panic. But God, in His mercy, will, in the course of a year or two, bring us out brighter than ever. Now, our church succeeds because it is the only church. Hereafter, it must succeed because it is the best church. I am determined to throw my efforts around the college and orphanage. They are to be the bulwarks of Presbyterianism here in giving us a Sunday School, prayer-meeting and congregation."

Later, in 1882, he began his work on the orphanage seminary, the new academic building with its chapel and class rooms and library and little museum and with its high steeple,—the most beautiful building in Clinton. "I shall trust and trust, and so the work shall be done," he says. At the same time the church building is being remodelled, and on August 20th his college got its charter. He spent a beautiful vacation in June with his father on James Island, and when fall comes Sim Whaley came to take charge of the orphanage farm, and Miss Annie Starr, matron, left, to be succeeded by Mrs. Boyd.

Thus his life was made up of toiling for the one purpose in many forms. "I love dearly this work for the orphans," he writes, "but I love still more my preaching work."

In 1883, on another trip to Charleston, he saw electric lights for the first time, and having returned re-

"Home" for thirty-six years

freshed and invigorated from his vacation with his father, he seriously considers the erection of a wood-working establishment, a sort of technical school for the boys of the orphanage.

In April he introduced to his Presbytery Sam Fulton, the first of the orphanage boys to become a minister, as a candidate for that holy office, and baptized the child of Mollie Clatworthy, little Willie Lee Holmes, the first orphanage child, during the closing prayer of the Presbytery.

April finds the church tower being built and work on the seminary being pushed for the first commencement of Clinton College, which, when it did come, found his daughter, Florence, in the graduating class, the first to receive a diploma. Colonel Ball presented it.

The orphanage seminary was dedicated in July of the same year, Dr. J. H. Thornwell preaching the sermon, and Governor Thompson later presided at a great meeting at the orphanage, in which he said things so beautiful about the "Little Minister" and his orphanage that it made him hang his head in shame and take revenge by praising the Governor.

It is a singular fact that the most famous utterance of Emerson is not to be found in any of his poems or essays but was saved from a note-book of one of his students and seems to have been a chance remark made in the course of a lecture. It was to this effect: That if any man would do a thing better than it had ever been done before, even if it were only to make a better mouse trap than his neighbour, though he lived in a wilderness, the world would make a beaten pathway to his door. This is what happened at Clinton.

So in November he starts work for his new college building. "Lord help me!" he exclaims. "Oh, how many ten thousand times have I uttered that prayer? Yea, Lord, help me, then the big job will be over," he adds, "and we shall be ready for the next step,"—a characteristic of his, that the greater his achievement the greater his dream.

In December of 1883 there occurred one of those typical events in his life, which was a perfect illustration of how that strange providence which we call God was teaching him His will. December 1st came, but no funds with it. "Thus far in December," he writes, "which hitherto has been our harvest month, we have received almost nothing for the orphanage. I am greatly distressed about it. Up to this date we have, for all causes, hardly received $150, and we are in sore straits. Lord, Thou didst send us $1,000 each December for years past, and now, O Lord, our burdens and responsibilities are heavier and Thou sendest us nothing. Lord, Lord, send help speedily. We need Thy aid in great measure."

This was written on December 10th, and on December 27th we find these words in his diary:

"God has permitted us to have a delightful and a blessed Christmas. The children had a beautiful Christmas and good behaviour. On Christmas night I received $125 in a letter and in addition $400 (!) for a special work. I do not yet know what we shall use it for, but I want it to go either to the endowment fund or to some special building work. I had prayed for $300 last week and again for $600 this week. I have received both. Our receipts for this month have already overrun $1,000 besides at least $200 in pro-

visions. O God, out of my whole soul I thank Thee. The nightmare of debt has been cleared away and now we are ready for new things."

So that when 1884 comes he is planning a new building, with kitchen and storehouse and laundry and windmill, which he is to call the Beehive. In the summer Mrs. Liddell comes to replace "Miss Pattie" as teacher at the orphanage, she having decided to get married and move to Indiana, and Mrs. Simonton comes to succeed Mrs. Boyd as matron, and then while Sam Fulton is planning to go to the seminary and is "preaching" his first sermon in Clinton, while they are raising money for the college and work is beginning on the Beehive, Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick sends her check for $1,200, which is later to be increased, to build a whole home for his orphans by herself!

And so at the close of 1884, the twentieth year of his only pastorate, he names over the great gifts of God to himself. There were the church, now over two hundred strong, nearly furnished and steepled, *Our Monthly* slowly but surely growing, labours in Presbytery and Synod, the orphanage, the corner-stone laying of whose original home, on his tenth anniversary, had been preceded by three hard years of money raising, to which there had now been added a home for boys (Faith Cottage), an academic building (the seminary), a kitchen-laundry building (the Beehive), and now the new home for boys (McCormick Home), and lastly the Great New Job (the college). And as he named them over, adding yet his own home and Rockbridge Chapel to them, and even the digging of the flower pit and the old laundry which had been turned into the workshop and Mr. Scott's house, he wrote this sentence, under-

scoring and double spacing it: "So here I begin to make an effort to prove *that a little village church may become a tower of strength.*"

But that was only the brilliant, social meaning of those twenty years in which the little village church was also the scenery in the background staged for the setting forth of a deeper truth. That was his masterly purpose, as it was also His. But if one in the audience is entitled to judge, the greater purpose was to tell the old story in a new way; to whisper again the love of a Father to children who are very young and very weak, to set anew a human soul on fire that he might glow with God, to reveal His abiding presence, who really will do as much for anybody anywhere, who will do as much for Him.

"Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," the old church men used to say when they would describe the universal faith. "That which ever, everywhere, by all" is believed. That is also the rule whereby prayers are answered. It is an old saying that to reward folly would be to people the world with fools. Similarly to play favourites in prayer answering would be to people the world with the lazy and inefficient. When God answers prayer He answers qualities which everywhere, ever, by all should be possessed. Each such case is a deed-parable, each of them is a "Yes" from Jehovah who never fails to answer the question of faith proceeding on her dangerous way, though He hide His answer among passing events so secretly that he who would count his mercies must search for them.

It matters, indeed, whether a little village may become "a tower of strength" or not but who can measure the infinite significance of one "Yes" from the sky?

Shortly after the beginning of 1885, that fine old missionary preacher, Rev. Zelotes Lee Holmes, died. His had been the happy privilege of founding the little mission church at Clinton and the church was saddened by the news of his death.

In May following, the orphanage office had received its first typewriter and the president was becoming proficient in its use. He was forty-three years old and had founded an orphanage and a college by hand and kerosene, but only because typewriters and electric lights had not yet been possible, for his abiding characteristic was to take immediate advantage of any new improvement. The same month he made a trip to Washington and shook hands with President Cleveland.

His children spent the summer vacation with their Grandfather Jacobs on James Island and when they returned he writes: "The children are all back with me and dearer to me than ever. O God, bless my children. I give them every one to Thee. Do with them as seemeth good in Thy sight! Oh, how eagerly I long for some of my boys to enter the ministry."

He was not to wait long to have that prayer answered. In June of the very next year his son, States, had about made up his mind to do that very thing. "Oh, that God would keep him in that mind," his father exclaimed, "and enable him to love the Lord more and more."

In September one of his blessings came in the guise of a calamity, for the front wall of the new college building gave way, happily without loss of life, necessitating a repair bill of only seventy-five dollars, which was quadruply oversubscribed. In October the faculty

of the college was chosen, Rev. R. P. Smith at the head as president. As the opening day approached, he felt, in his own words, as if "I have now laid pretty much the foundation of all the work I expect to do in life. But every department of it is to be pressed on to a higher fulfillment of plans. I have to make a college out of our college—a noble charity out of the orphanage, a splendid church out of my church, a better paper out of *Our Monthly*, and to be a leader in Presbyterial labours."

Yet he was almost immediately at his old constructive task again, urging Mr. M. S. Bailey to give Clinton a bank, and getting ready to twist the Seaboard Air Line out of its course so that his "city" might have another railroad. On February 15th ('86) he hauled the first load for his new printing office, and at last, on his forty-fourth birthday, on March 15, 1886, his college was happily opened. "This day," he writes, "by the goodness of God, I was enabled to set in order the Presbyterian College of Clinton, South Carolina. At 9:30 A. M., in the presence of eighty or more students and the six teachers, I offered the first prayer ever offered in the house and solemnly gave it to the Lord. At 3 P. M. we met in the college chapel, the pupils of the orphanage being present, and I addressed the assembly as to the 'Manner of the Kingdom.' We also had addresses from Mr. Smith and Mr. Barnes. After this I succeeded in persuading the association to resolve to raise one thousand dollars to complete the house, and surely it will be done." In those last few words is revealed a charming characteristic of this man who kept steadily winning great victories. It was his appreciation of little victories. Each baby was to him an

adult, potentially. It was a little college but it would grow. All men who had ever amounted to much had done so. He refused to deny himself a great future by failing to trust a little present.

And so we come to the close of the fierce struggle period of his life. For forty-four years he has been passing through poverty, obscurity, danger, and every conceivable discouragement. Single-handed, with a broken sword he had faced every enemy bitterly known to those who contend for the ideal thing. He had developed a magnificent courage and a faith that knew, in this arena where the mighty depend wisely on the One alone. Fear and hope and prayer and trust and gratitude and love had wrought their blessed ministry in his soul, had expressed themselves in his life, and henceforth, because he had played his part so well that he knew not how well he had played it, his Lord was to set him in a broad place.

Like John of old, he was ready now to be shown to Israel.

XV

"FOR THY SAKE"

Thus, silent, I have heard the Voiceless speak,
The Formless I have seen walk by my side,
And I have touched the hand of One, my guide,
Whom all the world could find if it would seek.

THERE is this very beautiful thing about one's love for God: If a man really loves God he loves everything that God has made. This would seem to be the universe.

It was for that reason that Wm. P. Jacobs loved to travel, which love had lured him on from his earliest days. Only a few commonplace trips had come into his life but he saw much in them, and they gave him that greater joy which is born of an unlimited admiration for and gratitude to God. One cannot understand even his attachment to Clinton without remembering that Jesus Christ was as real and as near to him as Faith Cottage. He took his religion so seriously that it did to him what its custom is, it made him uniquely great.

Now for many long years he had planned a trip to Europe. During his boyhood days it had been his dream and while, for a score of years, he struggled in poverty and debt the dim hope of it cheered and tantalized him alternately. The time had come now to save for it.

So one day he set aside his first five dollars. He would begin if it took "always."

But He had other uses for that five dollars, although it was the only five dollars in the house at the time.

For a poor old, broken-down Presbyterian came that evening to see him, and being invited to stay all night told so sad a story that he was given that five dollars to pay his way to Charleston. In doing it the giver said to his Friend: "Lord, I give this to this poor man for Thy sake. Repay me if Thou seest I need it." It was a sweet and daring challenge to Him who once said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And when the answer came, a few days later, it was in sixtyfold measure. For he received a letter from Mrs. McCormick, the good angel by whom He sent, containing a check for three hundred dollars with the request that he use it in a trip to Europe!

It was very wonderful. But then one should not expect a God to repay kindness in a niggardly measure.

Here was a man who was actually more interested in working for God than he was in working for himself. One of the most astonishing sentences in his whole diary he had penned, when, in May, 1881, he began building his own new home. "I have begun work on my house," he wrote, "but for some reason I do not take the pleasure in it that I would if it were for some suitable purpose connected with the orphanage." He was utterly absorbed in his spiritual adventure and is it surprising that he should be so fascinated when the next entry reads: "Such things as this have happened to me over and over again these many years. Last week at each of the three mails, I did not receive

a single cent for the orphanage. It is true that we did not need the money and so this did not distress me. But on Monday morning my mind was greatly exercised with the longing for a future life, and Satan suggested a hundred doubts. My soul was darkened. Then I prayed the Lord for a clear light, asking Him to give me ocular proof. I thought of what He said to Ahaz and then I asked that the sign should be, that at each mail this week I should receive one letter containing aid for the orphanage. Now, it often happens thus—I will get eight or ten letters with money one mail, and nothing for several mails thereafter, but this week though I received many letters, yet at each mail *I received just one money letter.* What a good God is mine. Hundreds of times Thou hast given me the thing I asked."

And now He had given him a thing he had not asked, a trip to the wonder-lands of the old world. As if to crown his going with added love, his congregation made up a little purse for him also. He was the first Clintonian to "go abroad," as he was the first to build a two-story house, or a steepled church, or to plan a bank or a cotton-mill, or to set type and print a paper, or to write a poem, or build an orphanage or college. He *was* Christian civilization set down in a little obscure, dilapidated, crossroads piece of a place. For twenty-two years he had poured out his best thoughts, noblest ideals and finest purposes there as if God were present and bushes could burn in any desert, and now he leaves for the fulfillment of a darling wish borne on the generosity of friends near and far. The bread that he had cast upon the waters he had found, after many days.

To trace the route and tell the story of his trip is

not the important thing, but again it is his spirit that attracts our attention, ever cherishing his new experiences and training them also to serve his purposes. Of course he visited the Stockwell Orphanage and heard the great Spurgeon in his tabernacle, counting him hardly the equal of Girardeau or Palmer as an orator and thinker. Of the orphanage he writes: "It is far larger than I thought and I am delighted with it. The buildings are grand in their way, everything in perfect order and very neat. The children looked healthy and were to start on their month's vacation (I am always getting in just in the nick of time). Spurgeon has fine playgrounds for his children—they attend the tabernacle preaching—are a good set of children—don't fight (?). I like his cottage arrangement. He keeps the children till fourteen, and then the girls stay two years longer to help in domestic work. I don't like that or his dormitory plan, but the work is splendidly done from his point of view, that is, the English."

He sat in the old stone chimney seat where Shakespeare the boy sat, "and caught no inspiration." "One despairs after seeing Oxford," he exclaimed, thinking doubtless of the five thousand dollar beginning of his own college. He thought the music at St. Paul's, where Canon Liddon preached, was superb, but "dear me, I am no Episcopalian!" He heard Dr. Joseph Parker in the City Temple. "Spurgeon attacked Evolution, but Parker seemed to think it but a part of a not understood plan." He visited the National Art Gallery and the Kensington Art Museum and, of course, Westminster Abbey. He liked touring England, but "in all my tramp I have not seen a watermelon, or a peach, or a banana, or a darky. And while I recog-

nize all I see, there are multitudes of things I do not see. I have not seen rice or hominy since I left home. If this absence of things I love is to go on for a month or so, I'll get homesick."

Afterwards came Holland with its quaint communities and windmills, and Belgium, including something more than Brussels, and then we find him on the Rhine. "I too am enthusiastic henceforth over the beautiful, populous, antique, wonderful Rhine." He found Heidelberg ablaze with banners, for the Crown Prince, Frederick William, was in town and it was the five hundredth anniversary of Heidelberg University, so rooms being at ten dollars the day his visit was short. He took courage again about his college, however, thinking that it would have buildings better than Heidelberg before its semi-centennial. It pleased him to note that in Germany they seemed to know what corn is but no mules nor darkies nor turkey buzzards nor watermelons. He turned on his heel at Milan, having seen the wonderful cathedral there and noted the difference between Catholic Italy and bonny England or happy, contented Germany.

He came back by Mont Blanc, Berne, Geneva. "We thought the ascent of the Alps unutterably grand," he wrote, "as we came in from Italy, but language fails me to describe the miles on miles that followed. Every combination to thrill the heart of an enthusiast over nature was there. The snow-covered mountains, tremendous cliffs, waterfalls till it was weariness to count them, beautiful lakes—(Zug and Lucerne), quaint, high-perched villages, sharp eyries for the eagle, cliffs and crags and boulders, plains strewn with mighty masses of brecchia, foaming torrents, the

quaintly dressed people, the oft-recurring tunnels—so that we would dash out of a mountain to hang for a few moments in dizzy space and then right into the darkness of night again. I never can forget this day's experiences! I have walked where God has wrought His miracles of power, and I have seen the stupendous works of man made in the image of God."

Thence to Paris, where he found letters from home! In Paris he, by chance, wandered into the Catholic church from which the tocsin for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew sounded. "No wonder I felt ill at ease!" he exclaimed later. Of Paris he says, "I have seen no court-house like the Hotel de Ville of Brussels; no cathedral like that in Milan; no museum like that in London; no street as picturesque as Princess Street in Edinburgh; no railroad so majestic as the St. Gotthard; yet Paris, in its way, is first of all the cities I have seen,—but the women are only men in France."

And thence home: "The first sight that greeted my eye was a darky! the next was a great fruit store and plenty of bananas! And the streets were so muddy! And oh, what immensity of telegraph wires! and what a variety of architecture!"

And the next thing to greet him was news of the earthquake! Charleston had been severely shaken and the whole Appalachian Seaboard felt tremors of greater or less severity for months thereafter. At Clinton there had been no damage but much fright.

He had a royal reception at the first prayer-meeting after his arrival. He found that Mr. Scott had finished painting the McCormick Home and that the plastering on the second floor of the college building was finished. He wrote the story of the Great Trip in the little

diary with its memory leaves of flowers brought from Europe, hawthorne from Stratford on Avon, a leaf from Shakespeare's tree, pressed flowers from Brunig Pass and Mont Blanc, an ivy leaf from old Heidelberg, and settled down to sermons, and funerals, and weddings, and endeavouring to raise money to finish plastering another floor of the college and to feed and clothe little orphan children in the name of Jesus.

His college opened on September 22d with seventy pupils! It pleased him and he exclaims: "I have a greater and heavier work to do in this college than even in the orphanage!"

Perhaps he was thinking of Oxford and Heidelberg.

And having seen and measured both he had not despaired.

XVI

NOONDAY

He, a greedless man and needless,
Sanctified the sod,
For a deedless church and creedless
Struck, with budded rod,
In a heedless world and redeless
Glowed with God.

ON March 15, 1887, Wm. P. Jacobs was forty-five years old and at the height of his physical and intellectual power. For twenty-three years he had been the pastor of the Clinton Church. It had been the sword wherewith he had struck for his ideals. He had been labouring with no instrument not universally possessed nor was his God a new one. Yet things had kept happening with him that were and are exceedingly uncommon; though they always happen under the same conditions. It was the old story of the laboratory experiment which may be performed with equal certainty in Clinton or London if only the same reagents are used. In the clear white light of his midday sun we may well look upon this character, so utterly unique and so amazingly blessed of God, asking of the record an explanation of his power and remembering that God plays no favourites.

We sketch briefly the movement of his personal history during this noonday period from 1887–1894 inclusive. As 1889 opens we find him writing from his

new desk in the printing office, calling that day a "Stathmos in my journey towards the great work of the future, my literary and theological efforts." This was his one beautiful dream that he did not ever find time to realize. Gifted with a pen that could write with either tears or blood he used it in winning bread for his orphans, life for his college and souls for his church.

"I have been very busy all this month," he writes, "answering letters received for the orphanage. I love this work. It is intensely practical but the Master seems to have appointed me to it. I would rather be engaged upon literary work, work which would require more freedom from interruption than I get now, where so many people want to see me on all sorts of things and so many odds and ends of jobs have to be attended to. But I must begin. The years are speeding by. I am reading a good deal, mainly travels and lighter theology and history. It rests me to read such and gives me bright, fresh ideas for Sunday work."

In April his daughter surprised him with the news of her engagement to Mr. Wm. J. Bailey, son of his lifelong friend, M. S. Bailey. "Am I growing old?" he asks. "Am I soon to have a daughter married?" The following month he was sent as a commissioner to the Assembly in St. Louis where he was plunged into the midst of the intense debate on Organic Union with the Northern Church. Shortly after his return his son Ferdinand was graduated from his college. "How quickly time passes," he murmurs. "Eternity will soon be here!" The year is filled out with the customary duties in church and orphanage and college. In September he writes:

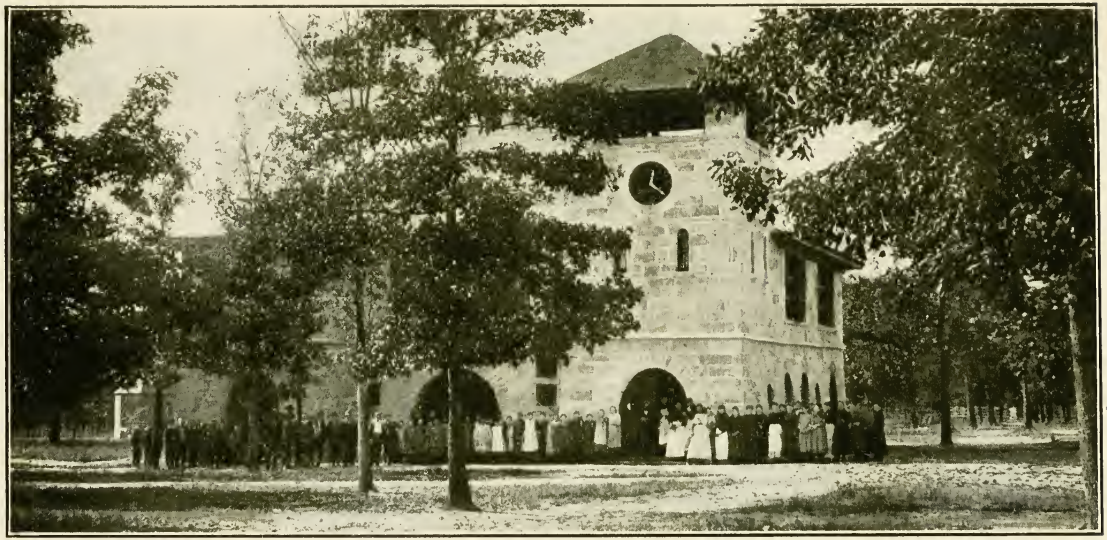
"Our college has opened splendidly. We have ninety already and the probability is for a still greater increase of patronage. I am sure that we will have over a hundred this year. In the orphanage and college there are now nearly one hundred and fifty young people. This is a large number for me to be responsible for. I have a noble field for work. How often I recall the talk with Dr. G—— in 1873, when he tried to convince me that I should seek a broader field of labour than poor little Clinton, and I replied that their souls were as much worth saving as any, anywhere. Blessed be my Master, who has rewarded me and is doing for me more abundantly than I dared then to ask. And there are yet things before us,—what, I cannot say, but there is growth for my little church in every department."

As the year closes he is already seriously considering the advisability of giving up his church work and devoting all his time to "The Church of the Fatherless."

As the following year opens he speaks of prospects brighter than ever and of harder and better work. But soon calamity is upon him. In March Mr. W. B. Bell, faithful elder and long-time treasurer of both church and orphanage, died. President Smith resigned his position at the head of the college. Mr. Watts left the management of the orphanage farm. North Carolina began talking of emulating his example by founding an orphanage of their own, thus cutting off his income from that great Synod. "God speed them," he prayed. In March he devoted six hours of each of four days to writing the story of the orphanage in a little booklet, "The Lord's Care;" and in April he is delighted over the reception of his son Ferdinand as a candidate for

the gospel ministry by the Presbytery. On May 28th the corner-stone of Memorial Hall was laid. It was a new triumph and responsibility towards which his attitude was,—"What a call the Lord's blessing is to an increased activity. . . . I can do anything with Thee to strengthen me!" By the middle of August he had secured a new president for the college, Prof. J. W. Kennedy, and on September 12th his daughter was married.

In the very first month of 1889 he bought five shares of building and loan stock which he calculated would amount to $1,000 by 1896, when he was hoping to enjoy "the one great pleasure of my life—a trip to the Holy Land." In April he was happy over giving his second son, States, to the ministry. That same spring came the first serious break in his health. His general condition was bad and his throat failed. It was necessary to have an operation on it and for months thereafter he was prohibited from speaking publicly. He gave up Rockbridge permanently. In May he dedicated Memorial Hall and that same day he received a telegram from Mrs. McCormick offering another building. What a contrast to those three long years of anxious struggle during which he painfully collected the money for his first building. In June Erskine College conferred on him the degree of D.D. In September his dream of many years is beginning to be realized and Clinton seems in a fair way to get another railroad. In September he is sick in bed and for the first time in twenty-five years failed to get to Presbytery. Ferdinands Sr. and Jr., his father and son, filled his pulpit for him. Grading on the big new railroad began, the splendid trunk line, the Georgia, Caro-



Memorial Hall

lina and Northern, that was to connect New York and Clinton and Atlanta, but it was not so wonderful a day as when the little Laurens railroad ran up to the very heart of Clinton in that other miracled hour of the long ago.

On January 6, 1890, Prof. W. S. Lee, his splendid coadjutor in the high school and college, died, and in March Dr. Boozer was critically ill. One night the prayer-meeting interceded mightily for his recovery. On the way home the pastor stopped by his home and was told that a sudden change for the better had just taken place. He steadily recovered. In April our orphanage and college builder is planning a modern stone church building for his flock, costing not less than $20,000, with electric or gas lights and every modern convenience. Such was the result of the days of struggle to get enough money to paint the Sunday School room. In June he notes happily his son Ferdinand's success in raising funds for the erection of a new college building. The same month his second son, States, is graduated from college, and with his diploma wins the Essayist's Medal. By this time Clinton has a full thousand inhabitants!

In July came his visit to New York and Niagara, which he "did" thoroughly though his ill health prevented the fullest enjoyment. Upon his return the new railroad (the "G. C. & N.") was running its engines into town. "God grant that it may be for His glory and the good of His cause here," was his prayer. The Christmas Sabbath of that year saw his son States preaching for him. "God help the lad," he prayed. Eight of his members were now studying for the ministry!

In February of 1891 he received a heavy blow in the death of President J. W. Kennedy, whose splendid ability and great popularity had steadied the work of the college. The same month his son Ferdinand was chosen professor of Biblical and religious literature in the institution. He notes this with pleasure, remarking that in certain lines the boy had greater abilities than his father. In May he dug the foundation for the Nellie Scott Library at the orphanage, and in July was nursing States who had come down with typhoid fever in Bishopville. On September 9th he married Ferdinand to Miss Elliott Duckett of Clinton.

In 1892 he entered upon his fiftieth year of life, which found him busy finishing the Nellie Scott Library and beginning the Technological School for Boys. In April his friend, Gus Smyth, wrote pledging two thousand dollars for the Augustine Home, a memorial to his little son. The autumn brought a delightful trip to Barium Springs Orphanage, the new institution of the Synod of North Carolina, modelled after and inspired by Thornwell, where he dedicated two buildings, receiving a beautiful tribute of thanks from the Synod of North Carolina for his touching address. Shortly afterwards he established the Mission Training School at the orphanage for the purpose of efficiently training young women for foreign and home mission work.

On his fifty-first birthday he was happy over the purchase of the *Southern Presbyterian* by a company of his own congregation and its removal to Clinton. This event completed the making of his town the Presbyterian center of the state. The little village

church had indeed become a tower of strength even as he had prayed and planned.

On July 9, 1893, he appeared on the streets of Clinton for the first time on his bicycle, a machine which for the next decade was to be invaluable to him in his pastoral visiting as well as orphanage work where the covering of distance without buggy, horse or automobile was necessary. On August 17th he visited the World's Fair at Chicago, continually on the lookout for new ideas that might help Clinton or the orphans. On November 30th he buried Mr. Green, the last link remaining of his official corps of thirty years before, and the same autumn organized the first class of the New Mission Training School with a membership of three, Miss Ella Bell, Miss Janie Duckett and Miss Maggie Burleyson.

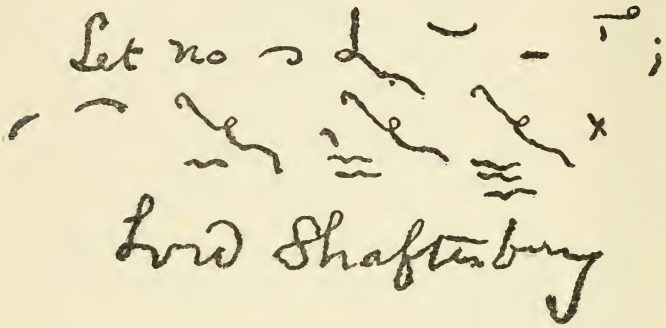
Eighteen-ninety-four found him busy gathering funds for the purchase of a Babcock press with his son Dillard in charge of his printing office and serving as general assistant in all the other orphanage work. He was delighted with "the way the lad takes hold."

The death of his father on March 11th was the great sorrow of the year, which was not without its other sore trials. In September he united his youngest sister, Bessie, and Prof. Chas. E. Little of the Peabody College for Teachers in wedlock, and in November travelled a thousand miles to preach one sermon, dedicating the new church of his son States at Columbus, Mississippi.

In all these years he kept hard at work on matters large and small. "To be holy, to be useful, to be wise, I am after these three!" he declared, and when troubles assailed him in church and orphanage and during this

period, especially in the college, he wrote in his little memorandum book the famous words of Shaftesbury: "Let no man despair in a good cause; let him persevere, persevere, persevere!"

Such were the simple, ordinary events of noonday



life told as a chronicle. There would appear to be nothing remarkable about them. But there was.

Take for example an ordinary day's work. Let him tell the story of it: "This day, rose in a heavy rain; read the Word; then breakfast and worship; letters written; proofs corrected; articles for *Our Monthly;* got Ferdie off for Princeton, N. J.; then a visitor, next —three hours' session of the faculty; dinner; the sick children all visited; the workmen started on two buildings; a visit to our dying Brother Milner; then to Mrs. Jones'; then to Mrs. Vance's and Florence; then to see Hale Shands who is very ill; then to the college and Memorial Hall; supper; took the children to the Baptist Church; after that, a call at the McCormick Home, and at 10 P. M. answered a summons to see Mr. Little's dying child; numberless other little things.

That is a sample of my day's work, and I am still entertaining a house full of work, and enjoying my vacation!"

This again, while perhaps a trifle fuller day than those of most men, would seem to the casual observer to have nothing unusual in it.

But there was.

For when we examine it carefully, it is as if a microscope were turned on common sand and a million diamond-brilliant surfaces appeared.

"I asked the Lord," he writes on one such day, "the first day of this week, to direct me by an act of Providence, as to whether a certain matter I had committed to Him would be cared for by Him, and whether I must trust that His disposition of it would be for my good, the good of His work committed to me, and of all concerned. I asked Him to give His answer—yes—by sending me this week some special sum of money at such time and in such way as that my mind would be surely convinced.

"On Monday, Tuesday, no such evidence came.

"This day, the 20th, is also the twenty-second anniversary of my marriage. It is the very day that I expected the business to be settled. This evening I received three letters enclosing $20, $20 and $20.22 respectively. This and no more. I consider it a wonderful and exact answer to my inquiry and hence whatever the cause of events may be as to the business I put under His care, I shall say—Deus, lux mea, Salvator meus. Dirigit mihi vias."

And when we examine the results of such days they seem equally amazing, for in this forgotten crossroads village philanthropy and education and religion have

found such growth as already to have attracted the attention of the State and the Church.

"God has blessed me wonderfully," he gloats as if over old gold, "in turning the thoughts of so many of my young people to the gospel ministry. Nichols Holmes, just licensed, was first a member of my church. Dent Brannen, Sam Fulton,—just ordained for Japan, Clark Jennings, Ed Milner, my own son Ferdie, all those within the year past, and now I hear that Sam Byrd, Darby Fulton, Willie Jennings all have the same under advisement. . . . O God, direct them and enable me to advise them aright. . . . How earnestly I have desired to make the orphanage a great medium of entrance to the ministry and the college its co-worker. The Lord is giving me my desires. Who could doubt such a God?"

All this can have but one meaning: that there is in life, in nature, in history an Organizing Power whose purpose is definite and whose will is ascertainable. This Power is specially benevolent to those who seek to know and do His will. All that He has made, He is, and He is infinitely more conscious of us than we are of Him. Included in His purpose are all events of our tiny lives and the thoughts of myriad planets like and unlike ours, for He is as infinitely little as He is infinitely large. His are the thoughts, the emotions, the deeds of all mankind. He is the fear that we have of Him and the love we feel for Him. He is the prayer we breathe for help and the answer to that prayer as He is also the anxiety that it might not be answered. All these are but parts of His Providence in which He has ordained the singular law that certain answers always follow certain prayers. Note the beauti-

ful circle of it: To a chosen soul He gives a great desire, the expression of which is toil and prayer and faith that the dream may come true. That is why faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. Its coming true is regarded as the *answer*, the part that God played in the affair. It was all His.

And the fine object of it is not to build churches nor orphanages nor colleges but souls. He seems to be ever trying to make something in His own image. All His rewards and punishments point to that end. Such are all answers to prayer, including those so quick and vivid as to seem to be words spoken from heaven. By them He reveals Himself, setting His stamp of approval upon certain types of character and conduct. He seems to delight in our watching Him and becoming conscious of His presence in our and all affairs. This is what is called "seeing God," who is just as visible as the wind and as audible as the storm and as tangible as the tornado.

So we come to the purpose of this book which is to view a soul whom the Power signally favoured, from which favour we may argue approval and from which approval we may take example.

XVII

THE SOUL OF A SOLDIER

How like to her who ventured to the door
Of Persian palace, driven and afraid,
Not knowing how she for the times was made
To wield the sceptre that she trembled o'er.

THERE came a little child once to the Thornwell Orphanage and wandered over the beautiful wooded grounds and through the happy comfortable homes. She heard the matron's motherly words and the sweet laughter of the children. She saw the whirring machinery in the Tech and the pretty exhibits in the Museum, and watched the boys and girls thronging the schoolrooms and playgrounds. She felt the wonderful spirit of love and sympathy everywhere and learned of how a Father's hand provided for His own each day their daily bread. And over all and in all this beautiful mechanism of love she discovered "Doctor," who raised the money and directed the life and interpreted the meaning of her wonderful new found world, and one day, that her conviction might be verified, she asked of a teacher the question: "Is Doctor God?"

A wise teacher would have pondered that illuminating question a long, long while and then answered:

"Yes."

To do things is wonderful but to see God in them is a surpassing glory.

What is the interpretation of it all, from the standpoint of Jehovah, if a man may write so boldly? It was not for the sake of this particular orphanage surely, that such things were done as we have seen and shall see and such as our little wanderer saw. Other orphanages dot the land—they are common enough—filled with children as much His as those at Thornwell. He is no more interested in those at Clinton than others elsewhere. The key lies in the goal of life which is to know God. It would seem that He is ready to reveal Himself to those who are fit for that revelation. It is a matter of spiritual condition containing certain proportions of faith, loyalty, love, prayer, purity, persistence, power and an utter abandonment of selfishness. This is the problem in spiritual mathematics difficult, but soluble. The objects involved are incidental only. It may be worked out in orphans or college students or dollars or conversions indiscriminately just as the same rule holds in addition whether it concerns oranges or grapefruit.

For example: when we read the following paragraph in a man's diary we know we are viewing a certain type of soul.

"I have been much worried about our college lately. The teachers certainly have not the spirit of faith. They tell us expressly that they are looking for money and unless they can get the money they will not serve us. That lot had better arrange to leave. O Lord, send consecrated men and women here.

"I have served the people of Clinton for twenty-five years without demanding a guaranteed salary and all has worked well."

We are impressed, as the story of this midday period

of life is revealed, with the attitude of this soul to all that he saw. For example, knowing how long he had looked forward to seeing the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, we can sympathize with this sigh of relief:

"I rejoice that the World's Fair is to be closed on Sunday. I can go now. I would not have done so with a good conscience otherwise. In fact, I could not have agreed to go at all."

Such feeling did not spring from narrow-mindedness but from a loyalty to his chief, so intense as to eliminate all joy in persons or things who were slackers. And note the last sentence in this paragraph from his diary:

"The crowd was simply immense. It was the biggest crowd I ever saw or ever expect to see again—165,681 paid admissions, besides 30,000 free passes. Possibly over 200,000 in all. It was human heads as far as the eye could reach. I am simply overwhelmed by the massiveness of the multitude. What will it be in God's great day!"

When that sad morning came on which he learned of the death of his father there came with it another opportunity to look down into the deeps, as the great waves swept the ocean's bottom on their parting, and see the foundations of his life. See how naturally though sorrowfully his thoughts wend their way towards the throne:

"On yesterday morning at Sunday School, with 250 pupils and teachers around me, I was stunned by a telegram handed me, by whom I know not, telling me that on Sabbath morning at 12:30 my dear old father was suddenly summoned to his glorious reward.

"I am so, so sorry to part with him. No man on earth is as dear to me as he is, and yet I could not call him back. His work on earth is ended and now he has gone to his exceeding great reward. Dear old Father, how tenderly I loved you! It is very hard to think that I will see you and speak with you no more on earth. My heart yearns to you. Alas! Alas! Little thought I when we parted in Atlanta after that evening meal, that we were to meet no more this side of the eternal throne. But I shall meet you there, my father. The wheels of time's chariot fly swiftly. I am already on the down grade and the way will seem very short when it is all over. Lord, help me to live that I may know how to die."

Three years before he had visited Yorkville, his birthplace, where his father had lived and toiled, founding the Presbyterian Church there, from which he went to accept the professorship of Mathematics and Astronomy in Oglethorpe University. Of this visit he says:

"I spent one evening in hunting up the sites in Yorkville connected with my infant days. I found the house where I was born, the one in which Father taught school, the one in which he boarded when first he went to Yorkville, the Bratton house in which my mother died, the court-house where Father preached when first he began his work, the little old church which was built first, where I was baptized by God-fearing Bishop, and the house (Mr. Simril's) where I spent a year after Mother's death. It is surprising that so many of these houses remain. They interested me deeply."

"I was told by Brother English that mine is the first

name occurring on the baptismal record of the Yorkville church and that those early records are in Father's handwriting."

"I have a good father," he had once written in his journal when, in boyhood days, he had received some simple favour from his hand. It was always a pleasure to the son to know that the last summers of the father's life had customarily been spent with him in Clinton, his "Summer Home." Thither he would come from Nashville in the late spring, bringing the gentle benediction of a kindly holiness to the many who waited annually for his coming with "Grandma." When the bonds of fourscore tied him to the armchair he loved, he would sit for hours reading his Greek Testament or some volume on metaphysics or astronomy and at intervals tell stories to his grandchildren. It was from his gracious lips that one of them heard first of Oglethorpe University and her former glory, of her wonderful quarter-century of service until her death at Gettysburg, of her great white Doric pillars and beautiful chapel and orrery by which any student might see for himself how God twirled His planets about the sun. And though they were spoken in the last hour before sunset those words yet abide in light.

It is interesting also to note the attitude of our country pastor to his Synod when in his opinion the Synod was wrong. Never a word of criticism or rebuke, only that quiet determination: "They shall not pass!" All Synods, Presbyteries, Assemblies, and other church courts were to him sacred means to an end, but ever only means. And so when the Synod declined his college, knowing that the thing he had made was the gracious handiwork of God, he wrote:

"Brother Murray brought up the college and tried to get it 'adopted' but failed. I think it best to leave that matter alone. We had better trust in the Lord than the Synod of South Carolina."

And of a similar sort was the man who could face a fierce ecclesiastical contest thus:

"Organic union has been the one all-absorbing topic at this Assembly. It is going to convulse our whole church and I fear rend it with violence and passion. S——, P—— and others are bitter in their opposition to it and proclaim their purpose to tear the church in pieces rather than to submit to it. This is not the spirit of God.

"My own views are that if the Northern Church will yield to a plan for a separate African Assembly and will clearly assert the unpolitical character of the church, I can conscientiously unite with them, but in the meanwhile, so great are the obstacles in the way, when the question comes up in the Presbytery I will vote against it, believing that more effective work can be done by two Presbyterian denominations than by one. Lord, save Thy church from disaster."

And when a country pastor spends a month among the great, wealthy churches of New York City and comes back with so fine a difference in his heart as he hereinafter expresses, we recall that Moses, Elijah and Paul were taught of God in the Wilderness:

"One thought has forced itself on me, that the pastors (in New York) have circumscribed spheres of labour, do not go outside of it, and when the three or four hundred who are in their care leave the city, their homes are empty and they go too; while hundreds of thousands of practical heathen surge past their church

doors. Surely there is some better way than this and by the grace of God I am determined to count every man, woman and child in Clinton as under my care unless I know him to be a Methodist or Baptist. The strangers who go to church I will care for. So help me, oh, my Father."

And with what words should we describe the broad-minded charity of the man who could say "God speed them" when a group of leaders separated a whole wealthy and liberal state from among his supporting synods as he did time and time again when other orphanages sprang up like sturdy little oaks around the parent tree? He took delight in them as if it were good that God should work as mightily through others as through himself. He was not even jealous when the Baptists, many of whom had been supporting Thornwell, established their own institution. Of this he writes:

"The Baptist Orphanage is to be located at Greenwood. It will be near and I will often have the privilege of visiting them. There is a need for it and I think it will rather tend to increase the zeal of Presbyterians for our work here."

But we are certainly getting a "close up" on the very heart of a man when we find that he considers his children as well as himself the property of God. They were given to him but he immediately gave them back. When his God called his two oldest sons to the ministry delight was in his exclamation, "I have two more boys, O God, take them also!" He seemed to be so pleased with his life of poverty and sacrifice that he would have his children enjoy them as if he had found some sweet compensation that he would have them

also taste. When his son, States, was taken with typhoid fever he wrote:

"I am sitting in the Phœnix Hotel, Bishopville, Sumter County, looking out on level fields and a few frame buildings in the foreground. It is God's holy Sabbath. This morning I preached to the Bishopville Presbyterians in the town hall. But it was not for that I came here. States is ill with typhoid fever and I am summoned to be near him. His case is not, by any means, a very bad one, but it is slow and the disease is insidious, but I long ago put my children in God's hands. They belong to Him. I trust them to Him, even while I pray most earnestly for their recovery. I learned when little Ida died that there were worse things than death. Nevertheless, Almighty Father, give my boy a long and useful life."

So this interesting thing happened that he was ever ready, by necessary sacrifice, to give his children anything that made for their spiritual, religious or educational welfare but he was no more interested in worldly glory or prosperity for them than for himself. His was a spirit of service to God and the less said about it the better. Consequently great honours came which he always looked on with suspicion lest he might seem to have sought them for himself or for his children. Hear him as he glories:

"I glory in the sorrows, trials and burdens of these eighteen months as well as in their rewards. Thou didst cause me to see great and sore travail but Thou hast also greatly comforted me. I have seen Thy work here prosper and I have come through much darkness into much light."

"O Lord, help me, I pray, and bless me and give

me peace as Thou seest I have need. Help me more and more to do Thy will. Help me to be a better man, to have more courage for my work, to labour with all my might. Thou art gracious in many things, Thou wilt be more gracious yet."

"Give me strength, Lord, it is my prayer. Give me a happy heart full of great joys in believing. In this will I have glory continually. Amen."

From all of which it will be seen that his idea of happiness was a combiuation of toil, sorrow, comfort, battle, victory, pain and reward but most of all service of God. He thought it pleasanter to be with God in trouble than without Him in joy. He had long since given himself away, now he could give those he loved:

"I was very busy all of last week attending Presbytery at Laurens. It was particularly interesting to me, as during its progress Ferdie was ordained to the gospel ministry. The same week States was examined and will shortly be ordained pastor at Edgefield Court House by the South Carolina Presbytery. Both my boys will take their first seat in Synod in their old home, Clinton. God be with them. I have two other sons that I have given Thee, O Lord." . . .

"Cornwell Jennings, one of my orphan boys, was also received. So two of my orphan boys are now in process of manufacture as preachers of the Gospel."

And then later:

"It is very good indeed of my dear Lord to accept Thornwell as a candidate for the ministry. My heart is full. I have been grateful beyond expression that my children have grown up in that faith. To train them without a mother's tender care is no easy task, especially when other such great causes have rested on

me. God be praised for His goodness to me in this thing. It is in answer to prayer."

It was inevitable that, having given himself and all he had away, there should come times when he needed much help. Yet in all the thirty-two volumes of his closely written diary, covering the whole long period from 1858–1917 inclusive, there is no record of his ever offering a prayer for his own advancement in glory or wealth. But for others he was such a beggar as God loves. And his theory of prayer was not one of beautiful coincidences but of personal answer to definite appeal.

"I have another wonderful story to relate," he writes in 1892. "Last evening I was greatly troubled over our receipts for the support fund. We were $130 behind our receipts for March of last year and but a few dollars received since ten days ago. Last night I carried my trouble to God and I prayed in this way,—'Lord, men say that there is no use to ask special things of Thee and to set a special time; they would discourage even Thine elect from prayer. Lord, give me a hundred dollars to-morrow and make our receipts for this March equal those of last March. I do not ask this, Lord, to test the power of prayer. Grant it, and my poor faith will be made stronger. Refuse it, and it will be all right, my Master. But, O Lord, for Thy poor children's sake, refuse it not.'"

"*The first letter received this morning contained a one hundred dollar bill.*

"Another wonderful coincidence? Not so, my Master, there is no chance in this life. It is all law and order."

This was an example worked out in dollars. We turn to another worked out in souls.

"I earnestly prayed God a few months ago that the result of my year's work, as it is the fiftieth of my life, would be the addition of fifty members. Blessed be His holy name. The prayer has been answered and more than fifty have been granted me. This is another special and peculiar answer to prayer. This is the first year in my ministry that I have received so many. But God has answered so many of my prayers that I know not how to remember with special and solitary instances."

This story was written in December, 1891. The next chapter was penned in January, 1893.

"On Friday night, the last night of Dr. Guerrant's services, and before any one had expressed a purpose to become a Christian, I suddenly remembered my prayer of last year to God to give me fifty souls in commemoration of my fiftieth anniversary. Then it occurred to me to say, 'Why not again now?' Is it too much to ask? Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?' I remembered that twenty-four had thus far been joined with us this year, and so I said to God —'Lord, give me the other twenty-six to be added to these.' Was it an accident that at the meeting of the session yesterday morning just *twenty-six* were received on profession of faith? Oh, Abraham, thou mightest have saved all Sodom, hadst thou but dared one more peradventure."

It is well to get his own mental attitude towards these and similar incidents.

"How wonderful are God's dealings with my church," he exclaims, "in the past year. We received our sixtieth member yesterday and I think there will be more next year. For two successive years this little

church is to be at the head of the roll for members received in our Synod! My pastorate is bringing forth 'fruit in old age.' Then how glad to be able to say that no other church in our whole Southern Assembly has so many candidates for the ministry as mine! Blessed be my Master. It is hard to realize that this is the little mission church of thirty years ago. Work and the blessing of God and perseverance towards a prescribed end have done it, but mainly the blessing of God. I want every day to thank Him. He has made my life a marvellous success, along the line I chose! And I feel that He will be with me in all things till Jesus comes."

We have here then a man who believed in prayer very much as he believed in language and never discounted it as the means of communication between spirit and Spirit. Had some one referred to his answers as beautiful coincidences he would doubtless have smiled and suggested that it was just as difficult to arrange beautiful coincidences as it is to answer prayers. Really, what is the difference?

Being convinced of this stupendous thing who that knew him would not have known that sooner or later he would turn his beautiful instrument, like a revealing telescope, upon the stars. From the boyhood days to the very end he had but one great passion, the longing for the Eternal Life. But so much sweeter and deeper are his own words that none others should obscure their beauty:

"I can truly say that there is no earthly prospect that I ever set for a moment over against the promised glory. My desire for health and life is that I may do God's will and advance His cause. Sometimes I feel

as if the promise of eternal life were too good to be true, too wonderful, too soul thrilling; and I am cast down with fears that I may not inherit it, but I feel sure of one thing, that my fears are born of an intense yearning that the promises of the blessed book may be realized in my case. Lord, give me surcease of these useless fears, and best of all give me daily proof, as Thou hast in the past, that Thou carest for me."

And next we find an astonishing thing. It was as if a man with a newly discovered telescope were to turn it for the first time on the abyss of space asking of Neptune, "Art thou there?"

Did he long to know whether he should live again, and would God answer prayer? Then why not ask Him?

"Three months ago I asked the Lord to assure me of eternal life by doing four wonderful things for me. First, to restore my health, and this He has so far done that I seem to myself to be whole and well; second, to free the college of debt, and this also He has done by removing every cent of indebtedness and leaving a balance in the treasury; third, by doing some wonderful thing for the orphanage; His reply was to give me $1,000 endowment, $350 for the clock and $3,000 for the Harriet Home, to give *Our Monthly* its largest receipts and the whole orphanage work $14,000; fourth, to bless my church in some special way and *since* then He has had five of my young men (one, my own son) enter the ministry (and He hasn't done yet!). It seems to me that I have the clearest right to believe, First, that God hears my prayers; second, that He has in store for me eternal life, and greater privileges and blessings than these can no man ask. As to the mercies

of this year, they are beyond measure. My heart magnifies her Lord and makes her boast in Him!"

"I have been studying for two years the ministry of prayer," he writes later. "Two years ago it was my own life that seemed endangered and then how eagerly I studied things about the hereafter. It was a problem over which I fought—this problem of eternal life—and the real presence of God with believers. I can truly say that I gained much light but there was much yet to learn. For three weeks, alas, I have been in constant prayer for the life of the two girls, Lula and Maggie. All was going against them and me, and I had an idea half formed that I was not to be heard. I pled by every thought I could conceive that God would help me. And God did hear me. On the 26th the tide began to turn. But that day, suddenly, our little Ida was cut down. The work was quickly done. I hardly had time to cry 'Lord, spare my child!' But the Lord had meant that child's death to be the great lesson that I needed. She did not *die*, she was *translated!* For while I sat by her, her little pale face lit up with the radiance of heaven. 'The angels have come into this room,' she said. I turned involuntarily to see them. 'They are passing over to the side of my bed, there by you. Oh, they are so beautiful, so beautiful, and they have come for me!' How can I describe the sweet peace that rested on the child's face? It was seraphic. Moreover it impressed me so utterly with the assurance of the reality of her vision that I was astonished at the dullness of my vision. The Master sent His shining ones to carry the little orphan home,—His own little child.

"So the Lord has given me at last what I have long

been seeking for. I have not found it in my heart to weep for little Ida though my tears have run in streams as I have recalled that scene. Nothing in all my life has so touched me. Henceforth, death will have been shorn of much of its terror. The Angels of God have stood by me, and lifted almost out of my arms their little treasure."

And so we find him at the noontide hour a man who loved other people—and especially God, and wanted to spend his life serving them, because his eyes were fixed on that far distant Why ? from which all philosophers and philanthropists have drawn their inspiration. The ultimate Goal of Things drew him from home to home in his pastoral calls and as he went his dreams dwelt in his words and his words won their sweet way into a heart or two here and there.

It is not that church or that college or that orphanage or that town that He is interested in. It is that spirit.

On the one side: safety, comfort, wealth, ease, glory; on the other: danger, trouble, poverty, toil, glory; thus does the shepherd-rod of God continually divide the sheep from the goats.

And in the heat of his midday burden, at the even age of fifty years, he sits down to write—of himself, his life, his experiences, his God. And this is what he says:

"I am this day fifty years of age. I cease to-day to climb the hill of life and start down the declivity. I have passed the 'dead line.' It is meet for me to pause here and make a few reflections and resolutions.

"I am not going to look backward to-day. Often have I done that in the past, measuring step by step

the work and way the Master sent me. I look forward and press on.

"I do not know how long I am to live. If it be to fourscore or even fourscore and ten, every day of it shall be spent in Thy service, O God. I am determined to know no rest till the end come.

"Every year I will begin new studies and undertake new works. I may die this day, but if I do not die till I am ninety, this I set to my seal, that I shall busy myself about my Master's work while I have my being. I may be in time laid aside from this or that sort of duty,—God only knows,—yet will I find some sort, so help me God and keep me steadfast.

"I find myself in fairly good condition physically to-day. The next ten years I will choose to make a better ten than those just behind me. Gray hairs are coming fast. Let them come. I will not care. But I must let in no droning, no whining.

"Yet I look forward to a goal. To live eternally with Christ is the unutterable longing of my soul! There is no desire that I have that is for a moment comparable with that. It is everything with me and as the years fly past the longing grows stronger and stronger. O God, all powerful! in Thine own good time grant me eternal life in Thy presence where there are *pleasures forevermore.*

"To-day, on the 15th of March, we opened the Nellie Scott Library and also threw out the foundation dirt for the Technical School.

"I received some pleasant souvenirs of my fiftieth birthday.

"Why should a man be counted old at fifty? For my part I feel that I can do better work than ever. I

notice that my imagination is not so brilliant, and that I am not as fond of using illustrations as I once was, but I prefer to hammer away at a given point till I get it sharpened for use.

"Neither am I afraid 'of that which is high.' My plans increase and enlarge in number. There are broader views to be taken of things and I love to take them. I find myself desirous of impressing my views upon large masses of men. Once I was content with bringing my little church to think with me.

"Still, I love this little town. I am delighted to see it grow and to know that I have given it two such institutions as the college and the orphanage. God has enabled me to prove that a faithful worker in a village church may make his little field a tower of strength to all the state. Moreover, the faithful win honour. I have no talent. I have only faithfulness and common sense."

XVIII

BUILDING THE NEW CHURCH

Aye, like to him who trusting, cast his net
As One commanded forth into the deep,
Wherein the master loves and yearnings sleep,
Wherewith the lines that lift the world are wet!

IN the mind of the minister there are few joys to equal the building of a House for God.

When, far back in the sixties, the city youth came to take up his work in the country village and saw the bare walls of his unattractive building there doubtless mingled with his sense of poverty a prayer and determination to erect, some day, a fitting temple for Jehovah. Just as we find him proposing to build a cotton mill ten years before the business men of the village took his advice, so from the beginning he yearned for an efficient and suitable church building.

Yet there was that about the old church raising its tall white spire so high as to overlook the beautiful oak grove in front, that would not let it go without a pang of grave regret. There, on July 13, 1862, the slight, boyish seminary student had, as if by chance, preached his first Clinton sermon. Thither he had come two years later to be their first pastor and the only resident minister of the only church in the village. Through the long black night of reconstruction days they had comforted one another in her pews and over old-fashioned communion tables until the dawn came even as the great book on the pulpit stand had promised.

Thither also he had first led his little family of orphans, then called "Jacobs' Folly," by day and by night, and thither his first "college boys" had gathered when his "college" was the joke of the state, and there they had found faith of such a sort that they were not dismayed. In that old wooden building great sermons had been preached and hundreds upon hundreds of souls converted, as the Power showed him how to take ordinary folks and make ministers and missionaries and professors and college presidents out of them, though it had to be done in what was called when he came to it: "The Hell-hole of South Carolina." So this little forgotten and forsaken country church had come to know and be known by all who loved high purpose and fine resolve and its very poverty of adornment emphasized its message. As the years passed over his head the temples of the young minister whitened and his eyes grew dim yet his youthful dream did not depart. He still craved that for which he had so long prayed and kept talking about it.

So one day in 1895 a woman died and left seven hundred dollars to "the new church."

The Ladies' Aid Society took it in charge and began adding to it. The old story was to be told again—faith—prayer—work. By 1899 he was writing in his diary, "but the special year's work shall be for the new church building."

So he began work and immediately found that to be true which the chorus in Antigone sang many centuries before:

> "One law holds ever good,
> That nothing comes to life of man on earth,
> Unscathed throughout by woe."

For there were those who wanted to move the church to another and, as they said, more central location, and to this the other part would not hear. "The new church will not be built in my time!" he exclaimed in dismay. In the Hotel Ingleterra, Habana, on March 15, 1900, his fifty-eighth birthday, he writes in his journal his surrender of the hope which he had cherished for a long, long while and considered this end of his life-dream a signal from above that the time had come to resign his church.

And all the while at his little home town the Power was working out His perfect plan. The ladies kept adding dollar to dollar. The men could not forget that picture he had drawn for them in stone. Soon the differences were amicably composed and on March 6, 1901, the first stone was laid in the foundation of the new church.

"I am a boy yet!" he exclaimed on the day he was fifty-nine. "I will make this my best year!"

And he just about did it. His little country church that was, now began to feel its power. They actually gave $2,000 for all regular causes during that year and $3,000 to the new church, the best year in its history!

And the following July, as if to remind him of the favour God had shown him, Miss Ibby Fulton, the last of the original members of his church, died at the age of ninety-four years. For himself he had just taken his first ride in an automobile and was saying, "It is very hard to make this young heart and old body of mine keep step with each other."

Three more long years were consumed in building that church and as regularly as the days passed the form of an old man now often tired and noticeably

gray was seen each afternoon passing in and out among the workmen, worrying over every detail and correcting anything that he found wrong. Dollar by dollar they raised the money to rear its granite walls and provide its oaken seats and at last it was ready for the meeting of the Synod of South Carolina in the fall of 1904.

It had taken nine years of active propaganda to do it and five years of hard toil and a whole lifetime of dreaming—which made it all the more meaningful and precious.

Then three more years passed and at last he wrote in his diary:

"By God's good grace we dedicated our church to-day. The total cost, including everything, was $21,-000. There remains $34 in the treasury! The day was ideal; the congregation crowded the church and schoolroom. Cornelson's sermon was good. And God has given me to-day the last one of my 'conditions' on which I based my purpose to remain as a pastor.

"1st. The church debt was paid.

"2d. The money for a mill pastor secured.

"3d. A church membership raised to four hundred.

"4th. My salary better paid.

"5th. Four hundred actually present at Sunday School.

"There were four hundred and sixteen (!) at Sunday School to-day."

All his life long he prayed and worked and then watched to see what would happen. Now beautiful things always happen under such circumstances. But does their beauty lie in the coincidence of request and

reply or in the object and the eye? Is the wonderful element in it the actual fact of answer or the ability to see that fact? What does it matter how many prayers God answers if nobody sees Him do it? A great author once said of his manuscript, "It may well wait a century for a reader as God has waited six thousand years for an observer!" This power to see God; to know Him; to glorify Him; to enjoy Him, is this not indeed the chief end of man?

Viewing this remarkable life that we have been studying, what finer truth may we say of it than that it was his delight to look for God.

And with the practised eye of the scout-master he discovered His familiar footprint in the forest of human affairs.

This was his glory that having a pure heart he saw God.

XIX

IN THE LATER YEARS

Ah, little brook, thy waves and mine
  Break ever towards the open sea,
Nor stone may bar, nor meadowed kine
  A hindrance be.
We beachward bear our portioned sand,
  The boom of breakers in our ear,
O Harbour of the Fatherland,
  He waits us, There.

THAT is indeed a singular law under which each generation raises monuments to the prophets of the past and crosses for those of the present, yet it has been followed by each age from the beginning. And the same spirit of hypocrisy is responsible in the one case as in the other. The leader inevitably calls down the curses of the blind upon his head. Not being able to see so far as he, they account his dreams as follies and his faiths as fictions. Afterwards when these have been wrought out in stone and mortar, in facts and successes, another generation gathers up the stones thrown at him and builds a monument over his grave. When the new leader comes who sees still further he receives the same treatment, first persecution then apotheosis. It is a habit of civilization.

With William Plumer Jacobs the days of persecution had passed and those of honour and emolument had come. He feared these far more than the former

years of insignificance and mockery though he welcomed the power and influence they brought and proceeded to coin them for his orphans. The little band of admirers he had in the beginning had grown to a great host of true friends. Once in the early years, a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, pastor of one of the large and wealthy churches of South Carolina, was jesting at Synod over "little Willie Jacobs' orphan house" which he was at that time beginning when a bystander said, "Doctor, you're the famous pastor of a great church now but that 'orphan house' will preserve his memory long after you've been forgotten!" In Clinton, during the early days, among his own supporters and friends was a wealthy scoffer whose son and daughter were later cared for by the orphanage their father had fought. And in a neighbouring town the man who had published in his paper the attacks and accusations of '79 was preparing to write a $5,000 legacy into his will for the orphanage, because a relative had received its help to such admirable advantage. Thus was wisdom being justified of her children.

Yet even the wisdom of the older man went not without question among the brethren. In 1895 he writes that "We offered our college to the Synod and were refused. Very fickle is the favour of princes and Synods!" He loved them, but, for help, he preferred God. And his preference was well founded, for wonderful things kept happening; "beautiful coincidences" following earnest supplication. In December of the same year, Mrs. McCormick gave $5,000 for the Edith Home, a memorial to her daughter. In April Mrs. Lees gave $2,500 to beautify and remodel the first building which now became the Lees' Home of Peace.

"I have never asked God for anything but that He gave it to me!" he exclaimed.

The following year his two sons, Ferdinand and States, bought the *Southern Presbyterian*, thus delighting his heart by increasing the prospect of its remaining in Clinton permanently. In May of '99 he located Riverside Cottage on the Enoree where for the following sixteen summers he was to spend many happy vacation hours with his children. That June the Virginia Home was progressing and the corner-stone of the Anita Home was laid, both gifts of Mrs. McCormick and both named for her daughters. And then when the year closed he found that God had given him seventy-five additions to his church, the most fruitful year of his ministry, to date, combining this spiritual blessing with the two new buildings at the orphanage, several gifts to the endowment fund, and the starting of his new church. Only the college failed to prosper, waiting for a turn of the tide. His health also troubled him, his voice having failed again but "I find that when I do my duty the Lord accepts it all the same," he notes, cheerily. The burden of building the new church bore heavily on him during this and the three succeeding years. He constantly hoped to preach his first sermon in it on the fortieth anniversary of his first sermon in Clinton (July 13, 1862). At the spring meeting of Presbytery he had the pleasure of introducing four of his orphan boys as candidates for the ministry.

The following year (1902) Mrs. Lees died, leaving $10,000 to the orphanage. This was the largest sum ever received up to that date. And then, on the thirtieth anniversary of his resolve to found the orphanage, Henry K. McHarg, learning of the work

through Judge A. A. Phlegar, a long time friend, gave $25,000 to the endowment! This, combined with other sums, made a thousand dollars for each year and as much as had been given to the endowment in all the previous thirty years! It was a great way to celebrate a courageous resolution of an unknown village minister. He who seeth in secret was rewarding openly.

The following year saw the same steady progress. It was also a year of travel and one of intense sorrow. During a trip to the U. S. A. Assembly at Los Angeles, one of his orphanage daughters was accidentally killed by an explosion in the steam laundry. The news of it was in the first letter he received on his arrival at the Assembly and he immediately left, too sad to take further part in the great gathering. The record of his sorrow in his journal tells how "Even the children on the train grew silent with wonder at the old man with tears running down his cheeks" as his train sped homeward.

In June he saw New York again and Northfield and New England, on a trip to perform the wedding ceremony of his youngest son, at that time his assistant in the orphanage, to Miss Maud Lesh of Newton Center, Massachusetts. His next trip was to the St. Louis Exposition the following year. Then came the singular catastrophe of two fires, the only two serious ones during his whole lifetime at the orphanage, one destroying Memorial Hall and the other the "Seminary," or Academic Building, both occurring the same month and within nineteen days of each other. But as they burned the sparks flew over the wires, and the hearts of the thousands of friends of Thornwell were fired also, so that soon Memorial Hall was built anew and a

more beautiful church took the place of the seminary. Such was the depth of the love they two had built in the hearts of their friends.

The following year, 1905, he was enabled to begin another building, the Georgia Home, built by Georgia friends, of Georgia brick and Georgia lumber, trimmed with Georgia marble, used by Georgia boys, and being a little piece of Georgia set down in Georgia love on the Thornwell Campus. While this was happening he was turning over to others the further control of the destinies of his college. The following Sunday he chose as his text, "I have loved Thee with an everlasting love." It hurt him greatly to think this severance was wise, and he wondered whether his resignation of the church should not follow.

The beginning of 1906 found him in Miami and when he returned the workmen began tearing down the old church building in which he had preached over forty years. Before the year had ended two good gifts came to him, one the McCall legacy enabling him to buy the old college building for his own Academic Hall, and the other assuring him of a new home for his orphans, the Silliman Cottage. His church also kept growing steadily, the morning services averaging over five hundred.

So the years passed, each being a record of progress, of prayers, and of blessed purposes fulfilled. The Hollingsworth Home and the Florida Cottage were the gifts of 1910, and in 1911 came the famous trip to Atlanta on which the entire orphanage went to take part in the Presbyterian Jubilee and give their many Atlanta friends an opportunity to see the children face to face. Of this journey he wrote:

"A very remarkable thing has happened. The orphanage has been transferred bodily. Herein is the mystery of modern enterprise! Great! It took, however, great preparation to get things straight. Matrons and children were all busy. And on Saturday (yesterday) morning we brought 240 of the household over on the Seaboard Air Line. A great crowd met them at the Atlanta Station. Five carloads of children poured out into the arms of their friends. It was a day of days! Fifty-two automobiles were there and in a very few minutes they were loaded with a happy, merry, joyous crowd and whirled out through Atlanta to Mr. J. H. Honours', miles into the country. There they had a splendid lunch tendered them, which they enjoyed to the full, and were thence distributed to their friends and to the sights of Atlanta. My resting-place was with Thornwell, whither I was taken by Mrs. Honour. Thornwell gave a reception that night —a supper. Dr. Burrell was there, who is to preach to-day, and my good friends Mr. Sam Inman, John Egan, Frank Inman, J. K. Orr, J. K. Ottley, Professor Matheson (President of the Tech), and others, and we sat up till 11:45. To-day I spent at the Central Church and Sunday School, and preached at the North Avenue Church to-night. . . .

". . . Well, we reached home last eve after a famous journey. We will never forget it. The Charleston trip of 1902 was a great one but the Atlanta trip was a greater, for our dear orphans were made much of in what was the greatest gathering of Presbyterians in the South. They occupied the platform (amazing thing!), they furnished most of the music, singing one piece alone. Thornwell certainly

arranged a fine program. I enjoyed Dr. Burrell's sermon greatly. I was on the platform and had the honour of pronouncing the benediction.

". . . In the afternoon we gathered for a special orphanage event in the Central Presbyterian Church, with nearly two thousand people present. The orphans filled the center tier of seats and their choir was the choir of the occasion. I conducted the exercises, drawing them out in Scripture passages and songs, and I gave the people the story of the founding of the orphanage. After the services we had a regular ovation, and not least of those who came up to give a loving grip were the old girls—Mary, Bessie, Lucy Feebeck, Jim Moffett (I hadn't heard of him for twenty years), Walter Chamblee, Lillian Nelson, and dear Cassie Oliver, Louise Happoldt, Kate Upchurch, Ella Harper, and yet others. God bless them. It was a day to be remembered in heaven. . . .

". . . The return trip was great. What a meeting we had in the waiting room at the S. A. L. in Atlanta—the singing—Dr. Holderby's prayer—the Ra, Ra, Ra's—and on the train, Conductor Seal decorated to the point of agony. Well, it is over, but the influence will long continue with the little folks."

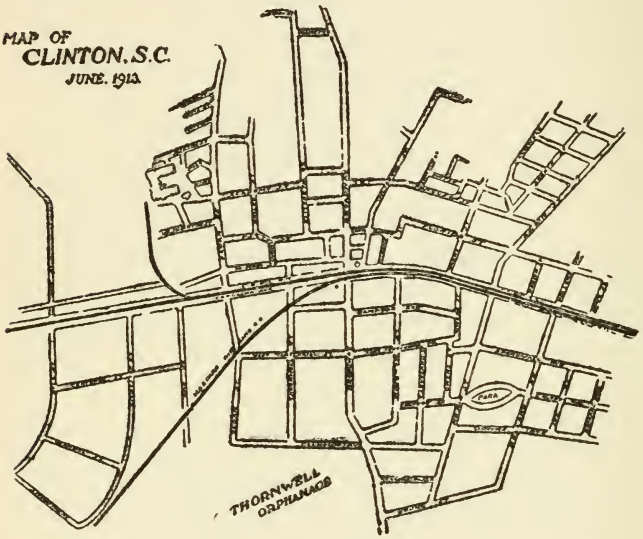
His eyes gave him increasing anxiety, but he kept praying for fifty souls during that year and received sixty. "I shall have to find some way of working without eyes or ears," he exclaimed, "but it will be a fight. I believe in fighting to the end!" The following year was made notable by the meeting of the Synod in his church. He was elected moderator and immediately resigned, being unable either to hear or see.

But neither prevented 1912 from being a notable year in the life of the orphanage. Beautiful among the days of that year was the one on which Mrs. J. H. Lesh gave the Lesh Infirmary where little orphan sufferers could be nursed back to life and health again. The Sam Jones Cottage, the Sherrard Cottage, and the Florida made the year a blessed one also. These all were being built or about to be begun on April 14th, that fateful Sabbath morning of the sinking of the *Titanic.* In the following May, on the memorable 28th, he assisted in installing his successor, Rev. Frank Dudley Jones, as pastor of his church, the story of which is reserved for later mention. The following year (1913) found him busy building the Lesh Infirmary, the Florida Cottage, and the Tom Jones Memorial Museum. The reader pauses as he notes this last to reflect upon the picture he recalls of a little boy in Charleston wandering through the aisles of the Museum there. He had gotten it at last!

In May, 1913, he was present at the great Pan Presbyterian Pentecost in Atlanta, opening the first union mass meeting of the four assemblies with prayer, meeting literally thousands of his friends and adding the blessing of his presence to that great gathering.

The year of the first World War came to injure his receipts and raised the cost of living for his three hundred children. It was the beginning of the last scene of his life drama. During a great war he had come to Clinton, and during a great war he was to leave, yet his faith shone out with the needed brightness. He immediately asked God for a notable gift during 1914 to bear witness of His continual and increasing love. Instantaneously the answer came but he knew it not.

A letter brought the announcement that a lady in Georgia had left $10,000 to the Synod of Georgia to found an orphanage in that state, and should the Synod not find the way clear so to do the entire sum was to go to Thornwell. All during the following year he kept worrying over this beautiful thing that God was



The Clinton of 1913.

doing for him. Was he about to lose the support of the generous hearted Synod of Georgia without whose help he saw no way to continue his orphan work on the present scale! He had asked for a notable gift and had received a notable calamity. So, at least, it seemed to him who did not know how the Synod of Georgia would decline to found another orphanage, loving Thornwell too well to subtract from her support. Thus a whole

state was to endorse the gift with her love. Down to Florida he was driven to heal the hacking cough that had seized him. "I am coughing all the time," he wrote, "but I am also thanking God for His goodness!" The death on July 12th of his adopted daughter, Mollie, saddened him greatly. He had not forgotten how his own mother had been adopted by the sainted Dr. Wm. S. Plumer, his own name bearing witness to it. Taken by and large it was a sad year and trying. A beautiful chapter in it was his presence in Atlanta on January 21, 1915, at the laying of the corner-stone of Oglethorpe University, taking part in the exercises and adding his blessing to that memorable occasion.

This institution, Oglethorpe University, might almost be spoken of as another school of his founding, for it was born of his spirit of service and faith and passed through the same dark hour of abuse and attack.

Founded originally in the thirties of the eighteenth century, for many years it had done its great work, numbering LeConte, and Talmadge and Woodrow, as well as his own father, among its teachers, and a host of able men among its alumni, including Sidney Lanier, one of the seven immortals of American literature. Destroyed by the war between the states, for a half century it had slept beneath the gray ashes of fratricidal strife until the work of refounding it was begun by his youngest son in Atlanta, that it might become the great Southern Presbyterian University, drawing its support and resources from and distributing its blessings to the whole South and nation. He saw in it no danger of rivalry to his own college but quickly gave it his money, his prayers and his support. It

took him far back into the past when he read the attacks made upon the infancy of this great enterprise. Having himself learned not to fear any form of ecclesiastical politics or institutional jealousy, he wrote to its young president not to be afraid and recalled, as if it had now become a blessed memory, the calumnies and slander that were once his portion. In *Our Monthly* (October, 1916) he set forth his own spirit of rivalry in kindness rather than jealousy, thus:

"We had the pleasure quite recently of being in a very great and wonderful audience of Presbyterian people. Over five thousand were present. The meeting was held in the Auditorium of Atlanta. It was an outpouring of the great Presbyterian forces in the most Presbyterian city in the South. Their purpose was to thank God for the opening of Oglethorpe University. Two hours were spent in exercises suited to the occasion. The President of the United States honoured the assembly with a special telegraphic message. The Mayor of the great city of Atlanta, himself the founder of a great university, was present and addressed the body. Our own theological seminary in Columbia, through its president, Dr. Whaling, brought greetings. Oglethorpe will become a feeder of this seminary. If those who kick at this institution had been present they would certainly have halted before they gave another kick. One cannot easily kick down a mountain. The Oglethorpe movement is growing. Its plans are magnificently beautiful. Its success is commensurate with the hopes of the founders. That it is to succeed is sure. Atlanta is behind the movement. Its people are gratified with the beginning of things. You will hear more of Oglethorpe.

"While in private conversation the president of Oglethorpe said that he regarded the Emory University as one of their greatest assets. It would help make of Atlanta a university city. It would naturally attract a large body of the finest men of the South to it, and would give to Oglethorpe a stronger hold on Presbyterian patronage. Hearing these things led us to think how utterly short sighted is institutional jealousy. When Thornwell Orphanage was founded it had the whole Southern Church at its back. Very naturally when another orphanage was started it cut off many interested friends from the number of its subscribers. The president of Thornwell felt for a little while that it was a pity the field should be divided. He knows better now. The fellowship and companionship of other institutions has given Thornwell a warmer place in the hearts of its patrons while the growth of the church has increased the number of its patrons many fold. As to the orphans, they are reaping the benefit. Every Synod in the South now has its institution either singly or in copartnership. A few churches and Sabbath schools in other than our own field still stand by Thornwell. Children come to us from at least ten different Synods. We get no help from beyond the waters but we do get help from almost every state in the Union. This is only a relic of our ancient inheritance, but we believe it is the blessing of God upon the fact that those who love and maintain the Thornwell Orphanage have laid aside from their hearts jealousy of others. *Institutions under the care of our Almighty Father cannot die. He will not let them live if they cherish malice, or hatred, or jealousy towards other workers in His own field.* This is the meaning of the

Master's saying 'Forbid them not; he that is not against us is for us.'"

This was one reason why he was so universally loved: no jealousy, no pulling of the wires of ecclesiastical politics, no packing of Presbyteries or Assemblies to carry action adverse to a rival; instead, a definite refusal to have a rival because of a great, generous heart that wanted to help, not to surpass his brother. Is it any wonder that, immediately upon his death, a fund was started at Oglethorpe to build a memorial to him into the life of the University of whose board of directors he had become a member. Thus shall it ever be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honour.

The following year saw the ending of many familiar companionships. "I find that I cannot see now to read at all," he wrote, "but I can preach. I did it twice to-day!" The last entry of his journal in his own handwriting is on November 14th. "Nearly blind," he records laconically. Afterwards came the operation for cataract on one of the two eyes they had dimmed, which was followed in turn by eight weeks of anxious watching for light that was not to come.

Through the story of these eventful years runs the golden thread of the Great Discovery. No pen may describe these happenings so well as his own, found here and there in his diary written in fresh and glowing words as he stood in the presence of the event itself. While they are of the same sort as the others elsewhere found in this story and are set down as only selected samples of many similar occurrences they form the chief value of all the outward triumphs of which

William P. Jacobs at various ages

they are the interpretations. Here are some of the more astonishing.

"Notwithstanding the pleasant absence from home and neglect of office work, and notwithstanding the heavy increase that I had in our receipts for the past four months, I find that already we are beyond $1,000 for this month and I still hope for a little increase. The exact prayer I offered was for $1,000 anyway, and for $1,200 if the Lord could give it. He has sent me $1,050 for support, $62 for machinery, $50 for furniture, making a total of $1,162, and one day yet to hear from. (Before Saturday ended I had received the $1,200.)

"Last month I asked the Lord for $1,200. He gave me $1,226. I have again to thank God for having, in a very peculiar manner, answered my prayers and such prayers that it seemed to me the direct result was this answer. I asked $888. He gave me, reserving the answer to the last moment, $913. The circumstances were such that this could not have been accidental. God's hand was in it and no other. I am satisfied.

"Three days ago I asked the Lord to cheer me with some large gift for endowment, and to put it then in some one's heart to give it. To-day I received the gift from a new source of $500 for the endowment! On the first day of June I asked for $900 this month for the support fund. I have already received it!

"God has already given me all I asked for July and more. It is wonderful how this blessed Lord remembers. He keeps me under the shadow of His wing. My prayers are utterly worthless as literary productions. I just go to God and say, 'Lord, give me $1,067 for this month,' and He gives me $1,167. That is all

there is of it. I always fix my request for more than I need and I always have given me more than I ask. I rejoice in the Lord. I glory in His holy name. I received $10.04 to-day. I received $86.25 yesterday. So it comes, in sums great or small.

"On June 14th I prayed (see date) for $1,000 from some source for this cause. On July 14th, I received it! Well, God is good, and this is a wonderful way that He has. Of course it was all 'accident.' Bosh! How can so many accidents happen? I have had thousands of these 'accidents' in my experience. Somehow or other they make me very happy. When I think about them I think of the almighty love that grants our accidents.

"The Lord answered a prayer for me yesterday that I had forgotten I had offered. Three weeks ago I asked that before February ended He would make the cash in hand $1,000, as we needed that to pay for the land we are about to buy. Yesterday He sent me the little balance of $65 needed to fill out the amount. How good God is!

"On the morning of the 19th I earnestly prayed God to send me through Mrs. McCormick $500 more for the Gordon Cottage. At that same hour she mailed a check to me for $500 for that purpose. I had not written to her for a month.

"I wonder if it would be possible for the dear Lord to give me $1,800 this month.

"I want to thank God for His goodness in showing me that it is possible to give me $1,800 I asked for and $98 besides, and that over and above all receipts from endowment this year set apart to a definite purpose.

"The Lord's name is to be praised. This morning I

had $1,500 in hand for the support fund. I was saying to myself—for once is my boasting vain! Alas, the Lord is rebuking the vain glory of His servant. When my mail came in it helped me wonderfully. There was a single check for $400 and others that brought me nearly to $2,300. Then there was a tap on the door. A young man asked to see me privately and handed me $300! I had received my $2,500—more than that. I had $175 returned to another fund that I had borrowed from to make out my $1,500. I turned over to the treasurer $2,675. In a single day I had received $1,175 as against $1,500 for twenty-nine days preceding. How wonderfully God has helped! He has always shown Himself to be marvellous in mercies. I rejoice in Him. But this is not all. I had asked the dear Lord that He would have the McCall legacy, which goes to our permanent fund, paid also. It came in promptly. It is with this sum that we will be able, if it is so determined, to purchase the old college building. So with this last day of November I am glad of heart. We had a fine gathering at the Thanksgiving service. Neville preached.

"Well, the Lord has dealt bountifully with me. He gave me the $2,500 I pleaded for. We closed the month with $4,300 in the treasury. It is a most mysterious thing He is doing in and through and for me. My heart is glad in Him. This year is a year of mercies.

"I want to thank God out of my whole heart for His most gracious answer to my prayer. He has sent me up to this moment $6,175 for the support fund. I prayed for $6,000 most earnestly. He has answered me with a large and liberal hand. Oh, how good God is! He certainly is good to me. I glory in His name. He

will do all things right and best. I also received $700 on the endowment, and $200 on the Georgia cottage fund, and $200 on other funds. In all $12,000 came into my hands. I understand that the college received a gift of $3,000.

"I earnestly desired $2,000 this month. I prayed and laboured for $1,500 and I got just exactly that. I wish I had faith to believe that I could get $2,000 in June, but I fear my faith is not sufficient. I will pray for $2,000 but confidently expect $1,500.

"God is dealing kindly with me and is giving me the $2,000. It is simply wonderful. I had no hope of getting this sum. It has just come streaming in.

"I thank God for $2,000 in June for the orphanage! He hath heard my prayer. Last year the June receipts were $1,346.

"The Lord marvellously answered one of my prayers yesterday, bringing to me a gift of $300 not only from the man I asked Him to move, and for the very sum I asked, but at the very time of the prayer. Incidentally this answer to prayer will bring the answer to yet another, for it will result in giving me this month the sum of money for which I petitioned our bountiful Benefactor.

"I found to my surprise and delight that the Lord had given me all I asked for and $10 more. I asked Him for $2,222. He gave me $2,232, for which I most gratefully thank Him. My heart is glad when I think how grandly He serves me. Why did I fix that singular sum?—just because I asked Him to give me a living proof that His answer to my prayer was a living proof of His presence and not an accident.

"As it has been a good while since I had made re-

ceipt of any large gift, I asked the Lord on Tuesday last to give to the support fund $100, or more, in one gift before Saturday, and in such way as He thought best. He sent me on Friday twenty barrels of flour worth $100, or more,—the most acceptable gift, and in the most acceptable way in which He could have sent it! I asked Him to do this to *evidence* His loving care over the orphans. Under all the circumstances I am sure this was a miracle. I do not know who the donor was. It is God's gift, pure and simple."

As we read this amazing record we begin to understand his own comment on the way God answered his prayers. "He always does," he writes. "It is very wonderful."

XX

MOVING HIS COLLEGE

As if it were a precious thing to this then hold thou fast;
Who wrote the first line of thy life will also write the last.

And if the final chapter leaves thee lonely in thy loss,
Yet know, His was the greatest life who bore the greatest cross.

THE supreme law of God is to learn the truth, to love it, to follow it, to worship it and it only. And though intellects differ both in form and content, producing different beliefs and convictions, fear not. For all are true, there is no discord to those who know the key to the harmony. And to God each is alike good if only the supreme love be for the truth, and the supreme gift of unselfish devotion to it be given.

One must go back a long way to appreciate the pang of terror which struck the heart of Wm. P. Jacobs when he learned that there was a movement on foot to move his college from Clinton to some other point in South Carolina. His college represented that part of his life which laboured in pure truth and was his contribution to the intellectual life of his church and community. It was practically the same thing as to propose to take away his son or his daughter or anything he loved devotedly. He had made that college by toil and prayer. Under the blessing of God he had brought it up out of nothingness, while men laughed

at him for trying. Furthermore, to move it from Clinton was to mar the lesson his life had taught "that a little country church could be made a tower of light and strength." His orphanage was the light of philanthropy, his college of philosophy, as his church of religion, and was it not as philosopher, philanthropist and preacher that he wished to be remembered?

Any one who had seen him nurse the little high school into a college for the sake of teaching this lesson would know at once that to remove the college anywhere was robbery.

But the contest came on; for other towns, once the matter had been mentioned, had offered handsome bonuses and there seemed much to be gained for the school in the eyes of those who favoured it. Great sums had been raised in sister towns and many advantages offered. Of course there was hot local opposition to the scheme and the founder and quarter-century president of its Board of Trustees protested, but all to no avail. Whether or no, the thing must be done.

"I have found out that the Presbyterian Church is ungrateful," he writes in June, 1905, "after the manner of other republics. Our college is to be taken from us by the Board of Trustees, that we ourselves provided for. It is a shameful thing and one that makes me hang my head. I resigned my presidency of the Board after all these twenty-five years of service and received in return not one word of kind commendation, not one syllable of regret, not one expression of encouragement; but as pay for all my services only the throwing open the sale of the college to the highest bidder.

"The college will continue here next year and then

it leaves us. What will I do? I have already decided that our college association will take steps to continue Clinton College. We will claim for it the history of the past. Our session will open in 1907. It will be our twenty-seventh year. We will find a man equal to the task of reorganization. For once, our dependence is on the Lord."

Yet this was a new and untried field of dependence on Him and it remained to be seen whether his trust would be in vain.

"My trust is in the Lord," he writes. "He is doing, He always has done the thing for me that was best. I trust Him out of a full heart." . . .

". . . Well, this also is decided, that if the college is moved to Chester, or Anderson, or anywhere else it will leave Clinton College behind. Lord, keep Thou Thy hand upon this move and guide for the best."

If he really meant that, he was to have a strangely beautiful experience. For of one thing those may be sure who know all about God; that they know nothing at all about Him. He is always different though He be always the same. It seems to be His delight, if one may so speak, to be found faithful in new ways and to beautify His providences by variety of incident.

For lo, a strange thing happened, even that for which the founder of the college for years had prayed. It was as if God had answered his prayers for his orphanage one by one as offered and had now determined to answer those for his college all in a heap.

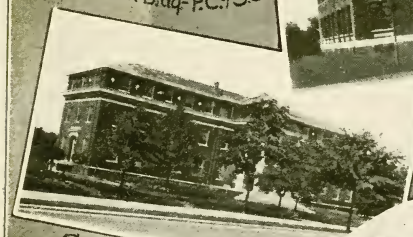
"A wonderful thing has happened," he exclaimed. "Clinton has actually subscribed $10,000 for the college. It will probably be increased to $15,000 and it may go to $25,000. I earnestly hope so. This looks as if

New Building
1st. Presbyterian Church

1st Building
1st Presbyterian
Church

Administration Bldg- P.C. of S.C.

W. P. Jacobs Science Hall
P.C. of S.C.



Spencer Hall
P.C. of S.C.

Laurens Hall - - - - P.C. of S.C.

Clinton were going to keep the college! Still there is no telling what prejudices may do. Clinton (et ego ipse) has some cordial enemies. Still it is easy to see what we can do, if it is determined that Clinton College shall continue."

But the Power was not yet done. The Board of Management must be changed. Clinton should no longer control the college. The Presbyterians of the state must do that. Then at any time the college could be done with as they pleased. It was to become the property of other people than Clintonians. The Presbyterians of the state were to own it. They, therefore, should settle its location. If they wanted it elsewhere let them move it. All this was a bitter pill to one who was praying earnestly against it.

"The college will be bid for by Yorkville, Chester, Bennettsville, Sumter," he notes, "and possibly Anderson. So much rancour has been developed here that the Board will doubtless move it anyway. Clinton is a house divided against itself. 'Our leaders' are new men and we old friends are set aside severely. It is my policy to sit still. I am for peace, but when I speak they are for war. So I won't speak."

"The very close future seems to reveal me as doing the resigning act. I must give the church a new pastor. My life henceforth narrows to the orphanage and to my family. I will not resign in a storm. I want everything to be peaceful and full of good will when I step down and out."

So the harder he prayed the worse it got. Yet if he had taken down a very old book in his library he could have read the story of St. Augustine and his Mother Monica who prayed with all the tender emo-

tions of a mother's heart that her young son might be spared the temptation of voluptuous Rome and kept from its polluting touch. Yet God against her supplications let him go directly there. But imagine her delight when he met there St. Ambrose of Milan and by him was taught to love God. Thus her petition was denied but her prayer was answered.

It is an old way of His and one easily forgotten.

"I think we might as well stop saying 'If the college is moved.' It is now—'When the college is moved.' If Columbia decides to bid for it, or Anderson, to one or the other it will go. And Anderson is going to bid." So he feels in September, 1905.

But on one thing he had not reckoned, the effect of forty years of high thinking and noble example and earnest preaching in a community of Scotch-Irish people. Clinton was now aroused. If Bennettsville could bid, why not they? Who was this Columbia that would take away their child? And the little village soon found some of its reserve strength. It seemed impossible but it was happening. This hopeless derelict of forty years ago was now bidding for its college against the wealthiest and most cultured centers of the state. Was God trying to say anything to him in that fact, something of encouragement and praise? Who had wrought this transformation but he, through God?

"The Clinton people have, with great enthusiasm, subscribed $20,000 to secure the college, in addition to $20,000 of other property." . . .

". . . But Bennettsville has raised $20,000 more."

". . . I will wait and see."

So he stood still and saw the salvation of God, and

a new chapter was added to his interpretation of Divine Providence, as Euripides said long ago:

> "What else is wisdom, what of man's endeavour,
> Of God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
> To stand, from fear set free, to breathe and wait,
> To hold a hand uplifted over hate,
> Shall not such loveliness be loved forever?"

Then came the dénouement; he wrote it thus:

"Well, thank God, the college matter is settled and settled right. Clinton rose up in her strength and resolved that she would have the college. Thirty or more of us went down to Columbia on Thursday. The Board met at eight o'clock in the seminary chapel. Each of the five towns competing for the cause was heard. Rev. Mr. Parrott spoke for the Clinton delegation. He certainly fired up finely. The old chapel heard more applause than it ever heard before. The whole meeting was a grand one. Bennettsville, Yorkville, Sumter, and Chester were all competing for the prize. All the next day the Board was in session. At 7 P. M. Clinton won out and the vote was made unanimous. I thank God. There was a regular love feast. All of us made up with each other, and now the one great idea is to make the college a most worthy and noble institution. I left Columbia at 1 A. M. and reached home at 5 A. M., tired and sleepy. The town has covered itself with glory. '*My*' *college is now the state's college—and I am proud!* I trusted everything to God and triumphed. God bless and prosper the college! Clinton is having great times over her success."

Truly it was as the ancient chorus sang :

" There be many shapes of mystery
And many things God makes to be,
Past hope and fear ;
And the end men looked for cometh not ;
And a path is there where no man thought ;
So hath it happened here ! "

XXI

GIVING UP THE CHURCH

Do you hear the sound of Fall in the wind?
Do you mark the fear of the leaf?
Do you feel the kiss of the mist? Do you mind
The brown of the shock and the sheaf?
Go gather all thy harvests home;
The cold will come!

IN every well-ordered life there is the great desire. It is the string binding together all the beads of victory. It is the goal towards which our footsteps turn, light with joy, weary with woe.

And as Phædra said centuries ago:

"Some grow too soon weary and some swerve
To other paths, setting before the Right,
The diverse, far-off image of Delight."

It was not so with the youth who was shunted off by Providence into the little hope of a place called Clinton. He had many dreams but one was more recurrent than the rest. He had many intentions but of them all one was the most insistent. He wanted to preach. It was his joy. He really counted it a privilege. All that he was and wanted to be found expression in it. The preacher's dressy long coat, white tie, stiff collar, black shoes and hat—these symbols of his office he took to naturally nor ever willingly changed them. He looked his part. Games such as

tennis, golf, baseball, football, he neither played nor took delight in. Time was too precious, days too short.

So when he found an obscure crossroads town, without other church or minister, himself being the pastor of all, he was satisfied. When, on the day he preached his first sermon there, a man was found killed in front of his church, the place suited him that much better. When he saw barrooms flourishing and gambling the favourite amusement, he was satisfied as to his call. These people needed a preacher and that was his business.

So he set to work with prayer and consecrated toil, and a revival followed as already described. All aflame as he was, it was but natural for the neighbourhood to come and watch the fire. His congregations grew. His church enlarged. He wanted to preach to children also and soon he was superintendent of a flourishing Sunday School. The people liked the manner of it. Not that his college words or city accent appealed to them, nor his modesty that at times seemed almost timidity, but they had felt the thrall of that thing which has made every orator since the world began—earnestness. This boy might be mistaken but he was certainly not afraid of the wildest waves of Galilee. They watched him as he set out, hearing a voice from afar to walk on the waters. It was with small steps that he first began, a tiny Sunday School, the first in all the neighbourhood, a collection in church (that took a long time to win their favour), and then a toy printing press, a tiny high school, and a little home for a few orphans. As these things grew and the wonder of them accumulated, men were prone to see them rather

than the thing that made them, as one gazes upon the towering eucalyptus, forgetting the hidden cambium. But he never forgot. He knew wherein his life consisted. Did he come to forsaken Clinton? It was to preach. Did he found a Sunday School, a church, a college, a paper, an orphanage? It also was to preach. These all were only incidental to his main purpose which was to deliver a message from the King.

And his throne was the cheap pine pulpit in the plain old church. For forty-seven years he reigned there, and for six more among his orphans. From it he interpreted his life, and all lives, but oftenest The Life. From it he breathed such a benediction as one feels when he is conscious of the presence of God.

As the Sabbaths passed and the church, and the Sunday School, and the magazine, and the college, and the orphanage grew—so with them also grew those who listened to his words. In spirit they grew, and in years. The young passed into age, and the aged into eternity. It seemed only a little while before he was marrying the little children whom he baptized yesterday. And one day the first flake of snow fell on his head. Another followed and soon his hair was white. As time passed the voices of his people must needs reach him as though muffled by an ever growing distance, and the darkness that might not be denied fell upon his eyes. He remembered his strength as a dream of long ago and knew that the time had come for him to lay aside his scepter.

So, shortly after they began tearing away the old church where he had reigned for forty years, he offered his resignation. The little congregation of fifty had now grown to five hundred and, though they knew

everything he told them of his failing strength to be true, they tenderly refused his request. That was in 1907, on August 11th, and he took it as a good omen of promise that he might yet be able to finish out his full half-century of service as their pastor. For two more years he laboured and the Power kept blessing his work. His congregation of citizens, college boys, and orphanage children had passed the five hundred mark and even the new church was taxed to seat them. More and more it had become evident that first the Sunday Schools and then the congregations of orphans and townspeople should best be divided for their mutual good.

The final separation he describes: "This day, May 11, 1909, was an epoch in the history of the Thornwell Orphanage. The teachers and pupils were organized into a church. The services were held on Tuesday night, Dr. Law presiding. One hundred and sixty-three members were enrolled. The name of Thornwell Memorial was selected. So another of my long cherished plans has been carried out. The First Church retains three hundred members. For the present no change will be made in the hour of worship until our Sabbath School is organized. The church school will be fearfully depleted and they will have to work. It will take wisdom now to guide the ship aright."

And then one day, August 10, 1909, in Washington, hearing and seeing poorly, he was struck by a carriage, so severe a blow as to fracture his shoulder and render him unconscious and helpless. Kind friends carried him to the hospital and soon his loved ones were about him. As he slowly recovered his strength he found that all his physical resources had lessened. Especially

was his deafness increased. The accident had happened in the forty-fifth year of his pastorate. On the preceding May 28th he had written:

"Forty-five years ago, this day, I was ordained to the gospel ministry and made pastor over the three little churches of Clinton, Shady Grove, and Duncan's Creek, seventy-three souls in all! The churches organized out of the Clinton church alone are Clinton First, 333 members; Thornwell Memorial, 163; Rockbridge, 23; Clinton Second, 12; and Sloan's Chapel (coloured), about 25. These are all well located and eventually will grow. I propose giving five more years of good work to the Clinton First Church, if God will, before I lay down the pastorate. I would prefer making the change *now* to the Thornwell Memorial, but whatever is for the good of the cause I will obediently do."

But it was hard to say good-bye. Nor was it within the power of his people to know how he yearned for the privilege of continuing to be their pastor. To give up his pulpit seemed not far different from giving up his life. To leave them was to die.

Yet knowing that the time had come, he took the next step:

"This afternoon I am to be installed pastor of the Thornwell Memorial Church. This is the last link of the chain devised so long ago by me, the idea being complete separation between the First Church and the orphanage with a view to loosing me from the pastorate of the former. My accident in Washington has hurried my resignation, showing as it did the tenderness of the people for me. But I am now so sorely afflicted with deafness, which has been greatly increased by the

accident, that I feel incompetent to do pastoral work, and unless there is improvement my duty to resign will be so clear that there will be absolutely no alternative."

And so the throne room was changed but it was still a sceptered kingdom and a tireless old ruler wielded his power. Within a month he was writing:

"On Sunday I conducted the morning worship at the orphanage assembly room. I preached at 11 A. M. and conducted the communion. I attended both Sabbath Schools; I moderated three meetings of sessions, received ten members, and conducted the baptism service. I am proud of my day's work."

It was two more years before the parting came. Then, like some Moses who was going apart to view from higher mount the Promised Land before his translation hour; like some Elijah who, all knew, was to be taken from them that day in fire and glory, he prepared to say good-bye.

And he wrote in his diary: "It is hard to say good-bye."

"I have at last, led I trust by the same kind hand that has guided me ever, been enabled by His grace to lay down the pastorate of my beloved charge, the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton. The session met. I told them my physical condition, my inability to discharge the duties of the pastorate, and handed them my resignation. I need not say that this is a bitter trial. I have loved the church most tenderly. I have given it my soul. But I realize that my working days as a pastor are over and that I must yield to the inevitable. The congregation is called to meet and accept it—two weeks from to-day. I will have the rest quickly done and before the first of August the

tie will be severed. Even as I began my ministry so I end it here—with *Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ.*"

With this royal shout of joy he had begun his journal of work in Clinton a half-century before. It had changed but slightly in all those years, adding little by little the note of triumph.

"As I think of my poor eyes and their waning sight, my hope is God. I feel happy that I have had the courage to give up the pastorate of the First Church. I am happy because it was *right* for me to do it,—and yet what regrets come to me as I think of the long lifetime of service ended. It means to me as nothing else could,—the coming end. A few more years and then I shall know even as also I am known."

It is well to go into his heart and walk up and down in it at this supreme moment of his life, this hour of self-abnegation. Conscious as ever of his meaning to the world we may still see that realization in his words as he writes:

"In presenting my resignation to you of the pastoral charge I have had in my hands for these forty-seven years, it is only natural that I should do so with great emotion. When I came to you forty-seven years ago, your fathers and mothers received me as if I had been their own son. As the years passed by I was still more tenderly connected with them, by uniting them and their children after them in marriage, by laying in the grave those who were near and dear to you, and by receiving into the kingdom of God more than a thousand souls. But even a long life must end its course at last; the time has come when I can no longer serve you efficiently, and when I must ask you to sever the tie that I had hoped would only be broken by death.

In asking you to unite with me in going before Presbytery with a request for a dissolution of the pastoral relation between us, I am not influenced solely by the pressure of other work now resting upon me, nor by the feeling that my health is suffering from double labours, but rather by the fact that no matter how we think of it, it is ever impossible for one man to do two men's work, and do it well. For several years past I have recognized my inability faithfully to discharge my pastoral duties. I found that I was unable though not unwilling to do all the work that ought to be done, and that the church was suffering and indeed suffering severely because of it. Very much against my wishes, but driven thereto by my own ideas of pastoral responsibility, I have been compelled to take this step. I could bear to suffer myself, but I could not bear to see the church of Christ suffer. In giving up the work among you I am giving up the object for which I have lived for all these years."

Then the congregation looked upon their dear old preacher and knew that he was right, though every word was one of pain that he had written them. They thought of his three hundred orphans and considered their duty to them. In the gentleness of love they accepted his resignation and the most inspiring village pastorate in the history of America was ended.

"I preached my farewell sermon to-day," he wrote on August 27, 1911, "Ephesians 3 : 14–19. It was a very hard task to do. I then walked down out of the pulpit and out of the back door. No one on earth knows how much it hurts, and yet I am glad. The long expected has come at last. So comes also the entrance within the veil."

But there was One who walked with him. He also had foreseen this hour, He who never forgets nor fails. He knew how this old broken-down servant of His had toiled for Him in an utter abandon of unselfishness. He had watched him for four decades as he refused to take a salary from the orphanage depending on the little ill-paid remuneration from the church he loved. He had looked over his shoulder one day and watched him write these words in his diary:

"The Board voted me $100 per month salary last June to begin July 1st. I am taking this and placing it to the president's salary and pension fund. I will place the interest to the principal till it reaches $10,000 and will then resign the church and retire on a pension! which will be the interest of that fund—amounting from $50 to $60 a month and will be enough."

And then during his illness in 1902:

"Notwithstanding the fact that from July 18th to January 1st I did no pastoral visiting, I find to my surprise that my salary is paid in full for the first time (on January 1st) perhaps for twenty years. Well, it encourages me. My church is always faithful, and financially speaking I am 'passing rich' on £150 a year."

And this also but yesterday:

"I am back home improved somewhat in symptoms, but feeling like an old wreck, yet with the soul within me that is that of the gay bark, all sails set, and skimming along the salt sea. In truth I am wanting to do all things and yet am able to do nothing."

And having seen all this He had acted.

One day a man in Atlanta, John Eagan was his name, thinking, by whose impulse he may or may not

have known, that it was time to provide an endowment for the president's chair at Thornwell, wrote as much to the president and offered $5,000 on condition that the remainder necessary be given by the end of that year. Then the good true friend whose heart He had so often touched, Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick of Chicago, added the necessary $20,000, conditioning her gift upon the interest of the sum going to Wm. Plumer Jacobs during the remainder of his life and thereafter to the Thornwell Orphanage.

And so it turned out that God had kept it all for him, adding interest to principal, because he trusted in Him.

"I have found out"—so he had written years before —"that if I work for God, He will take care of me!"

XXII

THE BATTLE WITH DEATH

Gone the past days, come the last days,
Come the Autumn days once more.
Short the light time, long the night time,
On the lake we floated o'er;
But the face-dreams, all the grace-dreams
Light us to the other shore.

THERE is a beautiful chorus in the Bacchæ of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray, which runs:

"Happy he, on the weary sea
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven;
Happy whoso hath risen free
Above his striving, for strangely graven
Is the orb of life, so that one and another
In power and wealth doth outpass his brother;
And men in their millions float and flow,
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven,
And they win their Will or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pined for still;
But whoso doth know,
As the long days go,
That to live is joy, hath found his heaven."

It is this joy of living that we find in all great souls which constitutes their highest ecstasy and their deepest woe; for as on the one hand it fills the dullest moment with interest, on the other it accentuates the sensitiveness of the soul gazing upon the inevitable end. Who

that has lived long on earth has not felt the force of those silent walls inimitably described by Poe as they, so quietly and surely, draw together until their victim is crushed. For death begins to come long before old age. At the topmost point of the speeding bullet's arc the descent begins. At the hottest point of its cosmic fire the sun commences to cool. At the very moment when a man is strongest and most virile he begins to die.

And as the quality of matter may be determined by the way it takes fire so may the souls of men be described by the way they take death. Some dully, as an ox that is slaughtered; some bitterly, as if abused by a friend; some afraid with a terror unspeakable as if it were an unnameable horror; and some face it as a noble antagonist with whom each step is to be disputed, an enemy indeed but a teacher withal.

Of such a sort was Wm. P. Jacobs.

Perhaps the highest point of happiness in his life came in his thirty-seventh year. His church was steadily getting on her feet; his orphanage was happily though anxiously founded; his magazine was at last safe; his high school was secure; his health was at the best it ever attained; his heart was brave and strong; beautiful dreams were in his soul and around him in a Christian home his wife and children were gathered.

Then, on January 16, 1879, there came the first great catastrophe and with Theseus over Phædra he mourned:

"My children motherless and my home undone,
Since thou art vanished quite;
Purest of hearts that e'er the wandering sun
Touched, or the star-eyed splendour of the night."

He was just about half through his life when half of his life went away. Thenceforth the Great Sadness settled upon him. Very little did he say about it but very much did he grieve, and in his journal no anniversary of that dark date came without a line in memory of her love and in hope of the ultimate reunion.

From that day, though they came slowly yet very surely, the enemy forces gathered about the citadel of his strength and his life was in a state of siege. The first point of definite attack was his voice which nearly failed him for many months completely and at intervals thereafter until the end. His general health was never good. Even from his boyhood he was often sick. As a lad at college his eyes kept paining him and his deafness was at its incipient stage. Physically he was very poorly equipped from the beginning and he knew it but was resolved to make every year count.

In the closing decade of the nineteenth century two other blows fell heavily: the death of his father of which we have already read and that of his "mother" which came in 1899. Of this last he writes:

"I have been away in Nashville to see my poor old dying mother—at least my mother for these forty-two years. She died on the 17th of June and is to be buried to-day in this town of Clinton.

"So ends a long, lovely, useful life. Dear old Mother, how much you loved me! I was not your own child but you never seemed to know the difference. You are in the presence now of the King of Glory and of all you love. We shall meet again, Mother, in the best of all countries. Till then, farewell."

As the century ended he seemed to realize that the

new lustrum was to be for him one of a losing fight with death. "I want to live a little while in this wonderful twentieth century of which I have heard so much," he exclaimed, and then more soberly:

"The new day,
The new year,
The new century.

"The first word I uttered in public service this year was *Jesus*. May that word be the guiding thought of this year for me.

"At midnight I prayed God for His presence and the gift of eternal life. At cock-crow and at daybreak I prayed for the same.

"I am living in a new age. Since last night I seem to have closed up the lids of a mighty volume. I am saying farewell to the years gone. This is year one of the twentieth century."

And in that new century the same strange compulsion of God was upon him. The Presence kept urging him on and on and on, even in old age, to new fields of endeavour.

"That is the reason I keep working and planning," he testifies. "God is with me and for His sake and because of His presence I shall work for them till I die. I have a feverish desire to do much, very much. Humbly trusting Him, I shall press on, and on, and on. My craving is for eternal life! I do not know how it is to come. I have no proof but the divine word and the divine presence that I shall live again. But I hang my life on that hook. It bears me up. It is strong."

From now on we see a terrific struggle. Death,—

slow, creeping, remorseless death, the kind of a death that will not hurry, that cannot be made to hurry, kept nagging him, browbeating him, tantalizing him, threatening him, choking him, taking away from him first this means of consciousness and then that; sapping his vitality, destroying his senses, as if Some One intended to test the quality of that man to see whether he was indeed the sort He had intended to make him.

And of all this His subject was fully conscious:

"The years are going by and I am growing older. Often the longing comes into my heart to live life over again. The days have swept by me, till now even my children are bended and their brows are furrowed. I am nearing my sixtieth birthday. For years the same catarrhal trouble that made me deaf in one ear has raged incessantly with its ringing bells and beating drums. Through my head admonitions are plentiful that my youth is gone, my vigorous manhood well spent, and the day of the ascension not far away. But oh, how busy I am! Two hundred children call me Father and look to me for guidance. I need strength from the source of all strength, and indeed He will not fail me."

There are men whose lives are valuable out of all proportion to anything they may have said or written or done. In a world where "conduct is three-fourths of life" the quality of the living is paramount. Neither Providence, which is the will of God, nor purpose, which is the will of man, permits many lives to excel all others. Once perhaps in a generation these combine to create a situation where the common light of day is eclipsed and the corona of a vast sun-life may be studied. It may be noted that in each case it is darkness that does it.

Indeed the deeper the gloom of the overhanging shadow, the livelier became the interest of the man within in the source and meaning of that blackness. The less he had left the more he had given.

"I never lie down to rest now but that two thoughts come to me with great power," he tells us. "One is the shortening years that I must spend on earth. The other is an intense longing while I am here to break through the wall that stands between this world and the next. There surely is an indubitable way, somewhere, some means by which the soul and its creator may deal with each other. If the ether bears a wireless message across the ocean so that the two who converse, though invisible, are yet really in touch, there should be, there must be an equally palpable though as yet undiscovered avenue of approach to God. Perhaps at present a charged wire would not be more deadly to the body than would a breaking away of the wall of partition to the soul. But that such a way will yet be safely opened to the children of men, I doubt not. Till that way is made manifest what folly to seek, as some do, to communicate with departed spirits. We surely could find out God before we find these frail things called men. "Oh! to know God, to know God!"

So that was what this struggle with death was bringing him! Then surely it was not wholly a robber.

It is a holy hour when we are privileged to look into the inner deeps of the soul of a great and true man searching for the light in the final darkness. To live is a thing so infinitely beautiful that there is nothing a man would take in exchange for it. Yet he says:

"I am not asking for long life. He knows I want it

for His sake and for the furtherance of the good things for which He has bidden me work. But that is for Him to decide. No part of my unconditioned prayer is a plea for length of days. I leave that with sincerest joy in His hands. I am sure He will give it to me if it is for the best."

Dr. W. C. Gray, long time editor of the *Continent*, wrote once that the first sensation of a man who discovered that he had grown old was a shock of surprise. So when the sixtieth birthday of our subject came he tells his journal:

"My plans are as though I were to live a hundred years. My preparations are as though I had reached the last year of my life. The spirit of immortal youth is as strong in me as ever. It seems *impossible* that I should die. I look with amazement at myself in the glass and I wonder if it be truly I, this image of an old fellow that I see there! Sometimes I think that this sentiment is born of the conviction that I shall never die—that even now I am living in eternity—the God of life dwelling in me. So my sixtieth birthday shall be as was my fiftieth, my fortieth, my thirtieth—a looking steadily forward. I have no time to look back. There is work, a great amount of it ahead."

So the years passed and each day grew darker, each voice softer and lower until one day:

"I left Macon for Atlanta at 4 A. M. Met Dr. C—— in his office at eleven o'clock. Very kindly and gently he told me that the trouble with my eye was cataract and that I was doomed to blindness or a severe operation in that eye. He urged me 'just to bear it patiently and not have an operation, depending on the other eye for service.' I trust in God. I have no

doubt but that the touch of the Master's hand can cure me, as it did many another in his time, so I am to endure blindness in one eye and deafness in one ear and the eye and ear infinitely valuable even if not much account. I am intending to put my physical foes in my Lord's hands. I shall fight them to the bitter end. Lord, be my portion. Thou art my helper and I trust in Thee."

So he closed the year as he himself described it with one eye and half an ear—but then they were enough. Thus, failing, he deepened the meaning of his life to all.

In 1908 his sixty-sixth birthday came. Having burnt his candle fiercely and it being a shorter candle than most he was already over seventy. As he takes stock of his days he writes:

"This is my sixty-sixth birthday. It makes me very serious when I think of how swiftly I approach the time of old age. I do not fear death. My certain trust is in the unfailing right hand of my dear Lord. I do not know about the eternal life but I believe! and to my Lord Jesus be the glory.

"I am not, however, planning or preparing for death. Per contra, for a vigorous, active, useful life. I shall fight clean down to the end against every physical ailment and shall scheme that every day shall be one of vigour and activity. I just decline to be anything else than a blessing to the world. It is very true that I must lay aside some of the work. I do, but it shall be mine to see that others who take it up move off on right lines and do it better than I."

All his lifetime, he said once, he had been pressed by the thought that this life is for work and eternity for rest. And even Riverside, with its summer vaca-

tion quiet, worried him a little unless pencil and paper were near at hand and messengers constantly going back and forth from Clinton. His vacations were only variations of work.

There was something singularly prophetic in the lines he wrote on the morrow of his next birthday, for they were penned just seven years before his last on earth, his year of darkness:

"I have just received 'Robert Hardy's Seven Days' —only seven days to live. I am now asking—'What shall I do effectively for the Lord in the next *seven years?* To-morrow is my sixty-seventh birthday. I have been wanting to be an active pastor in my dear church until my fiftieth pastoral year ends—May 28, 1914. Five years more."

It is interesting to note how intimate a relationship his spiritual life and blessings had with his physical health. Because of the one he was constantly encouraged as to the other. Because God was with him he felt new vitality and power:

"I am altogether unwilling to believe that I am old or that there is to be any termination to my usefulness and so I am pressing right on to larger endeavour. I have carried out so many of my proposals that I have gotten firmly persuaded with David—'The Lord is on my side!' and in His strength I shall go on to fourscore years and ten, which would give me a lifetime still before me."

But this did not suit his antagonist. There must be some new stroke different from the slow failing of eyes, and ears, and vital organs, for it was quite evident that if these were his only weapons the battle would be too long. Came the accident at Washington and since the

office of this chapter is to uncover a wonderful soul fighting a marvellous battle with the arch-enemy of all mankind, we ask him to tell it in his own words.

"Just four weeks ago this day I was knocked down in the street, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and run over by a surrey with four people in it. With a broken shoulder, lacerated side, a bleeding throat and a dozen minor wounds, lying on the pavement of a strange city one would look for no comfort, yet comfort there was. Strangers summoned the ambulance and got me to the emergency hospital in an unconscious condition. Then I spent two wretched days and nights, and one morning on opening my eyes I found Dillard standing by my side. It was as though I had seen an angel from heaven. His practical eye soon saw my needs and got me into fine shape and into a private room and gave me perfect attendance. Nurses, orderlies, doctors, all made the days and nights more comfortable. I spent eight days in the hospital and was then brought home. Florence and Mollie had reached Washington the next day after Dillard and oh! how sweet their ministrations were. Nobody ever had better children than God has given me. They brought me safe home, home! home! Day by day, with loving care far beyond my dreams, my dear children and the noble people of Clinton have watched over me, nursed me, fed me, ministered to me, sent me loving messages. My children from far and near and friends I never heard of have sent the tenderest of messages. I have had the pleasure of seeing my dear brothers and sisters Henry and Mamie Sperry, Charles and Bessie Little and all their children. So I have been brought to this day with an arm fast bound to my side, and am

sitting on my front piazza in the early morning for the first time. I will go over to morning prayers. I want to go over to Florence's for dinner. I feel the thrill of returning health. Thank God, I have not murmured nor complained. The dear Lord has been with me. With more pain than in all my lifetime before, I have yet felt how good and merciful He is. It was worth it all to have such showers of blessings. My broken collar bone still pains me and I write with difficulty, but I am getting to my work again.

"On Sunday last I went down to the Thornwell Memorial to be present at the organization of the orphanage Sabbath School. Our First Church Sabbath School was also organized on the same day. The combined schools made a showing of four hundred and fifty pupils—the largest ever."

From all which it would appear that death could get very poor comfort from his feat. "I am not well," he exclaims, "but I am glad of heart. My life has been ever under divine protection. Oh, it is a great thing to know God and I know Him!"

So there must needs be another stroke. The other eye must go.

"I have just seen Dr. Parker," he writes in Charleston in March, 1911, "and he has sentenced me. The trouble in my eye, as in the other, is cataract. Well, God's will be done. And yet I pray Him to do the best thing for me. He knows what it is. After a while my sight possibly may be restored by an operation. In the meantime I will give much time to God's word—until I can read no more. I will preach as never before and I will trust myself wholly into the hands of the dear Lord. It will be a year at least be-

fore I can have the operation. It comforts me to think that some good and skilled physician, even such a one as the dear Lord Himself, may yet help me by his wonderful skill. In God will I trust. To Him be praise."

"There is really no reason why I should get ready to die yet. Though as to that, I do not need to get ready. I have been ready for forty years past."

Now we watch him, old, sick, blind, deaf and wonder if he is discouraged by pain and weakness. What good can religion do such a man? He answers:

"Threatened as I am with loss of sight and hearing, and without teeth with which properly to masticate my food, and that too at the threshhold of my seventy-first year, when most men lay their burdens down, it would seem as if I should be ready to turn over my tasks to younger hands. And yet at all these calamities I laugh. This soul of mine is just about as young as ever; nor can it understand what has happened to its poor encasement that it wabbles so, and does such poor service."

So far there doesn't seem to be much of a sting about death. Even the total darkness of the blind could only bring him the dread of not being able to work:

"How beautiful the world is and how happy I am that I am alive and am still able to work. I dread the days of darkness, when I can no longer work, but am hoping for those good times when, with all my loved ones, I will be forever happy and forever young.

"I wonder if any living man is as happy in his work as I am. I dearly love it. I thank God dearly for having permitted me to do what I have done as His steward and His ambassador. My life is now in the

late evening but I am as happy as a boy in the recall of the joys of yesterday."

In March, 1915, he was seventy-three years of age as years are measured but a decade older in decreasing activity. The intensity of the struggle had grown but he had reasons of his own for wishing to reach a greater age.

"For my children's sake I want to pass my eightieth year. It will encourage my children. They will see that life is possible even with a very poor, infirm body, and that life is worth while in old age. My friends sent me in many flowers and sweets. I am very glad that the flowers came. They are appropriate to my spring-time birthday."

The very next month he noted the end of a good servant that had for many years helped him in all his laborious tasks.

"I have had a sad heart all day, all because I have parted with a dear old friend. All the light in my left eye has faded out,—the one covered with a cataract. But, thank God, I can still see with my right eye. I can still use it for reading, and that is a great and wonderful comfort. How long it will last me and whether the other can be given back to me fills me with anxiety, but I will wait for God's time, fully assured that when He has shut me off from hope and happiness here He will give me a great and wide door into His kingdom. But to-day brought me pleasure too. I preached well, with a good clear, strong voice, two good sermons. I received three members into the church, so beginning the year well. O Lord, help Thou me."

So, when one of his sons published a volume of poems he selected this as the one he *felt*.

Five little panes of dusty glass,
And an unmeasured universe await!
Yet, beautiful, O ye lovely forms I see,
And passing sweet, O luscious fruits I taste,
And charmed voices, rapturing words I hear,
And odours winged with Heaven's breaths I smell,
And touch! O God, what wondrous things are these I touch?
Five little panes of dusty glass;
O mist, O mystery!

And brief the time, ah me, so short the time,
To taste, to smell, to touch, to hear, to look
Through such confusèd, dusty, dazèd ways.
So long a while between the moments when,
One (a Shadow dimly seen and heard)
Doth wipe away the smudges from the panes.

So many half-lit worlds to see,
So many muffled voices hear,
Such countless forms of things to feel,
Such breaths, breast-warmed of Heaven's draught,
Such untried sweets to taste of, but—
Only a momentary glance,
Through five tiny, smearèd panes of glass!

Yet, O so beautiful!
The odour of them is a universe!
So fair their favours, so entrancing sweet they seem,
So pleasing is their voice, so good the touch of all—
I crave one pane the more,
One crystal pane—and then—
O worlds, O Infinite, O God!

Silence and darkness—the two beautiful senses going slowly! Each year, fewer words and lower; each day, a lesser light. And the books, the time had come to tell them farewell, these lifelong companions so silent but with such compelling voices. Of them he writes: "I have in my library some three thousand books. These have become in part a history of myself. I have lived in the books and they have been absorbed in me. For the most part they are good and useful books, and I am desirous that in some suitable way they should be kept together and made a monument to my memory. Old dry books are a very suitable memorial of an old, dried up man. I want my children to see to this. There are quite a number that are valuable. There is the only complete set of *Our Monthly* in existence. My shorthand library is perhaps the best in the South. I have complete files of the Minutes of the Assembly and of Enoree Presbytery. I have a complete set of the *Southern Presbyterian Review.* My theological library contains the ancient orthodox views. I have about twenty volumes of my own mother's and five hundred to six hundred of my father's, some books from Dr. Thornwell's library. On the whole the collection is unique and it ought not to be scattered. A hundred years hence it would be an object lesson. My hope is that the Thornwell Orphanage may have a great library building some day, and that *one room may be set apart as a Memorial Room of the founder of the orphanage and that my books may be a part of the furnishing of that room.* This is only a little of my folly, but even wise men are foolish at times."

That was a sad, sad day on which he knew that he had read his last line. Nor could another interpret

their message through ears that could not hear. He whom God had loved so well and to whom so many favours had been shown was now exalted above most of the favoured few in that he was chosen to show forth the marvellous spirit of man battling with death and losing by slow degrees, yet all the while happily teaching in the dim light of the gloaming, listening in the ever deepening silence for God. And for her also —"Just fifty years ago this day," he wrote on April 20, 1915, "I was married to Mary Jane Dillard! Oh, how I loved her! And now the years that have passed, filled as they have been with struggles and successes, almost terrify me. I look forward but the sun is riding low and the horizon is full of dust. Yet beyond the sun is the welcome into a fairer day and the return to love and trust immeasurable."

From that hour it had been a lonely fight. His children growing up left him with only his orphans. Though son and daughter lived in Clinton and repeatedly offered him their homes he would not have it so. It was as if he accepted the challenge of death and would fight it out, man to man, until the end. In such a state he could only spend most of his time lifting up his prayer for the presence and blessing of God. It seemed to take the place of a mass of work. He kept planning and building, saying, "Ambitious projects in an old man may not seem wise but he who lives in eternity never grows old." Even poor receipts for his orphans could not terrify him. "I am sending for six more little children," he says. "I always do this when supplies run short." In 1913 he became practically stone deaf, and in 1916, as the light grew dimmer and dimmer, his writing in his diary became more and more

The latest photograph, taken at Atlanta at the home of his youngest son

irregular until, in a hand that disclosed his inability to see the lines of the page, he wrote, on November 14, 1916, the last entry in his own handwriting: "Nearly blind, I go to Dalton on Friday to the Synod of Georgia."

And there, to a Synod that, having adjourned, waited to hear his last message until his belated train came, he committed his orphans, and though he could not see their tears nor hear their prayers for him and them, he knew that all would be well.

Back to Atlanta he went, happy in the hope that the operation on his eye would restore his sight. The operation was performed on the twenty-first but it was not successful. The darkness deepened. The great hope vanished. He was blind.

But unconquered. As soon as his health permitted, he left Atlanta and went busily at work again. He wanted to preach, for the time might be short. He had a book to write. The investments of the orphanage must all be looked after. New concrete sidewalks must be built,—oh, there were so many things to be done and so short a while to do them in! And besides if he was to die it must be at work, not while being nursed even by his children, in a far-off city.

So to work he went—back to preaching and to editing, to the holding of meetings of the session, to his orphans' Sunday School and to writing his book on immortality. When spring came he went up to his last Presbytery, his church of the orphans reporting three hundred and thirty-six on the roll, the largest in the county and one of the largest in the Presbytery.

When commencement days came in June the receipts for the year showed $70,000, the largest in the history

of the orphanage and the endowment fund had almost reached $200,000. The same month he made a trip to Beaufort and a severe cold settled on his lungs. In August he went over on a little outing, his last trip to visit his children in Atlanta. Then he hurried back to his home—to his church with its session, every member of whom would lead in public prayer; to his preaching and work. Sunday, September 9th, came. He made it a very busy Sabbath. Sunday School in the morning, two preaching services, a meeting of his session, visits to his orphan children, a Sabbath typical of the thousands like it he had spent in the same good cause. Tired at last, he laid himself down that night in peace to sleep—in the Perfect Silence, in the Deep Darkness.

And his battle with death was ended. *He had won!*

XXIII

THE SOUL OF A SCHOOL

And when to what unimaged lea,
On what weird wave I ride,
In midst of what vast mystery,
On swell of what new tide,
If One who waits by flotsamed sea
Should draw me to His side —
On that strange beach should stoop for me —
I shall be satisfied.

WHEN a man dies he loses everything except his life.

Those who come after him divide his possessions. Even his personal effects pass eventually into hands he never knew, or they are destroyed by purpose or accident. His reputation diminishes; his glory fades; hour by hour his memory perishes; only his life abides.

Forgetting the assurance of confident words wherewith we speak of the future life we write now of this hour and this earth. We view institutions and know them to be persons. They breathe, they move, they live. And their souls are the souls of some who were or are; who breathed into them the breath of life until they became living spirits. That is what Emerson meant when he said that every institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man, and Carlyle when he described history as the life stories of the world's great men. So institutions are begotten in the wild

ecstasies of passionate love of will for Will, of dream for Dream, of spirit for Spirit.

Thus three great chains bind a soul to its school—one is the attitude of the creator to that which he has made, one is the devotion of the inventor to that which he has dreamed and one is the love of a father for his child. And these three are one. For the soul of dreamer, creator and father passes into the school, informs its buildings, breathes softly over its campus and becomes the atmosphere, the spirit of the institution.

The ideal building is a man. In an educational building, for example, every lineament of the ideal character should be drawn in its face. Honesty should be there with all its vast contempt for veneer and shoddiness; Reliability should be there with its durability as of stone; Permanence should be there speaking of to-morrow when the present is yesterday; Dignity should be there to weave its outlines into every life that comes within its pale; Reverence should be there with its upward pointing hand—all these should be read in its face as in the face of a man, and every other quality of the ideal expressing in structural strength and architectural beauty a personality distinct and perfect. Imperfections in a millionaire's palace are permissible, but not in an institution whose perpetual office is to teach, to make character, to beget children after its kind. So the spirit of a man is revealed in the institution he founds, and after he has gone that spirit abides; it was his life given to it. It lives after he dies by the will of a successor of kindred spirit and similar soul.

Therefore, as we look at the Thornwell Orphanage, we view really its founder. He is more plainly seen there than in his church which came to him in form

and creed from out of the ages, or in his college which he soon committed to the hands of others. It was into Thornwell Orphanage that he breathed the spirit of his life.

How shall we characterize that spirit? It was so human and so divine, its elements so manifold that one is puzzled looking for a point of entrance to its understanding until he suddenly is startled by its face. For the outlines read there, in campus, and building, and catalogue, and discipline, and school and church, and design, and purpose are the features of its father. As his soul had expressed itself in his own face so also in the face of this home of the fatherless, his dreams and hopes, his prayers and high ambitions, his tender love for the helpless, his mighty devotion to God had found another form of revelation.

And as we study those features these are the things we read in them:

We see a man who believed that orphans should be educated as well as clothed. This was the new idea which he injected into orphan-care in America. The fact that a child was fatherless did not, in his opinion, deprive it of the right to think and learn. Hitherto orphan homes had taken the form of great barracks into which hundreds of the unfortunate parentless were huddled until they could be bound out or adopted. This is still what an orphanage means in the greater part of America. This man built homes for his orphans better in every way than that he built for himself and his own children. He found for each home a mother. He built schools for them and provided teachers and libraries and museums and added a technical school where iron and wood-working and

printing and cobbling were taught them. To these he added a farm and a dairy so that dollars might be saved as well as a school of agriculture founded. For the girls he provided classes in housekeeping, cooking, sewing, laundering, canning, covering every feature of their future home life. And having taught them to think and to work he added playgrounds for fun.

We see a man who believed that religion is just as important as any other food. Having built a church tower so high that it dominated the village, he built another so high that it dominated the orphanage. He loved no landscape without such a principal motif. As a consequence no child, no person ever entered the Thornwell Orphanage who was not soon saturated with its atmosphere which was ever heavily laden with prayer and hymns and Bible texts. With these the day began and with these it ended. Each morning, often beneath only the starlight of winter, at 6 : 50 o'clock Eastern time, the children, having finished their breakfast in Memorial Hall, marched to the seminary chapel to pray and praise. Prayer-meeting came on Thursday night ; blessings before each meal ; Sunday School and two church services on each Sabbath ; these were the external manifestations of the internal fires. He never tired of them and the children grew to love them so that when they had left their home for the inevitable journey into the world the outer life seemed strangely insipid and meaningless, lacking in depth and ideal. For it was his purpose to give his children schools mental, and manual, and moral not only, but to add yet this highest gift—God.

So it came to pass that a new thing appeared under the sun, an orphanage that was a home and school

built and operated for the orphans and in order to make plainer the meaning we add, not for the officers and teachers. Of course in such an institution no child was bound in any more than he was bound out. No legal tie forced the little fatherless inmate of Thornwell either to come or to go. He might come when there could be found room for him. He could go when he pleased to leave the love and kindness and joy he found there. Nor was he exploited as an orphan. This last he forgot in the discovery that he had a Father who was on earth as often as He was in heaven. In relying on that Father he found himself amply provided for both as to funds and family; since it seemed that those whom he had lost he would some day have again. All this the teachers taught him, having been themselves taught. Every rule they lived by, every law they worked by, every ideal they thought by was for them, not for their teachers. They who taught and ruled, the greatest among them became servants of the children. To this end all discipline, unrelaxed, pointed; on it all counsel centered. The Thornwell Orphanage was not built in order that many officers and teachers might, having nice positions, be protected by law and custom from over much labour, but that little orphan children might have the instruction and love of devoted God-fearing men and women and therefrom might learn that wisdom whose beginning, as his old seminary tablet used to quote approvingly, is the fear of the Lord. To this high purpose he gave himself and he expected a similar gift from all about him. It was the little boy again wandering among museums and libraries and bookstores and churches and orphan homes of the ancient city by the sea and planning to

give himself to God. The orphanage was one way in which he did it.

For he reconstructed his life there. Was it the college that he loved and the dear old Chrestomathic Society? He built one. Was it the quiet alcove of the Charleston library, rich with the stores of past wisdoms? He built one. Was it a museum that seemed very precious as he remembered the happy hours he had spent poring over rare coins or studying the outlines of ancient dinosaurs? He built one, and having spent a long life in collecting such coins gave them to it. Was it a church with a tower like St. Michael's that floated ever in his vision and a cemetery with their white memorials clustered around it? He built one.

All that God gave him he gave back to God.

And in giving it he expressed in form of stone and timber the pure and gentle spirit of the truly great. It is often thought of the light of certain radio active substances that it consists of infinitely minute particles of the incandescent substances emitted at a high rate of speed so that a beam of such light is a part of the substance. Such was the light on his campus, coming as it did direct from his own flaming soul.

No wonder that other leaders and other denominations were soon following in his footsteps as nearly as they might. They heard, and came, and saw and went away and built likewise. They liked his cottage system; they liked his technical school and farm, and manual training courses—for both boys and girls; they liked all absence of legal bonds and the love that was substituted instead; they liked the insistence on the educational idea throughout and the religious tone

everywhere; they liked the faith and courage that had made all these possible.

Therefore, scattered here and there through sixteen Southern and many Eastern and Western states, similar institutions sprang up following this working model until many times over his prayer was answered:

"Lord, ever be mindful of us and help the children. When I am gone, raise up one like-minded to do this work that it may go on forever!"

And into all this work he carried a soul as sweet and pure as a woman's. Here is a prayer taken from his private journal, flooding its page with light.

"I love Him because He has heard my prayers. I ought also to thank Him more than I have for having kept me pure from my infancy to this day, fitting me for the charge of so many girls and women as are under my protection. Never once have I broken His law of purity nor have I ever taken His name in vain nor have I ever once been under the influence of liquor, —nor once have I taken that which was not mine, since I learned the right. I have never bet or played a game of cards. I thank God for all this."

Such was the soul of his school.

XXIV

LIFE AND LEAVES

To roam, to rest, to reverie, whither
Speedeth mortal swallow;
Shoreward, see! from every-hither
Wings o'er crest and hollow!
To love he fares and every-thither
Love doth follow.

THERE is a strange law whereunder we live by whose ruling all that we have is bought with a price. If we want muscle we must work, if we wish brains we must think; even God gives nothing away.

Occasionally some man finds a pearl of great price and straightway goes and sells all that he has and buys it. Such a man was W. P. Jacobs.

Through all his lifetime he was obsessed with the idea of God. As a little boy we find him actually loving God, with a love deeper and more intense than that he felt for father or mother, or the "noble art of phonography." It never occurred to him that any other life was possible for him than the one he was going to live, wherein he gave all he had and received whatever God was pleased to give.

So he adopted as his life motto: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." With it he began and with it he ended his days.

The record of his life is the record of one who

abandoned all hope of honour or preferment, whose friend was poverty, and whose companion sacrifice. Those who knew him best think of him as a man who had no pleasures except those associated with either religion or education. The things most men are interested in as fads failed to interest him. After a while he gave up his home itself and made his abode with the orphans. His manner of life among them was like their own. He arose regularly at about six each morning and after dressing by a fire he himself had built read his Greek and Hebrew Testaments until breakfast at 6 : 30. In this way he was able to finish the perusal of his Greek Testament fifty-seven times and of the Hebrew an unrecorded number. In the winter cold and darkness, or in the dewy morn of summer he ate his breakfast with the orphans and thence, still under the stars in winter, he went with them to chapel worship. By 7 : 30 the service was over and he was on his way to his office, and there for some four hours he breathed through the mails. A round of the orphanage campus followed his " work hour," then dinner with the children, and thereafter reading and pastoral visiting. Came supper and family prayers and the evenings were spent in study by his own fireside with the orphan children, and his own by blood, gathered around him. This, with slight modification, was his habit of life for nearly a half-century. To do it he renounced his chances of fame in pulpit, his dreams of ease in literature, his opportunities of wealth in business. These he gave up for God. What was his reward?

During his lifetime more money was given him than the richest men in the county had. He left an estate valued at nearly a million dollars, consisting of a beau-

tiful stone church, a college for orphans with some forty buildings on its campus of over a hundred acres and its farms of several hundred more, endowed in the amount of a couple of hundred thousand dollars; a classical college whose assets were valued at approaching a third of a million dollars; these and many other possessions of lesser note. All of these were his during his lifetime, which is as long as any of us own anything, to have and to hold and to enjoy with grateful heart, a lifetime which almost reached the limit of fourscore years, not by reason of strength so much as of courage. Furthermore, he enjoyed his possessions more than if they had been cotton mills or railroads, got more pleasure from them and a deeper satisfaction. His investments paid him well, in character developed, souls made safe, ministers and missionaries commissioned, helpless lives sheltered from suffering and want, dividends of such a sort that the joy of them abides. Over a thousand human beings entered his church during his ministry and millions felt the attraction of his life by reason of this beautiful thing that he had done. By means of this wealth it was given him to replace weakness with strength, blindness with sight, fear with courage, and disbelief with faith. He cared for and educated a thousand boys and girls who otherwise would have been taught in the other school, and the doing of it gave him the intensest pleasure, so rich, so genuine, so divine, that the tiny section of his fortune saved by and devoted to himself alone seemed utterly insipid and fruitless. This great wealth of work and accomplishment was part of his reward. But only a part, for richer and greater was another gift offered only to those who have given all. His *life*

he also left, a wonderful legacy, given away to any who would have it. For it is not houses, nor lands, nor gold, that count in the final estimates of values but thought and devotion and deed. We should truly "count time by heart throbs; they live most who think most, feel the noblest, act the best." We can do without big money but we cannot do without great lives; we can dispense with big buildings but we cannot dispense with examples of ideal conduct. They are too sadly rare. And so it seems that when occasionally a man acts as if religion and God were real, as if self was to be lost sight of and the Power seen, only, there comes slowly but very surely into his life a strength, a grace, and a glory that is as it were a very halo of God. Such lives are ever greater than their results and infinitely more valuable. Large things are not to be confused with great things. It is the motive that characterizes the man. It is a life like this that gives a clue to the ultimate goal of civilization. They are rare now but they will come in ever increasing numbers. They are to our present age what the ability to see once was to our primordial ancestors. It is not in the founding of orphanages, or colleges, or churches, that the fundamental purpose of such a life is to be found, but in being something. These things are like the seats in a classroom—they are necessary but they are not what the student is there for. One hardly dares to guess the mind of Providence, but it looks as if the Power, when a generation has become deedlessly unconscious of Him and His promises, sets such a man up like some lamp with gas-illumined mantel as an example of how beautiful even the simplest life may become when the flame of God fires the humble earth

that contains it. Nor should we forget that whether it be the final victory or the craving that drives towards its attainment, both are God. And their value lies in the innate conviction felt by the wisest who see them, that they differ from other lives by being an advance in the direction along which human life is to develop, the ultimate goal of the years. Like the highest wave of the incoming tide they mark the present but not the final limit of the flood. Only by them can one tell whether the tide ebbs or flows. The privilege of living such a life is a prize to be grasped after. It is the finished product of the world-factory, as Henry Drummond would say, not where men make things but where things make men.

And to this man who gave away his life there came another beautiful return gift—no less a thing than the marvellous privilege of living, itself, of knowing and thinking and believing things not common among the sons of men. One forgets the honours that came to him, the D. D.'s and LL. D.'s, the compliments and invitations, the appointments and distinctions, "baubles" he called them in remembering the real gifts, the strange fears, the beautiful faiths, the victorious courage. To have lived deeply, to have known disaster as a comrade with whom one has sojourned in the pit; to have walked arm in arm with woe; to have sat down at the table alone with poverty, to have believed in the dawn at midnight, to have dreamed of summer amid the chill of a wintry storm and withal to have been patient with the men who could not see nor understand, this is to live. His richest gifts were agonies and dreams, toilings and lonelinesses, aspirations and solitudes of desire wherein he and God walked together,

wherefrom they two went forth to victory. A night of blood, thereafter a college; an agony of sacrifice, and therefrom an orphanage; a meditation upon God in the night season, and the next day a revival; a quiver in the darkness of fear, and out of the cloud the Voice of Victory!

So when the account is cast up at the end, it is as He said it would be. "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

In the back yard of his home lot, within a stone's throw of the orphanage campus, there yet stands a beautiful and stately white oak tree. For many decades its tender pink leaves have signalled the coming springs. Under its spreading branches the wayfarer has sought comfort from the sun all summer long; when the fall came its limbs have murmured beneath the swift autumnal gale and the winter snows and annual February freeze have not spared its branches. Whether in spring or autumn, in winter or summer, it has stood steadily and easily, because it was firmly set by a thousand roots and filaments in the earth beneath. From the waters that are under the earth it draws, even in the driest summer, the hundred and more gallons which its many leaves evaporate invisibly each day into the air. From the unseen deeps the water comes and into the unseen heights it goes, he who rests beneath knowing not of either.

As it is with the oak, so it was with its master. A scion from the Florist's garden he was set out where another willed. There he took root and, growing, did his work. It happened to be in a place called Clinton, into whose soil his roots were deeply sunk. But he was neither of Clinton, nor for Clinton, nor by Clinton,

though he loved Clinton more than any other spot in the world. From far-off springs he drew his life; to far-off heights he sent his toils. Perhaps the most distinctive contribution he made to the world was in lifting the orphan asylum into an educational institution. The cottage system, in which a mother cares for a small number of children, the church life into which each child is drawn, the school with steadily rising grades even through college, these were combined on his campus, for the first time in the history of America. The life-blood for these, the money wherewith nearly forty buildings were constructed to embody this idea came from far-off springs, as came his orphans to benefit from them, from the lands to which they also returned. From Chicago came buildings and large endowment gifts, from Boston and Atlanta, and New York, but not from Clinton. The power that built the Thornwell Orphanage had no special relation to its environment excepting only to love and bless it. Now this is perhaps the most astonishing and significant thing in his whole life. It was his dream to build a little forsaken village church into a tower of light and strength. Upon his tiny Sunday School, and church, and high school, and orphanage of the seventies he lavished all the love of a great soul and all the faith of a will that could not be denied. By some strange process of spiritual law he gathered from afar the power wherewith to make his dreams come true. Was it prayer that did it, or toil, or an unusual genius, or a spiritual telepathy that could move the Great Soul and the lesser souls needed to complete the electric circuit of his prayer-spirit? Forty buildings of stone, and brick, and cement, and only a pen to explain them;

five hundred acres of woodland and meadow, and only a printing-press to buy them; a thousand orphans fed and clothed and educated, and only a prayer to pay the bills! It is well for those who would take courage from such an example that no local pride or profit shared largely in the doing of it.

From this we can understand the more easily what he meant when he referred to his last will and testament as a long document "for such a simple thing as leaving this world," and this although he had more to leave than most. His church which was his life had to be given up and his college which was his soul he would see no more. The happy faces of his orphans would fade and their voices die away forever. Friends he had, and loved ones, and admirers by the thousands, all these must be left, and the museum which he liked well to arrange, wondering all the while whether another hand as loving would so tenderly touch its specimens when he was gone. All these he must leave, not forgetting his collection of rare coins nor his famous phonographic library—yet he thought it a simple thing to leave them. And though he went suddenly there was nothing left behind that needed to be explained. He had done his work so well that the things he made did not require his presence to live. When, the day after he was laid to rest, the faithful treasurer of the orphanage opened the safe he found every investment listed and labelled and all the precious endowment safe, not a worthless stock or bond among them. Throughout the whole campus the work of the institution proceeded as naturally as the order of nature herself. It was all ready for his successor. No controversy was on, no danger was imminent, no explanations were

necessary, no orders were needed. In his library he had gathered his history, in his diary he had poured out his soul, in the stone of church and college and orphanage he had crystallized his dreams. It was simple enough. All could see and understand. So he came to the end of a perfect day full of work and service and with the fruits of a long life about him, fruits gathered of springs deep down underground and of airs wafted from afar, he left for the lands wherefrom his help had come.

The chief characteristic of his life had been its eternity. That made it a simple matter to die.

He had all his life long loved and cultivated traits of thought and feeling and conduct that are permanent, abiding, and everlasting. That made the change from Clinton to the Vast Abroad less marked. The transient, the temporary, the passing vanity had no part in him. That made it, even as he said, "a simple thing to leave this world." He had lived the "Eternal Life" and it is characteristic of the Eternal Life that it cannot end. Every death is romantic, how sweetly his! But to see the halo of it one must go back to the sad dark days of the seventies when only the bravest could keep hope alive; must recall the beautiful dreams of his young manhood; must think of the tiny high school and church and orphanage. Then the days pass swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and one bright beautiful day in September an old man is being borne to his long home and the mourners go about the streets. The long funeral procession leaves the church of a great orphans' home and school, the wonder and love of the whole South. In it are the faculty and students of a stalwart young college growing under the administra-

tion of strong and helpful hands. As it passes the corner of his home lot, hundreds of high school children whom he was to address at their opening now deferred in his memory, join their numbers and sorrows to the train that moves on to the cemetery which his church gave to the town decades before. These all surround his grave with others from distant parts, the greatest funeral gathering in the history of the town.

Between these two hours there is a great gulf fixed—the hour of eager, self-sacrificing struggle and that of honoured tribute and glory. The former is the life, the latter the leaves.

And somehow, standing by the grave, our thoughts go back, far back to a little boy in a great city. We see him as he goes here and there from museum to orphan's house, from college to Courtenay's, thinking, lonely, wrapped in dreams of life and time, wondering all the while what the future has in store for him, eager only to drink of that cup which would intoxicate him with God. We see him as he enters his father's home and School for Young Ladies at the close of a long day's work at college, books in hand, telling about the past, and the stars, and the noble art of phonography. He is probably coughing if the day is cold and he wears glasses because without them his eyes hurt him so. He is thinking far thoughts of distant days whose dim impenetrable forms summon him forward. He is not afraid to go, for his purpose is fixed. His heart beats faster at the thought of a strange and beautiful resolve as his lips murmur softly:

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

XXV

HIS SUCCESSOR

Some dawning, ruby-lit for coming day,
  Uprising from the unmeasured sea of night,
The palms shall pierce, at last, the misty gray,
  And Thou at morn, a migrant, shalt alight
With those who followed, to the Final Lea,
The Lure that led them o'er the Lonely Sea,
There, where the Summer calls to all who love her;
Is this thy so great faith, my Golden Plover?

Then, swiftly, for the Autumn cometh fast;
  And, surely, for the Winter maketh sure;
With such an urge within me as thou hast;
  With such a voyage before me to endure;
Though night and storm and cloud my way should cover,
I, also, shall arrive, O golden plover!

AS we watch this man with his back against the wall fighting off Death with one hand while he kept busily working with the other we realize that we are looking upon a high and holy tragedy. Grimly determined to work on to the very end, it was as if the Power would test him to see how much courage he had gathered from ten thousand mercies and how much faith from ten thousand starlit nights. First He added weakness to a body that had never been strong, sapping his force at this point and at that until defense after defense gave way and guard after guard deserted. His throat failed and his speaking voice, the preacher's favourite glory, left him. Yet with his cracked and quavering tones he taught the

tears of his people to flow. When the daughters of music had thus been brought low the grinders ceased because they were few, leaving weakness and sickness and every form of malnutrition in their stead. His form bent before the winter storm, but the old lion crept not back before the tigers of a newer age. As long as he could see and hear he could fight for his goal. So the Power muffled the voices of earth, though it took a sharp and dangerous accident to do it the more quickly, as if He would find out how fine a piece of steel He had tempered or else set up again by life's pathway "a man to be wondered at." As word came less clearly and frequently from without he turned to his eyes for comfort and deepened his thought and purpose within by printed page and meditation. Then the Power, all but satisfied, said, "Let there be no light," and those that looked out of the windows were darkened. Thereafter a strange thing happened. The man redoubled his efforts, saying: "The day was Thine, the night also is Thine!" Without health, without hearing, without sight, this aged wisp of a man fought on for God, doing a work so heavy and so great that when he was gone whole states had to be searched for his successors, until one night after a day of heavy labour and rich reward, his gray and tired head was pillowed in a deep and lasting sleep.

And the battle with Death was ended.

Quietly, as the dawn was breaking, He came who had always been near and the man who had wanted to work till the end was awakened.

"Cassie!" he called, "Cassie!" and the little nurse, his own orphan child now grown into womanhood, hastened as often before to his side. "Cassie!"

But it was not Cassie at all into whose arms he fell back, but into the arms of the Power.

"Wonderful, beautiful expanse—expanse!" his great teacher for whom he had named his orphanage had cried when he also had at last been freed.

But upon this man's lips no other cry came, only, "Cassie!" "Cassie!"

He had once said that if ever a monument should be erected to him he craved a rough-hewn ashlar with these words engraved thereon: "The Child."

And again he added: "If they would explain my life let them write on my memory stone—'He loved God and little children!'" Perhaps that was why they only were present when the end came, just God and one of his little children.

But it was dawn.

Then the news of his rapture went abroad. It had long been expected, yet how sudden it seemed! As the black-faced types told of it and the wires trembled its story, his earthly honour-day was ushered in. From all over the nation hundreds of telegrams hurried their witness of some far-distant grief. In the great cities of a score of states the black head lines spread their sadness and dismay. True friends in many a past desperate fight hastened to be with him in his last hour on earth. The great of the commonwealth, the distinguished, the powerful, the wealthy, the good paused to pay him tribute. About his bier with moistened eyes and words of praise were that good friend and comrade, the former governor of his state; the Stated Clerk of his Assembly, his lifetime co-labourer; the pastor of his church; the president of his college, and many other men of high and holy office. From his

simple home they bore him to the chapel he had built for the orphans and there they comforted themselves with gentle words of interpretation and praise. There where he had so often craved an audience for his Christ a vast congregation gathered to do him reverence. He who for more than a half-century had treasured the name of each comer to his services, numbering them weekly in his diary, now knew not—or shall we say watched?—how great an audience turned aside to do him honour. After it was done the long procession followed him on foot, as the manner of the village is, to the cemetery which his early church had given to the town where they laid him by her side from whom he had so long a time been absent. And so it came to pass even as he had said:

"Just twenty-five years ago, this day, my darling wife was taken from me. She reminded me of it early this morning, in a dream.

"I have never forgotten her. I never will nor can I. I hope to spend an eternity enjoying her love and presence. Heaven has more of love in it than earth."

"The good gray head that all men loved" shall be seen no more on earth. No more shall the hesitating step of him who needed strength fall upon his study floor. She who would seek comfort in her accustomed way from his lips must forever be content with recalling the phantom words of memory and all that he loved and treasured, his books, his boys and girls, his Bible, his birds in the museum, and his bells in memorial tower, these and all their like are delivered into other hands.

And we look searchingly about saying, Who will succeed him? To whom shall we go now for inspira-

tion and for that fine interpretation of life's mysteries which only those can give who have met its toils and pitfalls victoriously? Looking upon this long life of usefulness and service mellowed by so many experiences of sorrow and softened by the sadness of the years, we ask, "Who will succeed him?"

Of course the only answer is: Whoever wishes to.

The mysteriously beautiful thing about this life lies not in the results: a college, a church, an orphanage, but in the quality of life and thought and feeling that made them its normal and necessary expression. The result was visible, consisting of buildings and endowments and persons organized into congregations, or classes, or homes. The life was secretly grown from hopes high and holy; from terrors vivid and fearful; from love, deep and abiding; from struggles and woes and joys. It was this invisible quality of life wrought out in the crucible of the experiences of battle and dream and prayer that constitutes his real life-work and his legacy to those who come after him. The great achievement of Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella was not the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, but the foam-wrought track across the Atlantic that any sailor might thereafter follow.

Perhaps the fallacy into which the average human being most easily falls in contemplating the works of great men is to regard the things they create as their gifts to the world. This is making a stove of Franklin, or a phonograph of Edison. It is as if in thinking of Shakespeare we saw only his Globe Theater. Every truly great man is a trail-blazer. His work is not in the bark that he strikes from the trees but in the trail, and his real successor does not keep blazing the same trees

but pursues the path by the same spirit into the never-ending Beyond.

We shall miss the meaning of this life if we regard a church, a college, an orphanage, as its measure and glory. These are only the normal and necessary results of something far greater than they—a motive, the quality and power of which should alone be the object of our regard. The church was once a thought, the orphanage a sentiment, the college a simple resolution. Faith is ever greater than its reward.

And we are persuaded, as we look back over that three-quarters of a century, that the most wonderful thing visible is not a town redeemed, nor a church multiplied, nor a college founded, nor an orphanage built, nor any nor all of these combined, but *a life*, far surpassing them in beauty, more important in results and rarer in perfectness and power.

If we would find his successor, therefore, we must go back to the bare, upper room to which the young minister had come in the last year of the great strife between the brothers, and recall again his fateful resolution to give all to God; to toil, to pray, to love, to hope, to believe, to win. No glory was there, nor honour, no backing nor popular acclaim, no certainty of victory—only a great need, a great purpose, and a great prayer. But one person in all the world knew whether the young minister would succeed or not—and He was silent!

Thus in a little dilapidated, crossroads town, without post-office, or railroad, or bank, or mill, or library, or printing-press, or hotel, or public utility, or institution, save only barrooms and gambling houses, a town that had never had a resident pastor of any denomination and that boasted only one little square wooden

church, without even a melodeon in it, this youth whose chief interest was God and whose chief asset was faith faced a steadily declining population, a regularly decreasing business, and a spirit of hopelessness and apathy; this college lad whose loves had been the retired alcoves of libraries, and relics of quiet museums, and the silent messages of rare old coins.

And as he prayed the Power who stood by his side, so attentive and so near, lifted the veil of the future in His old familiar way whereby He has taught His seers to see that which is to come, and lo, a little railway engine came puffing its busy way up from the City by the Sea, bringing a neat little printing-press and some pretty fonts of new types. With them also came a tiny high school which kept growing and growing until it was a college of many halls echoing the shouts of thousands of students. As if by the grace of a fairy a house full of little children grew slowly up out of the earth and then others and others and—he could not count the number of them for listening to the glad laughter of their orphan occupants. Then over his old dilapidated town a steeple slowly rose, with just the faintest resemblance to St. Michael's, and a pulpit came into it, and an organ, and chandeliers, so that they could have services at night and see how to read the hymns, and then it suddenly vanished, while as from a dissolving view there slowly grew a beautiful stone church, commodious, well-appointed, efficient, and handsome. And while he gazed on it wonderingly a great engine rushed past hurrying its heavy train from metropolis to metropolis but staying its journey at this happy little city of libraries and mills and churches and lovely, cultured people.

He turned, delighted from his vision to tell of it, to those who stood near, but they only laughed at him for the Dreamer that he was. But like all the Lonely Great he treasured up in his heart all the things that had been shown him, knowing that he had seen further than they. Though no other eyes had distinguished them in the far blue haze of the future he knew that these things *were*. And this was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

And now we know that he did well to believe, in Him who taught him and in them whom he taught and in that Better Thing which ever comes in answer to the call of courageous, toiling faith as comes the spring, hearing the mellow bells of the first yellow jasmine who having sounded her call leaves the rest to God. The milk-white blood-root has no fear in her heart of the chill wind of winter, counting it a privilege to feel the plash of cold rain on her cheek. The light shines in the darkness, unafraid, preferring the night to the day for that the need of his rays therein is the greater. And the man whose soul was quickened by that Energy from which all things proceed knew that without darkness and winter, without coldness and death, the beautiful dream, of dawn, of spring, of life, could never come true. And it was his desire to *do* his Dream.

"Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The inspiration, the divine
Insanity of noble minds
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits
Till all that it foresees, it finds
And what it cannot find, creates!"

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